



GUIDEBOOK

for

PATHS AND PATHFINDERS

by

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Basic Readers: Curriculum Foundation Series

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INTRODUCTION

Upper-grade boys and girls . . . have needs and interests that differ in degree and intensity from those of younger elementary school children. These needs challenge upper-grade teachers to plan for their pupils a reading program that will reach outward and upward to provide not only for their growth *in* reading, but growth *through* reading.

There should be growth in the pupils' power to understand themselves and their environment; growth in awareness of their membership in a world the farthestmost part of which is now sixty hours away; growth in ability to read critically—not only to understand, but also to accept or reject an author's ideas and from them formulate their own ideals and standards; growth in ability to adapt themselves to their widening horizons, thus broadening their interests and enriching their personalities.

The upper-grade teacher will realize the contribution systematic instruction can make to her pupils' growth *in* and *through* reading. True, most boys and girls in the seventh and eighth grades have already acquired a foundation of basic reading skills. From first through sixth grade the child who has used the Basic Readers has participated in a systematic, ongoing, developmental reading program. Shall we assume, however, that if reading has been well taught in the intermediate grades, no more remains to be done at upper levels? No, indeed! As children progress at upper levels they will inevitably meet more difficult and varied reading materials, more mature concepts, more complex reading problems—and

they need continued guidance. Hence, the trend toward continuation of a basic reading program through junior high school and even senior high school levels.

The Basic Readers PATHS AND PATHFINDERS and WONDERS AND WORKERS are designed for use at seventh- and eighth-grade levels. They are an integral part of the unified Basic Reading Program—a Program which has an ever-widening scope but which at these upper levels has the same basic goals as at preceding levels. Adolescents, as well as nine- or ten-year-olds, need systematic guidance if they are to continue to grow in their ability to interpret, to use word-analysis skills, and to find and use worth-while reading materials that will satisfy and broaden their existing interests.

To provide for growth in understanding self . . . the teacher must first know the child as he is. By establishing a feeling of mutual respect and confidence she can encourage boys and girls to talk naturally of their experiences and interests. Knowing the child, the teacher must then know books and be able to bring the two together without seeming to prescribe books as a tonic. Books provide that magic mirror that Robert Burns longed for, the mirror that enables us to see ourselves as others see us. The lonely child, the insecure child can see his counterpart in fiction solve problems akin to his own and thereby gain courage and inspiration. That restless yearning for excitement, for doing something different, that characterizes this age group can find outlet in books of adventure, biography, travel, career-choosing. The girl who can read "Joanna Plays the Game" and say to herself, "I never want to be like Caroline Lambert," is growing. So is the boy who reads "The Message from the Sun" and asks, "How do you suppose those boys made that heliograph?"

To promote awareness of world membership . . . the reading program must include material that brings out through both fact and fiction the modern scientific achievements that have brought the world peoples closer together. Pupils need also material that faces the problems caused by this coming closer together. World membership begins at home with an understanding of problems in racial and class harmony and expands with sympathetic awareness of life in other lands.

Young people need to see their world neighbors not as queer and fantastic but as being both like and unlike themselves. Boys and girls who think of Holland as the place where their good friend Hans Brinker lived

and not as just the queer land of dikes and windmills have the beginnings of world understanding. But exposure to books is not enough. Boys and girls must be led to assimilate what they read, to react sensitively to the problems and feelings of others, to draw conclusions as to what ideas mean in terms of their own future behavior, and to read with a questioning mind.

To provide for growth in ability to read critically . . . the teacher needs first of all to be completely familiar with the material her class will read. Then she can plan questions that stimulate thought, not merely check on detail. As the teacher provides such questions, she gradually leads pupils to ask their own and to establish a pattern for reading with a questioning mind.

Boys and girls are always asking teachers and librarians, "Is this book true? Did this really happen?" They need to be helped to distinguish for themselves the fiction and the history in such stories as "Out of Defeat" and to recognize the sheer fantasy of a Paul Bunyan yarn. They need to be helped to form habits of bringing to mind incidents from their own experience that can be compared with similar ones in books and so be used as a standard for judging the integrity of the writer. They need to know how to use reference books to check on the accuracy of what they read. These are the needs of good readers even more than of the poor, and thus they point clearly to the need for basic training throughout the upper grades rather than for only remedial reading for those who have not attained grade standards of mechanical proficiency.

To provide for growth in adapting to wider horizons . . . the basic reading program should present a wide variety of types of material—good stories, straight factual articles, first-person experiences, biography, travel, poetry—practically the whole range which pupils will want to read as adults, geared, of course, to their present level of ability. War, radio, television, and marvels yet to come will make the world in which today's youngsters will mature far different from the one we have known. They can face this changing world better if they have some understanding of the changing eras of the past—an understanding that they can best gain through books. Whether they read unthinkingly or with a questioning mind that relates the past to the present depends largely on which they learn to do in their formative years.

The younger child likes to stay within the accepted patterns of convention; the adolescent is continually daring us to keep him there. Teachers can lead, not force, this urge for adventure into desired channels by presenting at the right time books that offer new outlets for energy—a new hobby, a new career, an absorbing challenge of science, a new hero.

And poetry. Too many young people have turned away from poetry because they were expected to read it when they were too young to understand it. For this reason poetry is not included in the primary and middle-grade Basic Readers. In these grades teachers were encouraged to read poetry to their classes, thus letting children enjoy the lilting rhythm without struggling through the intricacies of inverted word order, run-over lines, and figures of speech. By seventh grade most pupils have acquired a reading proficiency that permits them to explore the delights of poetry without being too greatly hindered by its hazards. However, they need guidance in their approach, if reading poetry is to become a joy and not a burden. The pattern for this guidance is provided in the lesson plans in this GUIDEBOOK. Poems which meet the pupil's interests, challenge his ideals, and stir his emotions are presented for enjoyment. They are not to be analyzed beyond the degree needed for understanding. Enjoyment, not analysis, is the key word, for the enjoyment of poetry is one of the most rewarding trails to wider horizons.

Challenging responsibilities . . . face the seventh-grade teacher in promoting growth in reading power. The most important of these are to satisfy and broaden children's reading interests and to improve the skills and abilities that are needed for the interpretation of worthwhile materials. PATHS AND PATHFINDERS, the accompanying THINK-AND-DO Book, and this GUIDEBOOK are all designed to help the teacher meet these responsibilities.

The THINK-AND-DO Book presents carefully prepared exercises to promote growth in thinking and reading power. These exercises make skillful use of the interests that are aroused and the abilities that are developed in connection with the stories in the Basic Reader.

The GUIDEBOOK presents a program of systematic instruction in reading based on PATHS AND PATHFINDERS and outlines a practical program of independent reading. Concrete helps for extending interests and developing skills are embodied in the lesson plans.

The Reading Program at Book Seven Level

The term "reading program" . . . in its broadest sense includes all types of activities that involve reading. When used in this sense, the term includes all reading that is done in connection with any area in the curriculum, whether it be reading, social studies, science, arithmetic, health, music, or art. In a more limited sense, the term "reading program" refers to those activities which are specifically planned to strengthen the child's desire for and ability in reading. The term is used in the latter sense in this Guidebook and refers to those activities which are an integral part of such a developmental reading program.

For an adequate reading program . . . at Book Seven level the teacher should plan to provide materials for three general types of reading activities.

Basic reading involves those activities in which pupils read, discuss, and react to the selections in PATRI AND PATRIOTISM and in which they are given systematic guidance to develop reading skills and abilities. These skills and abilities are strengthened through direct and independent application as pupils use the THINK-AND-DO Book.

Extension reading involves those activities in which members of the class read selections and books that extend interests, ideas, or concepts initiated by the central themes in the Basic Reader.

Interests and skills developed in the Basic Reading activities are strengthened as pupils read independently material from supplementary readers, library books, reference books, and books in the content fields.

Free reading involves those activities in which children read stories and books at their own level of reading ability and of their own choosing—materials that relate to personal interests, as well as those selected purely for their entertainment values.

Administration of the reading program . . . so that it will effectively meet the needs of individual children is one of the major problems that confronts the teacher of reading at any level.

This GUIDEBOOK is designed to offer suggestions for guiding the development of pupils who have successfully completed the preceding levels of the Basic Readers and who are therefore ready to read PATHS AND PATHFINDERS. Assuming that pupils who use PATHS AND PATHFINDERS have reached this level of development, there will still be variations in reading ability within the group. The teacher must give each child the guidance he needs, yet keep the group together for discussion and learning in connection with materials that all members of the class have read.

PATHS AND PATHFINDERS forms the core around which many other reading activities center and from which they develop. Its effective use should aid the teacher in her systematic development of essential reading skills and abilities. This basic material can supply the opportunities for group discussion and group thinking that are a necessary part of every child's growth in reading, thinking, and language abilities. In addition, the material sets up broad, significant areas of interest around which the extension reading can center.

The various groups of selections in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS can be used to set into action the unit plan of teaching reading. Under this plan the interest area or unit theme introduced by a group of stories in the Basic Reader becomes the springboard to the reading of other stories and books which are related in content. Thus different types of extension reading materials are unified under broad fields of interest. For example, as pupils read the stories and poems in the unit "Pathfinders of America" in the Basic Reader, they are encouraged to read independently material about other famous pathfinders in supplementary texts and in library books.

The unit plan of teaching provides rich opportunity for adjusting the reading program to meet individual needs. Materials selected for extension reading must vary in difficulty if they are to fit individual levels of ability. Some children who are reading PATHS AND PATHFINDERS will be able to read a selection from a ninth-grade anthology with ease. Others

who are progressing satisfactorily in Basic Reading might experience difficulty in reading this material but will be able to read a simple fifth-reader story with enjoyment. Regardless, however, of varying levels of ability in independent reading, all pupils in the group can read selections related to the same broad unit theme and can contribute to class discussions which are based on such extension reading.

For free-reading activities, library books and other attractive materials may be arranged on a shelf or table in the library corner. Here children should have an opportunity to browse through many enticing books and choose those that satisfy their own personal interests or those that they want to read "just for fun."

The Basic Reading Program . . . provides three types of core material for use at Book Seven level. The core materials consist of the Basic Reader PATHS AND PATHFINDERS and the accompanying Guidebook and Think-and-Do Book. Embodied in these materials are concrete helps to aid the teacher in strengthening pupils' interest in reading and in developing the skills and abilities needed for interpretation.

THE BASIC READER

The selections . . . in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS represent fine authors and their contributions to the field of literature; so, first of all, this is a book of good literature for young adolescents. Each story or poem has its contribution to make in satisfying boys' and girls' immediate or potential reading interests or in building new interests.

However, PATHS AND PATHFINDERS is more than an anthology of good literature. It is carefully designed to make specific contributions to the pupils' growth in reading power. It takes its well-planned place in the series by building upon the skills and abilities developed at preceding levels and by keeping pace with young adolescents' widening interests and increasing power in reading.

Challenging unit themes . . . are utilized in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS. The selections in each book are organized around dominant areas of children's interest and thus provide the core for a reading program in which the unit plan of organization is inherent. The unit themes around which stories and poems are organized are sufficiently broad and general to motivate further reading in the major areas of children's literature.

The units will satisfy and extend interest in contemporary life; in sociology, both historical and geographical; in natural science and modern invention; and in literature, both modern and classical.

Unit I—Children's own experiences. Provides leads into the reading of material that aids in the development of worth-while attitudes and in the solving of pupils' own personal and social problems.

Unit II—The historical development of our country. Gives leads into reading about the lives and achievements of people who lived in past times.

Unit III—The modern machine age in which we live. Gives leads into reading about the effects of science and invention on everyday living.

Unit IV—Whimsical, fanciful tales. Offers leads into reading other fanciful or humorous literature which contributes to the child's enjoyment of reading and to use of his reading as a form of entertainment.

Unit V—Experiences of boys and girls of other lands. Provides leads into materials that will aid in the development of broad acquaintanceship with and deeper understandings of life in foreign lands and in the development of an awareness of world membership.

Unit VI—The great outdoors. Gives leads into reading not only about animal life but also about man's relationship to his natural environment.

Unit VII—Famous persons. Provides leads into wide reading about men and women who have made contributions in the fields of science, art, music, national development, social welfare, exploration, etc.

Unit VIII—Famous works of literature. Offers leads into reading stories and poems that constitute a part of the literary heritage of every child.

This wide coverage of units includes almost every possible area of pupil interest; so it assures the teacher that no areas of potential interest to young adolescents will be overlooked.

Each of the middle- and upper-grade Basic Readers utilizes the same broad unit themes, and these eight themes are developed in the same order in each book. This organization is especially helpful to the rural teacher. It enables her to develop and expand the unit theme in discussion groups containing all the middle- and upper-grade children, and it considerably eases her problem of providing appropriate free- and extension-reading materials. For example, the rural teacher can have all the pupils in the middle and upper grades center their attention on the theme common to the first unit in each Basic Reader. This unit includes stories of children's own experiences. The teacher might first develop the unit theme with all the pupils. Then, while she conducts a reading class at

the sixth-grade level with **PEOPLE AND PROGRESS**, pupils in the upper grades may read independently extension- and free-reading materials on the common unit theme. Similarly, while the teacher conducts a reading class with **PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS** or **WONDERS AND WORKERS**, those middle-grade children not under her immediate direction can engage in extension reading. Throughout the unit, time can be scheduled for discussions in which all pupils in the fourth to eighth grades take part—discussions in which they share ideas gained in reading, expand ideas about the unit theme, react to good or poor stories they have encountered, etc.

Basic concepts and generalizations common to all the selections in any given unit are carefully developed. As pupils read the stories in the unit "Pathfinders of America" in **PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS**, they learn, for example, that pioneering offers fun and adventure, but that it also involves hard work with plenty of drudgery and danger accepted as a matter of course. As such concepts and generalizations become apparent to the pupils, added meaning, purpose, and motivation are given to their reading. Many pupils will seek additional stories and books to satisfy their growing interest in early life in our country. A strong motive for free reading will have been established: free reading for which a background of basic concepts, generalizations, and interests has been developed.

Helps in Interpretation . . . are given for the pupils in a special section at the back of **PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS**. Since the greater part of the reading that boys and girls do at this level is done without supervisory guidance, each child has need of certain helps which he can call into immediate use when the need arises. For example, a pupil may want to know when and where the story took place, something about the author, how to pronounce a difficult word, what is the meaning of a foreign word or phrase, how to pronounce a proper name, whether or not it is a story of real people. To enable pupils to answer questions such as these and to aid in the independent interpretation of the story being read, three special sections have been included in **PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS**.

Help Yourself!—This section of the book helps pupils in the interpretation of the stories and poetry. Background for interpreting particular selections as well as the meanings of difficult words and phrases and the pronunciation of foreign words are given in these notes. Frequent reference by the pupils to this section enables them to really help themselves in their silent reading and makes their reading easier and more enjoyable.

Glossary—This section of the book will aid pupils in determining the pronunciation and meaning of difficult words that are used in the text.

Pronunciation of Proper Names—This section of the book gives the pronunciation of difficult proper names in an alphabetical list for quick reference.

The Bibliography . . . gives a list of excellent books suggested for the pupils' own use and represents another contribution to practical methods of expanding pupils' reading interests.

THE GUIDEBOOK

A program of systematic instruction . . . in reading based on PATHS AND PATHFINDERS and a practical program of independent reading for Book Seven level are both to be found in this GUIDEBOOK. Concrete helps for extending interests and developing skills are embodied in the methodology suggested in the lesson plans. The general steps in these lesson plans are briefly stated below:

Step I consists of establishing background for successful interpretation of a story. This is done by having pupils read and discuss the background note for the story or poem given in the Help Yourself section of the book. In addition, concepts necessary for understanding the selection are clarified in oral discussion, and motivation for the silent reading of the story is suggested.

Step II consists of extending interpretation of the story. This is done in a group situation and includes stimulating discussion and understanding of what is read and furthering appreciation of literary style.

Step III consists of extending skills and abilities by special exercises presented to the group. Through explanation and oral discussion the teacher develops and strengthens language, thinking, and reading skills.¹

Step IV consists of using the THINK-AND-DO Book. Here each pupil extends interests aroused in the Basic Readers and applies in new situations his reading, thinking, and language skills.¹

Step V consists of directing activities that extend the pupil's interest in reading and widen his background for understanding the world about him. This step includes the use of reference materials, independent reading, and other activities that help the child fuse ideas he gains from reading with his own experiences.

¹A complete index of the skill-building exercises is given at the back of this GUIDEBOOK. This index gives reference to the skill exercises in both the GUIDEBOOK and the THINK-AND-DO Book.

Since poetry appears in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS for the first time in any of the books in this series of readers, it merits special attention. Teachers will find the detailed lesson plans of great help in preparing for and in presenting the poems. The general steps in these plans are:

Step I consists of suggested preparation that the teacher should make before presenting the poem to the pupils.

Step II consists of presenting and interpreting the poem. This is done in a group situation and includes both the silent reading and discussion.

Step III consists of oral interpretation of the poem. This may be worked out in various patterns consistent with the type of poem being presented.

Step IV consists of extending interests through the use of the THINK AND DO Book and through activities that extend the pupils' interest in the unit theme and in independent reading of both poetry and prose.

The Bibliography . . . given at the back of this Grubbook offers concrete help for the teacher in setting up a practical program of extension reading. One section of this Bibliography lists the specific selections for independent reading taken from supplementary readers and anthologies. These selections are closely related in content and vocabulary to those in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS. They fall into three levels of difficulty—easy material is not starred, that of average difficulty has one star, and that for superior pupils has two stars. This enables the teacher to guide each pupil to extension reading that is suited to his ability. In addition, the Bibliography lists all library books referred to in the lesson plans.

Extension reading such as is suggested in the lesson plans and the Bibliography in this Grubbook is an important part of the Basic Reading Program in that it leads boys and girls to explore and become familiar with the fine literature that is available to them in our modern libraries. The Basic Reader serves as the springboard into the wide field of literature which is explored in the extension reading program.

THE THINK-AND-DO BOOK

Growth in thinking and reading power . . . is stimulated further through the carefully prepared content and exercises of the THINK-AND-DO Book. The pages in this workbook make skillful use of the interests aroused and the abilities developed in connection with the stories in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS.

The amount of guidance needed for any exercise in the THINK-AND-DO Book is in direct proportion to the ability of the individual child and to the care with which the teacher has developed the preceding steps in the lesson as outlined in the GUIDEBOOK. If suggestions in the lesson plans are followed, the pages of the THINK-AND-DO Book will serve to strengthen and establish through use those skills that the pupil has met in an oral situation. Independent application of these language, thinking, and reading skills not only strengthens the skills but also gives the teacher an opportunity to check each child's mastery of their use.

The THINK-AND-DO Book is a challenging and interesting book for the pupil. It is not merely a check of his reading of a given story in the Basic Reader or of his recognition of vocabulary. It is rather a book containing much new and valuable reading material that extends the ideas, interests, and skills developed in connection with each unit of the Basic Reader. Both the content of the THINK-AND-DO Book and the exercises built on this content are carefully planned to insure a strengthening of the ability to apply Basic Reading skills in interpreting many types of material: stories, articles, factual accounts, descriptions, diagrams, maps, pictures, puzzles, etc. The THINK-AND-DO Book is an integral part of the Basic Reading Program and, like the Basic Readers, will challenge the pupil's thinking power, promote growth in his reading power, and contribute to his enjoyment of reading.

The diagnostic value . . . of the THINK-AND-DO Book is obvious. The teacher, for example, has in a group-teaching situation promoted the ability to adapt a defined meaning to a given sentence context by changing the order of words in the definition or sentence, as suggested on page 137 of this GUIDEBOOK. But when those same pupils use page 37 of the THINK-AND-DO Book, the teacher may discover that some of the pupils are still unable to apply this skill. Such pupils need more developmental work on transposing words to adapt a defined meaning to context.

Conscientious study of the individual child's reaction to each page of the THINK-AND-DO Book enables the teacher to prevent and identify reading disabilities and to provide individual developmental work as needed. Such a program carried out over a period of time means the substitution of planned developmental work for much of the so-called "remedial work" that has been necessary with pupils who have not been successful in the early stages of reading.

Improving Skills and Abilities Needed for Interpretation

To interpret clearly . . . what he is reading, the pupil must be able to form mental pictures of the scenes, events, and characters that are described. He must be able to experience how something felt, tasted, or sounded. Such mental images and feeling reactions are essential to clear interpretation of what is read.

To insure clear interpretation, the teacher must see that the child fully utilizes his own background of experience as an aid in creating the necessary mental images. When the reading materials center about things beyond the realm of the pupil's experience, she must aid in building the background needed for successful interpretation.

Study of the problems involved in reading stories and books throughout the grades reveals two types or levels of difficulty in interpretation. The teacher should be familiar with the problems that children encounter at each level.

Interpretation within the realm of experience . . . is a relatively simple type of interpretation. The child interprets at this level when he reads about events, places, objects, or people, the general character of which are familiar to him. On the basis of his own personal experiences, he interprets the experiences of others as set forth in pictures and verbal text. For example, the boy who uses his own experiences with model airplanes to give meaning to a story about airplanes is functioning at the experience level of interpretation. The teacher's main task with the pupil who is interpreting at this level is to help him use the verbal text and the pictures that accompany it to stimulate mental images.

Interpretation beyond the realm of experience . . . is a more difficult type of interpretation. It is frequently necessary for the child to create mental images of places he has never seen, to imagine vicariously in activities he has never directly experienced, and to react emotionally to experiences he has never had himself. Typical reading materials that require this creative type of interpretation center around long-ago days and deeds, historic persons and places, or contemporary scenes and events remote from the child's actual experience. To interpret such materials successfully, the child must combine his own experiential background with his understanding of what the author has said in order to create appropriate mental images.

A major problem of the teacher is to determine how closely the child's own experience is related to what he is reading. It is a good plan for the teacher at any level to ask herself before presenting any selection "What is there in this story, article, or poem that may be wholly outside the realm of some child's experience?" But the upper-grade teacher's problem is not only that of isolating a particular pupil whose meagerness of background may make the interpretation of a given selection difficult. It is also the specific guidance of *all* pupils in the successful interpretation of materials in the realm of things comparatively unknown to them.

Boys and girls in the upper grades will, of course, read both at the experiential level of interpretation and at the creative level. The relationship between the content of the reading material and the child's experience will to a large extent determine the degree of difficulty in interpretation.

THE TOTAL PROCESS OF INTERPRETATION

The act of reading . . . is so familiar to adults that we often lose sight of what is involved in the total process of interpretation. This process is essentially the same whether we are interpreting at the experiential or the creative level. As our eyes move along the printed lines, we instantly associate meanings with most of the words we see. These meanings, as a rule, are the same ones the author had in mind when he wrote the words. Consider, for example, these two sentences: *The men began to box* and *The men began to open the box*. The author had in mind a definite meaning for the word *box* when he wrote each sentence, and the reader must call up from his own experience these same meanings for *box* in order to understand what the author is saying in each sentence. As we

associate meanings with words, we fuse these meanings into thought units until we understand the ideas the author has expressed. We then react to these ideas and integrate them with our own.

. . . perception of the words used

For both children and adults word perception is the first step in interpreting printed language. This step involves two very closely related processes. First, the reader must be able to identify the printed symbol; he must know, for instance, that the word in our illustrative sentence is *box* not *books*. Second, he must be able to call up or identify the meaning which the author had in mind when he wrote the word. Efficient word perception is essential to the other steps involved in the total process of interpretation.

. . . comprehension of the ideas expressed

Most of the material read by children and adults is composed largely of familiar words. We perceive these words as wholes, often in units of two or three, and as vital elements in a meaningful context. As we read, the meanings of the printed words are fused into a chain of related ideas. These ideas should be those that the author had in mind when he wrote the passage. Our grasp of the author's meaning is enriched as we associate with it everything we know about the subject discussed. When either the child or adult has fully comprehended a given passage, he has a clear understanding of the ideas the author wanted to express.

. . . reaction to the ideas expressed

As the author's meaning becomes clear, a good reader reacts in many ways to the ideas secured. He may judge their accuracy, quality, or worth in the light of what he knows and on this basis accept or reject them. He may evaluate the literary style of a passage and respond with approbation or disapproval. The vividness and validity of the reader's reactions depend to a large extent upon the breadth of his experience. For instance, an adult might read a book on ceramics and think it excellent if he knew nothing of the subject. Another person who knew a great deal about ceramics might read the same book and think it very much so-so. The reaction of the reader, that is, what he feels or thinks about what the author has said, is the third step in the reading process.

. . . *integration of these ideas with past experience*

The reader's reaction determines to a large extent the degree to which he accepts or is guided by the ideas acquired through reading. As ideas expressed by the author are accepted or rejected, they become a part of the reader's vicarious experience. Through reading, as well as through direct experience, he may acquire new insight or deeper understanding of some aspects of human relationships. He may accept an idea that results in improved patterns of behavior and hence a more stable personality. Such *integration* of newer, modified experiences with previous experience is the final step in the process of interpretation.

Specific helps for the teacher . . . in promoting growth in each of the four steps in the total process of interpretation are embodied in the materials and the teaching procedures of the Basic Reading Program.

Methods of improving the skills and abilities used in each of these aspects of interpretation are discussed in greater detail in the succeeding sections of this Introduction.

WORD PERCEPTION

For efficient word perception . . . the reader at seventh-grade level must be able to recognize known printed words quickly and accurately and to associate meanings with these words. He also needs the ability to derive the meaning and pronunciation of printed words even though their visual forms are not familiar. The pupil who is ready for the Book Seven level of reading approaches this level with considerable skill in word perception. He has established a vocabulary of several thousand words which he knows so well that he recognizes them instantly, and he has acquired skills and abilities that enable him to attack many new words.

The methods of word perception . . . used in recognizing any given word will depend upon the child's familiarity with the meaning and form of the particular word and upon its general character or structure. For example, when the upper-grade child encounters known words grouped in familiar thought units, he may recognize an entire phrase at a single glance. In like manner, he may accurately recognize known individual words through the use of meaning clues combined with the visual impression of the word form. Most of his reading is done on the basis of

those words which he already knows and for the recognition of which he relies upon two methods of perception—meaning clues and word-form clues.

The seventh-grader will, however, frequently encounter an unknown printed symbol in the midst of known words. When he meets an unknown word form, he will need to supplement the first two methods of word perception with more detailed analysis of the printed form. Such analysis may reveal structural and phonetic elements that will help him derive the sound of the word. If the word is in his speaking-meaning vocabulary, he should then associate with the printed form one of the meanings he has previously associated with its spoken counterpart. If these methods prove inadequate, or if the meaning or the pronunciation of the word is quite unfamiliar to the child, he will need to use a glossary or a dictionary.

Let us assume that a child successfully attacks a new word the first time he meets it in his reading. Eventually the word, if it is a common one, should be brought to the level of instantaneous perception. Real mastery or instantaneous recognition of the word comes only as the child meets it over and over again in meaningful context. Thus mastery of word forms comes through repeated encounters in genuine reading situations such as the pupil engages in in his basic, extension, or free reading, as well as in his reading in the content fields. So for the seventh-grade teacher the real problem in developing power in word perception is not so much that of providing drill on word forms that pupils have already met as it is that of teaching children to attack new words in various ways.

Special help for the teacher in promoting growth in word perception is provided in the Basic Reading Program by a carefully planned developmental program with attention to promoting skill in the use of the five major aids to word perception: meaning clues, word-form clues, structural analysis, phonetic analysis, and the dictionary.

Meaning clues . . . provide the most important single aid in attacking a new word, and throughout the Basic Reading Program provision is made for developing power in the use of such clues. Meaningful context serves to aid children and adults alike in inferring the meaning and pronunciation of a word whose printed form is unfamiliar. In addition, meaning clues are essential in checking a word derived through word analysis or the use of a dictionary, for the child must always check to see if the word he derives “makes sense” in the sentence in which it is used. Since

meaning clues are such a vital part of independent word attack, the seventh-grade teacher should make every effort to teach children to use this method of attack effectively.

Obviously, the broader a child's experience and speaking-meaning vocabulary, the more readily he will be able to respond to meaning clues in his reading. Throughout the Basic Reading Program provision is made for extending speaking-meaning vocabularies through direct and vicarious experiences and through abundant opportunity for oral discussion in which the children *hear* and *use* new words.

In addition to providing for the development of the child's speaking-meaning vocabulary, the Basic Reading Program embodies other specific provisions for helping children learn to use context or meaning clues as a method of word perception. In brief, these provisions are:

1. From the early stages in reading children are made aware of the variant meanings that words may have. Throughout the Guidebook and THINK-AND-DO Book for PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS the teacher will find emphasis on making pupils aware of the variant meanings of words.
2. Children are taught to contrast and to compare word meanings.
3. Children are taught to identify various shades of meaning and to note how different shades of meaning can be expressed through careful and exact choice of words.
4. Children are led to perceive relationships in and to generalize word meanings.
5. The Glossaries provided in the Book Seven Basic Reader and in the THINK-AND-DO Book give variant meanings of a word rather than merely giving the first meaning used in the book.
6. Children are taught to select from variant meanings the one appropriate to a given context. In this connection, the teacher will find many exercises based on the Glossary of the text as well as on the Glossary in the THINK-AND-DO Book.
7. Special guidance is provided for teaching children to select and adapt appropriate definitions in the light of a given context.

Training in ability to use meaning clues is begun at the primary level in the Basic Reading Program, and throughout the lesson plans in the GUIDEBOOKS for both middle and upper grades, suggestions are given for strengthening the ability to use context clues as aids to word perception. In addition, the THINK-AND-DO Books give practice and promote growth in the ability to use meaning clues.

Word-form clues . . . furnish another valuable aid to word attack. The Basic Reading Program at all levels gives attention to teaching children to compare word forms and to note the length of words, their general contours, or their distinguishing characteristics. From the outset, too, children are taught to identify many new words by comparing them with known words. For example, pupils who know the word *umpire* may derive the pronunciation of *empire* by comparing the word forms.

The GUIDEBOOK FOR PATHS AND PATHFINDERS and those for the preceding books in the Basic Reading Program and the accompanying THINK-AND-DO Books suggest procedures for promoting growth in the ability to distinguish word forms by:

Noting likenesses and differences in the configuration of words: e.g., *availability* is longer than *avail*.

Noting likenesses and differences in words of similar form; e.g., *cue* and *cur*.

Noting specific letter sequence in words; e.g., *quiet* and *quite*.

Noting details of form in words that are different in form and meaning but are pronounced alike; e.g., *bridal* and *bridle*.

In the lesson plans in the GUIDEBOOK at the upper-grade level and in the exercises in the THINK-AND-DO Book frequent attention is given to the maintenance and application of the ability to use word-form clues.

Structural analysis . . . is based on visual scrutiny of the total word form. Such scrutiny may reveal, for example, that the new word is a compound made up of two known words, or that it is made up of a root word plus an inflectional ending, or that it is a word that must be broken up into syllables before it can be "sounded out." It is obvious that structural analysis is particularly valuable in attacking word variants or derivatives, compound words, and words of more than one syllable.

In the Basic Reading Program training in structural analysis begins as soon as pupils encounter inflectional variants formed by adding *s*, *d*, *ed*, or *ing* to known verb forms. By the end of Book Six level the training provided in the GUIDEBOOKS and the THINK-AND-DO Books should enable the children to use structural analysis to:

Identify the parts of a compound

Identify the structure of inflectional variants that are possessive forms; plural nouns formed by adding *s* or *es*; verbs formed by adding *s*, *es*, *d*, *ed*, *ing*, *n*, *en*; forms made by adding *er* or *est* of comparison. These include word variants formed by dropping final *e*, by changing final *y* to *i*,

f to *v*, or by doubling the final consonant before adding any of the endings listed above.

Identify the structure of word derivatives formed by adding the prefixes *a*, *dis*, *en*, *fore*, *im*, *mid*, *re*, *un*, or by adding the suffixes *en*, *er*, *ful*, *ish*, *less*, *like*, *ly*, *ness*, or *y*.

Identify the root word in a variant or a derivative.

Recognize contracted words.

Determine pronunciation units in words by applying the following general principles of syllabication:

If there are two consonants between two vowels in a word, the first syllable usually ends with the first of the two consonants; e.g., *en ter*, *ad mit*.

If there is one consonant between two vowels, the first syllable often ends just before the consonant; e.g., *a larm*, *bro ken*.

If a word of more than one syllable ends in *le*, the consonant preceding the *l* usually begins the last syllable; e.g., *sta ble*, *ma ple*.

The developmental program suggested for use in the GUIDEBOOK and THINK-AND-DO Book that accompany PATHS AND PATHFINDERS provides for maintenance of, and growth in, the use of all the abilities developed at previous levels. Special emphasis is given to promoting the ability to identify syllabic units in words and to recognize word derivatives by identifying root words, prefixes, and suffixes.

Phonetic analysis . . . involves the association of sound with printed letter symbols. To use phonetic analysis in attacking a word, the pupil must have a knowledge of the sounds that we use in our language and of the symbols that stand for these sounds. About 43 separate and distinct sounds are used in general American speech. Each of these is either a consonant or a vowel sound. The 26 letters in our alphabet are the written symbols that are used to represent these sounds.

Since we have more sounds in our language than we have symbols, it is obvious that certain of the symbols must be used to represent more than one sound. The letter *a*, for instance, is used to represent a different vowel sound in each of the following words: *at*, *age*, *car*, *all*, *care*, and *ago*. In fact, each of the vowel symbols is used to represent several variant vowel sounds. Sometimes a consonant symbol may represent more than one sound. For example, *s* represents different sounds in *see*, *trees*, and *fusion*.

To get the sound of many types of words from their printed form, the child must be able to associate appropriate sounds with consonant and

vowel symbols and to blend these sounds into pronounceable units or syllables. Consonants and vowels blended into syllables are the phonetic elements that children and adults deal with, consciously or unconsciously, in all their use of language.

Just as a given word in our language may have more than one meaning, so a letter symbol may have more than one sound; and just as the meaning of a word is determined by its use in the sentence, so the sound of a phonetic element is determined by its use in a word. To develop efficiency in using meaning clues, the teacher must develop an awareness of variations in word meanings and teach the child how to select from variant meanings the one appropriate to a given context. In like manner, to develop efficiency in using phonetic clues she must develop an awareness of variations in letter sounds and teach the pupil how to select from variant sounds the one appropriate to a given word.

Throughout the Basic Reading Program emphasis is placed on association of sound and symbol and on developing phonetic understandings and principles. The following skills and understandings are developed in this and the preceding *Gumbbooks* and *THINK-AND-DO Books*.

Phonetic Skills

Visual-auditory perception¹ of three types of consonant elements

- (1) single consonant letters
- (2) consonant blends (*bl, cl, dr, fr, st, scr*, etc.)
- (3) two-letter consonant symbols that represent consonant sounds which we use in our speech but for which we have no letter in the alphabet (*th, ch, ng*, etc.)

Visual-auditory perception of three types of vowel elements

- (1) single vowel letters (*a* as in *hat, age, care, far, about*; *i* as in *it, ice, etc.*)
- (2) two vowel letters that may be used to represent variant single sounds (*oo* as in *good and food*)
- (3) two vowel letters that may be used to represent two closely blended vowel sounds or diphthongs (*ou* as in *house; oi* as in *oil*)

Auditory perception of syllables

Auditory perception of accent

Blending consonant and vowel sounds

¹Association of sound and symbol. In the Basic Reading Program pupils are given specific training in hearing the 43 sounds or phonemes which are used in general American speech and for which symbols are given in the pronunciation keys for the Glossaries found in *PATHS* and *PATHFINDERS* and in the accompanying *THINK-AND-DO Book*.

Blending syllables into word wholes

Noting and using visual clues that aid in identifying accented syllables

- (1) in most two-syllable words which end in a consonant followed by *y*, the first syllable is accented and the second unaccented; e.g., *carry, baby*
- (2) when a prefix, suffix, or inflectional ending forms a separate syllable, the syllable is usually unaccented; e.g., *implant, predictable, hunted, folded*
- (3) if a final syllable ends in *le*, the final syllable is unaccented; e.g., *maple, table, cradle*

Phonetic Understandings

Silence

- (1) consonants in words may be silent; e.g., the *k* and *w* in *know*
- (2) silent vowels are usually phonetic clues; e.g., the second vowel in *rain* and *nice*

Variability

- (1) some consonants have variable sounds; e.g., the *s* in *see* and *sure*
- (2) vowel letters stand for more than one sound; e.g., *plaid, rain, hit, high*
- (3) word forms may give meaning clues (homonyms); e.g., *know, no*

Relation of vowel sounds and syllables

- (1) a word or a part of a word in which we say one vowel sound is called a syllable
- (2) awareness of syllabic divisions aids in determining vowel sounds in a word of more than one syllable; e.g., *la dy, lad der*

Principles that aid in determining vowel sounds

- (1) **position**—if there is only one vowel letter in a word or syllable, that letter usually has its short sound unless it comes at the end of the word or syllable; e.g., *debt, flax, en rich, ga, di max*
- (2) **silent vowels**—if there are two vowel letters together in a word or syllable, usually the first has its long sound and the second is silent; e.g., *beech, zeal, in laid*

If there are two vowel letters in a word or syllable, one of which is final *e*, usually the first vowel letter has its long sound and the final *e* is silent; e.g., *hale, eke, em pire*

- (3) **consonant controllers**—if the only vowel letter in a word or syllable is followed by *r*, the sound of the vowel is usually controlled by the *r*; e.g., *cur, garb, jar gon, fer tile*

If the only vowel letter in a word or syllable is *a* followed by *I* or *w*, the *a* usually has neither the long nor the short sound; e.g., *awe, chalk, Bal tic, Saw yer*

In the GUIDEBOOKS and the THINK-AND-DO Books that accompany the upper-grade Basic Readers, provision is made for review and reteaching of all the phonetic elements, understandings, and principles that have been presented at earlier levels. Special emphasis is given to recognizing the effect of accent on pronunciation and meaning and to a pronunciation key as an aid in deriving the pronunciation of words.

The dictionary . . . becomes an invaluable aid to the pupil as he grows in ability to use it effectively in deriving the meaning and pronunciation of words. When he encounters words in his reading with which he is totally unfamiliar, the upper-grade child should feel that he can be absolutely certain of their pronunciation or their meaning through use of a dictionary. A dictionary is also invaluable in checking the accuracy of pronunciations and of meanings that have been derived through use of context clues and various forms of word analysis.

Throughout the middle- and upper-grade Basic Reading Program an attempt is made to lead boys and girls to understand the function of the dictionary in helping them derive the pronunciation and meaning of words. They are helped in this respect by the excellent Glossary provided in the Basic Readers. Through use of this Glossary children practice valuable dictionary skills which they can transfer to the use of their own dictionaries. Words listed in the Glossary in each book are mainly those that are not likely to be in the children's speaking vocabularies, and whose meanings cannot readily be derived from context.

It is important to note that the Glossary in PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS and the one in the THINK-AND-DO Book give variant meanings of words. Where words are used with variant meanings in this text, these variant meanings are given in the Glossary.

In both Glossaries a phonetic alphabet is used to indicate pronunciations, and these pronunciations are divided into syllables and marked for accent. In using a Glossary of this kind, children get experience with these various aids for deriving meaning and pronunciation. This experience prepares directly for use of the same aids in the dictionary.

Practically all word-perception skills are called into play in the use of the dictionary--alertness to meaning in context, alertness to sounds and the symbols that represent them, and alertness to word structure. The pupil who, for example, has not developed the ability to select from

variant meanings the one appropriate to a given context is not prepared to use the dictionary as an aid in deriving meaning. Likewise, the child who has not developed the ability to associate sounds with symbols, who is not aware that some letters in a printed word may be silent, and who is not aware of the variant sounds of letters is not prepared to use a pronunciation key and a phonetic alphabet as guides to pronunciation.

To use the dictionary as an aid to word perception, the pupil must know how to locate entries and how to derive meaning and pronunciation. Skills prerequisite to these aspects of dictionary use are carefully developed in the Basic Reading Program. These GUIDEBOOKS and the *TIME AND DO* Books that accompany PATHS AND PATHFINDERS and the preceding books give the teacher concrete help in developing the major dictionary skills indicated below:

To locate entries the child must be able to:

Recognize alphabetical sequence
Locate words in an alphabetical sequence

Use guide words

Identify root words in variants and derivatives¹

To derive meanings the child must be able to:

Comprehend definitions of meanings

Infer word meanings from illustrative sentences

Select from several meanings the one appropriate to a given context

Adapt the appropriate definition to the given context

To derive pronunciation the child must be able to:

Associate a given consonant sound with its most common symbol

Recognize variant vowel sounds and associate them with given symbols

Use a pronunciation key to identify consonant and vowel sounds

Blend consonant and vowel sounds into pronounceable units or syllables

Recognize the function of visual syllabic divisions

Recognize the function of the accent mark

Blend syllables into word wholes

Study of the skills that the child must employ when he uses the dictionary makes it evident that the upper-grade teacher has a twofold responsibility in promoting growth in the ability to use it economically and effectively. First, she must make sure that any pupil who is expected to use the dictionary has developed the prerequisite skills. Second, she must maintain and strengthen the children's ability to apply these skills to

¹This is an essential locating skill. For example, if the pupil meets the word *musing* in his reading, to learn its meaning he must identify and look up the root word *muse*.

the use of a dictionary and develop understanding of the function of dictionary aids.

Children should understand, for example, the function of a phonetic alphabet in the dictionary in showing the pronunciation of words. They should be taught to think of these pronunciations as exact recordings of sound. They should realize that in the dictionary a given consonant sound is represented by a given symbol and that vowel letters plus diacritical marks are used to represent vowel sounds. This understanding can be developed by showing children that in the words *lad*, *lard*, and *laid*, the letter *l* has the same sound and the letter *d* has the same sound. So the letters *l* and *d* may be used to represent these sounds, but in the three words listed above, the letter *a* represents three different sounds. In order to indicate accurately the sounds of *a*, special signs or diacritical marks are used with the vowel letters.

To develop skill in selecting the meaning appropriate to a given context, the teacher must give children many opportunities to discriminate between meanings and to select the one that best fits into a given sentence. In the past, a common practice has been to give children a list of words and ask them "to look up and copy the meaning." The upper-grade teacher will readily realize that practice of this kind fosters the all too common habit of looking only at the first meaning given. If children are asked to look up the meaning of isolated words, the teacher can expect inefficient dictionary habits as a result. Suppose, for example, that the child is asked to find the meaning of *tender*. Unless he sees the word in a sentence, how is he to know whether *tender* is used in the sense of "tender-hearted," "tender meat," "tender his thanks," or "coal tender"? It is evident that the teacher must at all times see that children interpret and select word meanings in the light of context.

Teachers at all levels . . . must contribute to the development of permanently useful techniques in word perception. Simple understandings of words as printed symbols should be developed at primary levels, but to the middle and upper grade teachers falls the responsibility of further enriching those understandings and of enlarging children's speaking and reading vocabularies to include words that refer to things beyond the realm of their actual experience. To them also falls the task of developing efficient habits in and attitudes toward the use of the dictionary.

Word perception is basic to comprehension and to all other aspects of interpretation in reading. Therefore, the upper-grade teacher must work to improve interpretation on the part of boys and girls through the practice of efficient habits in using meaning, word form, structural and graphic analysis, and the dictionary as aids to word perception.

COMPREHENSION

To comprehend . . . what he reads, a child must always grasp the author's meaning, and this involves far more than a mere accumulation of isolated facts. It calls for getting full meaning from those facts. To do this, word and phrase meanings must be fixed into sentence thought, and sentences must be interpreted in the light of the total paragraph, article, chapter, or story in which they appear. This latter step often necessitates sensing the author's mood or tone or intention.

To improve comprehension . . . the teacher must see that the child has an adequate background of experience to enable him to grasp the meaning of what he is expected to read. She must help him to develop skill in visualizing the persons, places, and events described in his reading and in sensing the author's mood, tone, or intention. In addition, the teacher must utilize to the fullest extent genuine thought-provoking questions, and she must provide training in grasping the main idea, in noting essential details, and in recognizing relationships and organizing ideas. Out of such a program will come growth in comprehension.

. . . enriching background of experience

A rich background of experience is essential to successful comprehension, and a major problem of the teacher is to determine the extent of the child's actual experiential background for a particular story or article. In so far as possible, the teacher should provide direct experiences that will furnish background for what is to be read. At the middle and upper grade levels, however, it is not always possible to provide concrete experiential background, for much of the reading at these levels centers about things outside the range of children's actual experience. A child, for example, may have difficulty in comprehending a passage about the African veld if he has never heard of it before. Thus the teacher must frequently use not only discussion but also pictures, movies, models, and other means for supplementing the children's background.

. . . developing ability to visualize

Ability to visualize persons, places, and events described in reading is also essential for successful comprehension. For example, to comprehend fully a story about an expedition to Little America, the child must have clear mental pictures of the Antarctic setting, the dugout shelters, the vast reaches of ice, etc. The teacher can promote the ability to visualize effectively by calling attention to pictures that accompany and illustrate the text, by leading the child to note and interpret descriptive details, by frequently asking him to tell what picture a given passage makes him see, and by encouraging him to draw pictures or maps depicting persons or places or activities described in his reading. Vivid imaginations, capable of creating necessary mental pictures, can also be furthered by giving children many chances to read hero stories, legends, and other imaginative tales, as well as realistic material about historical events or foreign lands.

. . . promoting awareness of the author's mood, tone, or intention

Frequently the child must be aware of the author's mood, tone, or intention before he can fully comprehend what he reads. For example, the young reader who does not understand that the Paul Bunyan stories are "tall tales" is going to have some puzzling moments ahead of him. So, too, is the boy or girl who reads "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving, without sensing that the story is meant to entertain and that the incidents are far from realistic. Gradually children must learn to interpret a story or an article with such questions as these in mind: "Just what type of material is this? Is it written to entertain or to give exact information? Are the events possible or impossible? What period in history is this material describing? Is it a true account of real people, or is it purely imaginary?"

In poetry, as in prose, the child must be able to sense the poet's mood, tone, or intention. For example, for real enjoyment of the poem "Lewis and Clark," by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét, the child should understand the poets' intention of depicting in a gay and humorous way the important work that these two men accomplished. In contrast to this, the pupil must enter into the mood of wonderment and speculation created by the poet when he reads the poem "On the Moon," by Eunice Tietjens.

. . . promoting use of pictorial aids

The child must be taught to use pictorial aids given in the text to supplement his own background of experience and to clarify his visual images. Illustrations, graphs, maps, etc., often furnish background for reading a given selection, and they enrich the text matter itself. The teacher must not assume that just because pictorial aids are present in reading material, the children will automatically use them. She should persistently focus attention on these aids. Then, too, she must teach specific techniques for using pictorial aids. For example, when children are to encounter a picture map in their reading, she should explain the technique of checking and supplementing the text matter with this map and of combining both aids to get a fuller comprehension. She should also give needed instruction in reading and using the scale or key that accompanies the map. Similar guidance should be given to help pupils effectively use the simple graphs that they encounter in their reading.

. . . asking genuine thought questions

Genuine thought questions must be an integral part of any program designed to improve comprehension, and the teacher must guard against common pitfalls in the questioning of children. These pitfalls include centering children's attention on unimportant, isolated facts gleaned from their reading. This is often done in the name of "checking comprehension." Because genuine thought questions are not always easy to evolve and because children are often asked to write "short" answers to questions, the following types are frequently put before children: "Why had the Scouts gone out on the hike? What did Frank Manning discover?"

In addition, children are often told to look up the answer on a specific page, or they are asked a question that can be answered in the direct words of the book. Children may find these answers and be praised for their direct quoting of the author's words. But in reality the pupils may have been merely "quoting words," unaware of their meaning and lacking in understanding of them. Activity of this kind is not training in research or in comprehension. It is training in superficiality. It results in emphasis on reading for sentence meaning alone, instead of reading in the light of broader context. Locating isolated and unrelated facts gives no practice in grasping the meaning of the sentence as related to the total flavor and background of the material the children are reading.

What kinds of questions should the teacher ask to promote growth in comprehension? A few concrete examples may help clarify this problem. To derive the most benefit from these examples, the teacher might well turn to and read the story "Out of Defeat" in *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS*, pages 62-76. After reading this story the teacher might ask only such questions as:

What did Will Findlay tell the Governor in his first interview with him?
Who was to carry the Governor's letter to the French?
Why was an English fort to be built at the forks of the Ohio?
When did Washington meet Will Findlay again?
What did the French commander tell Washington?

Obviously, these are isolated "fact questions." Answering them requires little thought and little ability to grasp essential meanings. Now compare such questions with the following ones:

Why do you suppose Foster expected the Governor to vent his anger on young Findlay?
Did George and Will meet when and where they planned to?
Did Colonel Trent reach the Ohio before Washington did? What makes you think Trent reached the forks of the Ohio River some time before Washington arrived at Fort Le Boeuf?
What might lead you to think the commander who told Washington that the French would not leave the Ohio knew that French troops were established in Fort Duquesne?

Notice that questions like these cannot be answered by recourse to the exact words of the book. The child must think and relate the meanings of many sentences to answer them. Notice also that the questions do not ask for useless detail. By such questions as these, the teacher can do much to improve the children's ability to grasp the essential meanings in what they read, and by such questions she can avoid a practice all too common in teaching today—that of centering attention on isolated facts or unimportant details.

Excellent helps . . . are provided in the Guidebooks and the Think-and-Do Books to further growth in the ability to comprehend what is read. Questions and suggested discussions in the lesson plans, for example, are genuinely thought provoking and carefully planned to avoid treating isolated facts or unnecessary details. Frequent suggestions and exercises are also provided to aid children in visualizing what they are reading, to grasp main ideas and essential details, to see relationships and organize

ideas. And of particular significance in improving comprehension is the attention given to informational material in the Three-Step Plan. Presentation of informational material promotes comprehension of related materials that are divorced from plot structure of any kind. This valuable training is provided for promoting accurate comprehension of such material as science, social studies, and other content materials that are a part of the upper-grade curriculum.

REACTION TO MATERIAL READ

To react to material read . . . the child must not only catch grasp the author's meaning; he must think about, evaluate, and respond to the author's ideas and to the style in which those ideas have been presented. He must respond to the ideas gained through reading by reflecting about them, relating them to his own experience, becoming emotionally stirred by them, comparing and contrasting them with the ideas gained from related materials, etc. Reading comes alive for the child as he experiences appropriate reactions to what he reads; therefore, nothing possible should be done to help him grow in his ability to respond actively to the material he reads.

To stimulate critical and emotional reactions . . . the teacher must guide discussion so that the child moves beyond a mere consideration of "What does the author say?" to a consideration of "What does this material mean to me?" In so doing, he is functioning at a higher level; his responses will probably be unlike those of his classmate. There will not always be a "right answer" to questions involving children's own personal reactions. Instead, answers will—and should be expected to—vary according to the individual child's own past experience and his own unique standards of judgment. What teacher, for example, could determine the one right answer to such reaction questions as "What was the attitude of the people in the neighborhood to Maxim's experiment?" Do you think people would react in the same way today? What would you have done under similar circumstances?"

Boys and girls should frequently have the opportunity to give their reactions to poems, stories, or books as a whole. And here again personal opinions should be respected. The teacher should not expect every child to like every poem or every book that he reads. Indeed she should realize

that some wholehearted, honest dissenters will do much to make reading discussions genuine and worth while.

Out of class discussions based on children's reactions to what they have read can come a clearer recognition of values, increased capacity to read critically, and tolerance for the views and reactions of others. In the course of such discussions children can round out ideas and understandings that were incomplete or hazy at the outset. They can learn to make worthwhile suggestions and reactions of others a part of their own thinking.

A common mistake in the teaching of reading is, however, to make little or no provision for interpretation beyond a comprehension level. Boys and girls are often asked to give the author's meaning, but they are not so frequently required to react critically and emotionally to what they have read. For example, after reading the second story in *PATRIOTS AND PATRIOTINES*, the teacher might stop with such comprehension questions as:

*What did Mrs. Manning say about playing the game?
Did Caroline accept defeat gracefully?*

But the teacher who is alert to the value of reacting critically will not stop with questions of this type. She will supplement them with such provocative questions as:

*How did Mrs. Manning's advice help change Joanna as a person? As a tennis player?
Was Joanna really in a slump or did she just think so?
What advice would you have given Joanna? Would your advice and Mrs. Manning's apply to other games besides tennis?*

These latter questions force the child to think about what he has read, to make inferences, to reflect on the wisdom or fairness of the action of characters in the story, and to relate the story to life experiences. Questions of this kind can develop habits of thinking that can be of great importance to both individual and society. But such questions are frequently omitted from teaching because they cannot be answered conveniently in written form.

Obviously, questions that stimulate critical reaction do not lend themselves readily to short form written answers. Although skillfully prepared exercises or workbook materials contribute to helping youngsters do the type of thinking required to make inferences and judgments, complete reliance should not be placed on exercises alone. Exercises in themselves

offer too little opportunity for the sharing of ideas or for the modification of ideas as a result of this sharing process. The greatest growth in ability to think clearly about and to react intelligently to what is read must come through carefully planned oral discussion. In these discussions the teacher should raise challenging questions and should expect varying answers. One child, for example, might on first thought give approval to the idea of giving up playing a game because he couldn't win at it. But after hearing the judgments and opinions of other boys and girls, he might no longer support his original conclusion. The opportunity to pool judgments, to support personal conclusions, and to recognize the inappropriateness of wrong responses can come only through the right kind of discussion. Of course, not all pupils will be able to react with equal wisdom and effectiveness to what they read, but it is essential that every pupil have an opportunity to grow in this phase of reading and that he receive needed stimulus and guidance.

It is important, too, that at all times the teacher refrain from considering a child's reaction "wrong" or "inappropriate" until she investigates the basis for his reaction. Each individual's reaction to a selection should be respected, and each child should have a chance to state the reason back of his views.

If, however, after due consideration of his reasoning, a child's personal reaction is obviously inappropriate, it is the teacher's responsibility to help the reader change his outlook or modify his existing standards of judgment. Here again some of the most worth-while teaching can come as the result of group discussion and evaluation.

To present poetry effectively . . . the teacher should remember that its strongest appeal is to the emotions. "Poetry surprises and delights; it sings like music; it makes you feel intensely; in singing words, it gives you an arresting thought, plus a shiver up your backbone. When poetry means these things to you, you have genuinely enjoyed it, it is poetry to you. When it leaves you just where you were, neither aroused nor amused, neither enchanted nor solaced, then poetry has not happened to you, it has passed you by. So with children, if poetry leaves them puzzled or apathetic, they have not tasted poetry."¹

¹ Reprinted from *Children and Books*, by May Hill Arbuthnot, by permission of Scott Foresman and Company. (The following discussion of poetry is based largely on material from this book.)

Pupils' reactions to poetry will be heightened if their ears are attuned to the subtleties and varieties of rhythmic patterns found in the poems of such skilled literary craftsmen as are represented in *PATIS AND PATHFINDERS*. They must learn to respond to the poet's words—for although these same words are found in prose, the poet uses them more melodiously and with more striking effect. It is the sensory and associative significance of words found in good poetry that gives the lines those "overtones" of meaning that the child often feels without being able to define. Words that stir the imagination, that speak to the senses, that provoke sudden laughter, that move the reader or the listener deeply and strangely although he cannot say why, such words are the very bone and marrow of poetic diction.

If good poetry is well-presented, it may add to the child's day a moment of delight, or give him a new dream to dream over in solitude, or leave him with a sharpened awareness of life. The upper-grade teacher has a significant contribution to make in establishing poetry as a permanent source of pleasure—as a way by which the child may be carried out of himself and come back to his own concerns happier, warmer, perhaps even a bit wiser. As he reads or hears fine poetry, his spirit may be enlarged by that moment of appreciation of and identification with the poet's thought.

Poetry can expand the vision, add richness to laughter and beauty to dreams; but not if it is treated as material for analysis or as the basis of reading exercises. Skillful questioning and discussion are not the keys for unlocking or heightening children's reactions to poetry. The teacher must learn to wait for children's reactions. When they have heard or read a poem, a question or an honest if hesitant comment that is really their own is an indication of reaction. If they are silent, mayhap they are too much under the spell of the poet to marshal their reactions and translate them into words.

When children begin to bring in poems of their choosing, when they begin to ask for poetry—these are the ultimate tributes to its power and to the way in which it has been presented by the teacher.

In the lesson plans for the poems in *PATIS AND PATHFINDERS* every attempt is made to give the teacher herself the "feel" of poetry—the auditory patterns of the singing words and the mood of the poet. It is the hope of the authors that these lesson plans will aid teachers in presenting fine poetry so that children will feel it as well as understand it. Young adoles-

cents delight in rhythm, tone color, cadence, all that goes into the melody of verse. It is hoped that the upper grade teacher, too, will savor the singing quality of poetry and will understand how to bring out its meaning without spoiling its song or its emotional appeal.

Concrete suggestions . . . are given in the Guidebooks for guiding the discussion and interpretation of all selections in such a way that children are led to think about what they have read in terms of "What does this material mean to me?" Throughout the lesson plan in the GUIDEBOOKS and the exercises in the THINK AND DO BOOKS, materials are especially designed to aid boys and girls in reflecting on the significance of ideas gained through reading, in relating reading to life experience, in reacting emotionally to what has been read, in comparing and contrasting materials from various sources, and in recognizing and appreciating fine literary craftsmanship. The teacher is given valuable help here for helping boys and girls modify judgments, expand first reactions, and eventually come to a clearer recognition of values and an increased capacity to read critically and appreciatively.

INTEGRATION AND USE OF IDEAS GAINED

Integration of ideas gained in reading . . . with past experience is the final step in interpretation. Pupils have not really learned to interpret in the broadest sense of the term until they can integrate and apply ideas they have gained from reading in satisfying intellectual curiosities, in solving personal and social problems, and in enriching their own personalities.

If reading is to furnish the child with worth while ideals, attitudes, and concepts which he in turn can incorporate into his own thinking and behavior, the right kind of reading material must be used. There is obviously a place in the upper-grade reading program for hero stories and biographical material about famous men and women. Such materials clarify for children worthy ideals, goals, and courses of conduct and stimulate children themselves to reach toward them. Just as obviously there is need for reading material about wholesome activities of boys and girls today. For example, through such stories as "Tony's Hobby" in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS children get an understanding of such qualities as loyalty, good sportsmanship, and unselfishness. Subtly presented in this

story, too, are the ideas about sharing the responsibilities at home and having consideration for others. These ideas appear in the normal course of the unfolding of the plot. They are not superimposed nor are they "preachy" in tone. Such ideas merely objectify experiences boys and girls themselves may have had in their relations with others. They offer a basis for a purely impersonal discussion and evaluation of types of attitudes and behavior.

There is also need for a variety of reading materials related to each other in theme and content; e.g., a variety of materials centering around the outdoor world, a given period in history, life in the modern machine age, etc. These materials furnish the prerequisite background for using ideas gained from one source to modify or enrich ideas gained from other sources. A wealth of materials to which children can go to satisfy their own curiosities or solve their own problems is necessary if reading is to enrich existing backgrounds of experience and broaden children's concepts and outlooks.

Even though the child may have access to a wide range of reading materials, he will gain little from reading on such a topic as "Antarctic Expeditions," for example, if he does not get new ideas as he reads, if he does not combine these ideas with what he already knows and thus modify and expand his original concepts into broader understandings. Similarly, it may profit a lonely, discouraged child little if he reads such a story as "Father of Painopol" and yet cannot apply any of the ideas he gains to his own personal problems. Children must see the connection between what they read and what they do if they are to use the ideas they acquire through reading.

It is not enough for children to comprehend, to think about, and to react to the author's ideas. They must take the further step of integrating these ideas and making direct application of them in their own behavior or in their own way of looking at things. By learning to integrate and to make direct application of what they read to their own activities and behavior, children may in time change their outlooks or concepts, modify their purposes and intentions, and determine new courses of action.

The function of reading . . . in promoting mental, social, moral, and emotional growth on the part of boys and girls has not always come in for its full share of attention. The teacher who senses the need for

helping children integrate and apply information gained in reading to satisfy their intellectual curiosities and to enrich important concepts may not always sense the more subtle values reading can have. Through reading, the child should receive help in clarifying his personal goals and ideals; he should also be aided in developing attitudes of consideration toward others, fair play, love of truth, and other desirable social and personal characteristics. For example, application of what has been read is functioning at its most fruitful level when a child, mindful of a parallel situation he has met in reading, consciously chooses a difficult but honorable course of action.

The teacher has three main functions to perform in helping young adolescents integrate and apply what they read to their own activities and behavior. She must make available a sufficient amount of reading material of the right kind, and she must motivate and guide discussions centering around this reading material. In addition, she must capitalize on every possible situation in the classroom for the application of what has been read.

Specific aids . . . for the integration and application of ideas gained in reading are inherent in the Basic Reading Program. The selections in *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS* are designed to furnish boys and girls with worthwhile ideas, ideals, attitudes, and concepts which they can incorporate into their own thinking, behavior, or activities. Lesson plans in the *GUIDEBOOKS* help the teacher in guiding discussions and capitalizing on everyday experiences in such a way that children are encouraged to use in their own activities ideas they gain from reading. The unit organization of materials in the Readers and in the *THINK AND DO BOOKS* also insures boys and girls the opportunity to read widely about a topic, to integrate ideas gained with what they already know, and thus modify and expand their original concepts and understandings.

LESSON PLANS

A program of systematic instruction . . . in reading based on PATHS AND PATHFINDERS is provided for the teacher in the lesson plans in this Guide book. The steps in the lesson plans for both prose and poetry selections have already been stated in the Introduction. However, since no two seventh-grade groups are exactly alike, the teacher may need to expand, vary, or abridge these lesson plans according to the needs of the individual pupils.

To provide for the varying needs . . . of individuals in any group, the teacher must know each child intimately—his background of experiences, his interests, his attitude toward reading, and his strengths and weaknesses in reading skills. Knowledge gained from the initial discussion in preparation for reading a given selection often gives the teacher valuable clues about children's general information, their independent reading, and their personal experiences. This knowledge aids not only in building needed background for interpreting the particular selection but also in determining how gaps in information and experience can be bridged through use of additional related reading material.

In guiding Interpretation . . . of the story, provision for individual differences may also be made. If a teacher knows a child's specific strengths and weaknesses in reading, she can direct her questions in the light of his ability as well as his experiential background and thus build

up his feeling of security and success. The superior reader may be asked challenging questions which involve difficult judgments and inference. The slow reader may be asked simple questions, such as "What was Tony's hobby?" The questions suggested in the lesson plans check not only on the understanding of the printed page but also on the child's reactions to the ideas presented. When the children are asked "What do you think about this?" the teacher should respect each individual answer. If the child's reaction seems completely inappropriate, she should try to discover the reason behind it. Through asking questions of others in the group and bringing out the reason for each opinion, the teacher may lead the child to modify his reaction or change his outlook.

Exercises for extending skills . . . and suggestions for establishing essential habits in reading, thinking, and language are given in each lesson plan. The skills and abilities that are emphasized in the section of the lesson plan are strengthened and directly applied as the child uses the *THINK-AND-DO Book*. Each page should be used at the time recommended in the lesson plans and according to the direction provided in the *THINK-AND-DO Book* on the page itself.

The value of extending interests . . . in and expanding the theme of each unit in *PATIS AND PATITISDIES* cannot be overemphasized. In the lesson plans worth-while suggestions are given for extending interests through wide reading, creative expression, discussion, visual aids, and direct experiences. In addition, many pages in the *THINK-AND-DO Book* present challenging material that expands a given unit theme and that aids in developing the basic concepts, generalizations, and interests that are common to all selections and activities in the unit.

The teacher who uses the lesson plans as the basis for her teaching procedure will find that she has a practical, flexible program which can meet the needs and further the abilities of each child.

Pages 45-76 of this GUIDEBOOK
Unit I of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS . . .



Young Americans Today

THE ADVENTURES . . . set forth in the stories of this unit are those in which many seventh-graders would like to have a part. The activities are those which young people can understand and enjoy—a hobby show, a tennis tournament, some Boy Scouts' experiments with a heliograph, a home-gardening project, and the experiences of two children in a haunted desert.

Seventh-graders are striving for the security adulthood seems to offer, as evidenced by their desire to show mature judgments and their eagerness to measure themselves by adult standards. They are interested in themselves, and they are willing to evaluate themselves. They want to be well-liked, and many of their problems are personal ones about getting along with others.

The problems and doubts of the story characters in this unit are like those of the young reader, of a personal nature. There is the boy who is too shy to enter a contest himself; the girl who does not understand how to meet defeat in the game she plays; the Boy Scouts who act like intelligent adults in an emergency; the typical adolescents who have clashing opinions on gardening; the brother and sister who are proud of the bravery of their great-great-grandfather. As pupils share their reactions to the traits of character exhibited by the people they read about in these stories, and as they discuss the personal problems that are revealed, they may gain insight that will help them in the adjustment to and the solution of their own problems.

INTRODUCING THE BOOK

When copies of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS* are distributed, direct comment on the title, the cover, and the general appearance of the book. Ask pupils to turn to the title page. Call attention to the names of the authors and explain that these three men did not write the stories in the book but collected them from various sources. On the Contents page, readers will find the name of the author of each story. In this book the author's name also appears under the title on the first page of each story, as on page 8. Mention that the selections in the book are presented in groups according to the different types of pathfinders. Ask members of the class to skim the table of contents to find which unit is about historical pathfinders ("Pathfinders of America"); which is about pathfinders who work for the betterment of mankind ("Heroes of Service"). Pupils may then try to decide what kind of pathfinder they will read about in each of the other units.

Suggest that pupils look at the pictures to select a specific story they think they will enjoy. Direct a discussion on how pictures contribute to the book. Ask, "Do you prefer colored pictures? If so, why?" Clarify the idea that pictures are frequently helpful in interpreting the stories and explain that the authors of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS* have included other helps, too. Call attention to the last group of items in the table of contents—Help Yourself, Bibliography, Glossary, and Pronunciation of Proper Names. Suggest that pupils turn to the back of the book to see what kind of help is provided. Ask them to read the introductory paragraph to the Help Yourself section on page 458.

Call attention to the first paragraph under the title "Tony's Hobby" and explain that this is called a background note. Then mention that background notes are not needed for some stories, while for others the reader needs special preparation. Have the students skim the first few pages of the Help Yourself section and notice that "The Message from the Sun" has a rather long background note and that all the stories have explanations of several phrases.¹ Call attention to these explanations and point out that the number of the page on which the phrase occurs is given in boldface type and that the phrase itself is printed in italics. Have pupils turn to page 473 and find the second note for page 140, "Muy malo." Explain that the pronunciation and meaning of all foreign words used in the book are given in these notes. Remind pupils that they will really help themselves and make their reading easier if they make use of these notes.

Next examine the Bibliography (pages 504-507) and explain that these particular books have been listed because they provide more of the same kind of reading adventures found in PATIS AND PATHFINDERS. Stimulate interest in reading these books by asking class members to comment briefly on any books in the list which they have already read.

Then turn to the Glossary (pages 508-524). Lead pupils to tell how this section of the book will help them. Bring out the fact that the Glossary gives the pronunciations and meanings of many words that are not in the Help Yourself notes.

Have the class examine the Pronunciation of Proper Names (pages 525-526) and explain that many proper names are pronounced in the Help Yourself notes but that the most difficult ones are also listed here, alphabetically, for quick reference. Ask members of the group to think of situations in which this list will be particularly helpful; e.g., in oral reading, in dramatizing the stories, and in discussions.

Some pupils may be interested to know that the Acknowledgments (pages 527-528) list the books and magazines from which the stories in PATIS AND PATHFINDERS were taken and also the names of the artists who made the illustrations. Art-minded students may recall having seen the names of some of these artists in books or magazines. If they do not, suggest that they look for them in the future.

¹In presenting the stories, the teacher will, of course, provide additional background material as needed.

INTRODUCING THE UNIT THEME

To set the stage for the stories in "Young Americans Today," invite a discussion of pupils' experiences, activities, sports, and hobbies. The teacher should lead the class to discuss informally their favorite hobbies, activities they enjoy, and organized groups in which they participate such as Boy or Girl Scouts, Junior Red Cross, and garden clubs.

Whenever possible, the teacher should capitalize on opportunities for carrying the discussion beyond mere accounts of activities. At such fortunate moments she might invite consideration of how people reacted in certain situations and point out how intelligent cooperation, persistence, or selflessness, or quick thinking made the experience an adult particularly successful or enjoyable.

The teacher might also call attention to similarities between pupils' experiences and those told about in stories or books. Encourage the pupils to name members of the class. Then add, "The stories in Unit I tell of boys and girls who are about your age. These characters are very much like you. They like sports, belong to clubs, go to school, and have hobbies. They are interesting persons to know."

◀ PAGES 8-19 ▶

Tony's Hobby

PREPARING FOR READING

Have the pupils locate the title of the first story in the table of contents, commenting that this is the story of a schoolboy's hobby. Ask several individuals to tell what the story would be about if it told of their own hobbies instead of Tony's. Encourage class members to explain how they became interested in their hobbies, how much time they devote to them, with whom they share them, and whether their hobbies involve an expenditure of money. Ask pupils to turn to page 5 and look at the picture. Encourage comments on the Hobby Fair poster; then suggest that pupils look at the picture on page 13 to find out what Tony's hobby was.

Write the words *marionette* and *puppet* on the blackboard and clarify the idea that marionettes are puppets that are moved by strings. (Puppet

is the general term: *marinette*, the specific.) Explain that such dolls have been popular for hundreds of years with the people of other lands and that Pinocchio and Punch and Judy are favorite puppet characters. Mention that Tony's father and mother came from a country where puppets have been loved for centuries and ask pupils to read on page 458 of the Help Yourself section to find out from what country Tony's parents came. Also direct attention to the Help Yourself notes which explain expressions used on pages 12 and 16—"ambling nag," "a lady named Ceres," and "a lady who knew how to turn men into pigs." Write on the blackboard the words *reries*, *fantasy*, *hubbub*, *flimsy*, *smuggled* and explain that the Glossary gives the meaning and pronunciation of these words. Then write *Uhl*, *Ceres*, *Proserpina* and mention that the pronunciation of these words is given in the section called "Pronunciation of Proper Names." Ask pupils to turn to this section of the book and look up each name. Check to see if they derive the correct pronunciation.

Ask, "What problem did Tony have, according to the Help Yourself note?" Explain that Tony had some other problems, too, and suggest that as pupils read the story they will find out what they were and that they will also learn to know and to like Tony.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Pupils should read the entire story silently before discussing it. After the silent reading, discussion should center first on what members of the class found out about Tony as a person. The pupils should mention such points as: he worked hard after school, he was shy and didn't mingle easily with the other boys and girls, he planned his time carefully so that he could save an hour each day for his brother. Bring out the fact that the puppet show meant giving up his only free time during the day and discuss how this showed his sympathy and unselfishness.

Elmer, too, is definitely characterized in this story. Pupils should discuss his motives in entering Tony's hobby and should give their reactions to his taking the marionette show and entering it in the Hobby Fair. In case of differences in points of view, have pupils justify their opinions. Bring out the idea that Elmer entered Tony's hobby even though he knew it would probably win out over his own radio set and discuss what this shows about Elmer as a person.

After the discussion of Tony and Elmer themselves, encourage consideration of their activities in connection with their hobbies. Pupils may describe Elmer's hobby, how Elmer might have become interested in it, and how much time it probably took him to build his radio set. They should also describe Tony's preparation for his puppet show, his performance for Carlo, and how he presented the show for his school group. Ask a pupil to retell the story of "a lady named Ceres."

Many boys and girls may, like Tony, have interests outside of school which they do not consciously think of as hobbies. Encourage them to tell the class about any such activities which they enjoy. The class may wish to discuss what makes their interests hobbies or how people can develop hobbies out of everyday interests.

The ability to make detailed interpretations of passages often involves reading between the lines. To strengthen this ability have the pupils read the last sentence in the second paragraph on page 18 and tell what the sentence says. Then ask them to tell why they think Elmer looked the other way. They may next examine the first sentence of the third paragraph on page 19 and tell how they think Elmer felt about smuggling the box out of Carlo's room and what made him confess he had done it.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Comprehending definitions . . . To promote the ability to comprehend definitions of meaning in the light of given context, remind pupils of Tony's problem in learning the meaning of the word *hobby*. Ask them to turn to page 12 and reread the first three paragraphs. Then ask them where they found the meaning of the phrase "an ambling nag." In discussion develop the idea that the Help Yourself section explains the meaning of some groups of words but that the reader must turn to the Glossary or to a dictionary to find the meaning of single words that bother him. Then say, "On page 17 the author of the story used the phrase 'During all this hubbub.' What did he mean?" After pupils have discussed the meaning, ask them to find the word *hubbub* in the Glossary and read the definition given there. Then ask them to turn to page 17, find the sentence that begins "During all this hubbub," and read this phrase, using one part of the Glossary definition instead of the word *hubbub*. Follow the same procedure with the word *flimsy*, which is in

the last part of the sentence. Then have pupils read aloud the whole sentence, substituting defined meanings for both *hubbub* and *flimsy*.

Write the following sentence on the blackboard:

Tony looked at Elmer with a *dubious* stare.

Point to the word *dubious*, pronounce it, ask pupils to read the sentence silently and find the word *dubious* in the Glossary. Have both definitions read aloud and have the class decide whether the first or the second explains the meaning used in the sentence on the blackboard. Then ask a pupil to read the sentence aloud, using one or several words from the definition instead of the word *dubious*. Use the same general procedure with the boldface words in the sentences below.

1. In *fantasy*, Carlo saw the beautiful lady Tony described.
2. Tony's *countenance* was *doleful* when he saw Carlo crying.
3. There was a large *assemblage* in the auditorium.
4. Carlo liked to make the *miniature* wooden figures.

Using reference materials . . . The stories in this unit provide many opportunities for extending the young reader's desire for and skill in locating information in connection with his hobbies, sports, and other activities that may be of personal interest to him. Many seventh-grade pupils do not realize that magazines provide up-to-date articles on such subjects and that these articles are listed for easy reference in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. To promote the ability to use the *Readers' Guide*, write on the blackboard or mimeograph the following items (or similar ones from a more recent issue):

HOBBIES

Decorate with hobbies. D. Draper. il Good II 120:170-1 My '45
Education's other half. W. L. Lloyd. il Recreation 39:142-3 Je '45
Hobby hitching post. See monthly numbers of Rotarian
Librarians' show, Minneapolis public library. Hobbies 50:114 My '45
No time for tears! L. R. Church. il Am Home 34:17-19 Je '45

See also

Art, Amateur
Photography

Initiate discussion of magazines or pamphlets about hobbies with which class members already are familiar. Then explain how the *Readers' Guide* might help them locate material about their own hobbies. Show the

class a copy of the *Readers' Guide* and explain its make up by analyzing the references listed on the blackboard: title of article, author, name of magazine, its bound volume number, page numbers and date. Lead pupils to note that capital letters are not used in the titles. Explain that the abbreviation *il* means *illustrated* and call attention to the abbreviations used for the names of the months. Point out also the list in the front of the *Readers' Guide* that explains the abbreviations used for the names of magazines.

Then suggest that the problem in using the *Readers' Guide* is to decide which articles will provide the information wanted. If information about a particular hobby is desired, suggest that it would be better to look for that item—postage stamps, coins, etc., rather than the general heading "Hobbies." Explain the function of the cross references given at the end of the items listed on the blackboard. Then ask, "If you wanted to read about hobbies in general in order to choose a hobby for yourself, which of the articles listed would you read? If you still had not secured enough information, where else might you look?" Lead the pupils to suggest other issues of the same magazines listed, especially *Hobbies and Recreation*, and other issues of the *Readers' Guide*.

Let one pupil consult the *Readers' Guide* for articles on a favorite hobby. Have him look up all cross references and have the class name other headings under which he might find additional information, e.g., "Postage," "Stamps," "Collections," "Philately," and the subtitle "Postage" under names of foreign countries, if the hobby is stamp collecting.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 1 and 2. Page 3 of the Think-and-Do Book gives additional training in comprehending; definitions of meaning.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Reading newspapers and periodicals . . . Tell the pupils that frequently newspapers and magazines publish articles explaining hobbies and leisure-time activities. Encourage them to watch for information about their particular hobbies in current publications. Later, give individuals a chance to share with the class any interesting information about their hobbies which they have found through their reading.

Sharing hobbies with others . . . Encourage boys and girls to discuss the reasons they believe their own hobbies may be interesting to others. Consider with the pupils hobbies in which all members of the family might participate, such as marionette construction, archery, toy making, indoor or outdoor gardening, and collecting stamps, coins, books, or pictures. Perhaps members of the class might plan a hobby show which would include an exhibit of the products of parents', teachers', and children's hobbies.

Making marionettes . . . Pupils may wish to make marionettes like Tony's or the simpler hand puppets. Some may write an original dramatization or choose a story to present to the class. The following books will prove helpful:

Ackley, Edith F. *Marionettes*.

Britannica Jr. "Marionettes, How to Make Them." Vol. 8.

Bufalo, Remo. *Magic Strings*.

Picklen, Bessie A. *Handbook of Fist Puppets*.

McIsaac, Frederick J. *Tony Sarg Marionette Book*.

Rorbach, Charles E. *Making Marionettes*.

Warner, Frances L. *Ragamuffin Marionettes*.

Extension reading . . . Boys and girls will find the Bibliography in PATHS AND PATTERNS an aid in locating good books to read independently. To introduce them to this Bibliography, have them turn to page 504 and look at the titles listed under "Young Americans Today." Discuss with pupils which books, if any, they have read, which ones sound entertaining, which are written by authors with whom they are familiar, and which they think they might enjoy reading.

Where there are public libraries in the community, seventh-graders should be urged to secure and use library cards. Interest in books may be stimulated by a class visit to meet the librarian, to learn how to use library facilities, and to inquire which of the books listed in the Bibliography are available.

Independent reading of selections from other readers in relation to each unit theme should be a definite part of the reading program. The Bibliography on pages 265-283 of this Guidebook lists stories that are related in content to specific stories and to the general unit theme.

The difficulty of selections from other readers is indicated clearly for the teacher. Easy selections that can be read by even the very slow reader are not starred. A single star indicates a selection of average difficulty which can presumably be read by any pupil who can read *PATRIOTS* and *PATHFINDERS*. Double stars mark a selection intended for the superior reader. This Bibliography will help the teacher find for each pupil independent reading material that is suited to his ability.

◀ PAGES 20-29 ▶

Joanna Plays the Game

PREPARING FOR READING

Ask the pupils to turn to page 20, read the story title, and tell to what game it refers. Then ask several individuals to tell what the game might be if the story were about them instead of about Joanna.

Encourage use of the Help Yourself section of the book by saying, "You remember the trouble Tony had in understanding the word *hobby*. You may have as much trouble understanding this story unless you know the meaning of the terms used in tennis." Explain that early in the story Joanna says, "I haven't won a single match." Ask how many play tennis and choose someone who knows the game to explain what "I haven't won a single match" means. Then have pupils turn to page 489 and read the second note to see how it explains this term. Write the words *slump* and *gallery* on the blackboard and explain that their meanings are given in the Glossary. Conclude the preparation for reading by some such comment as "Joanna's game is tennis, and so the author might have called the story 'Joanna Plays Tennis.' Read it to see if you agree with the author that 'Joanna Plays the Game' is really the better title."

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading ask pupils if they think "Joanna Plays the Game" is a better title than "Joanna Plays Tennis." Have individuals give reasons for their answers. Then say, "There is a sentence spoken by one of the characters which lets us know what the author thinks about this matter.

What character do you think it is? Can you find the sentence?" If pupils need help, tell them that the character referred to is Mrs. Manning. Ask them to find and read what they consider to be her most important remark about "playing the game." (Page 24—"We play it for fun, and when we stop playing it for fun, we aren't playing the game"; or "Winning is a great thing, but fair play is greater, and so is enjoying the game"; or "And playing the game means liking it, too.") Read Mrs. Manning's definition of tennis on page 24: ". . . tennis is . . . hitting a ball, with a racket over a net. Whoever hits it over, within the lines, more often than his opponent, wins." Ask the pupils to summarize in their own words Mrs. Manning's definition of "playing the game."

Explore the story further by asking such questions as: "How did Mrs. Manning's advice change Joanna as a person? As a tennis player? Was Joanna really in a slump or did she just think so? Why was she in a slump? What advice would you have given Joanna to help her out of it? Would your advice and Mrs. Manning's advice apply to other games besides tennis?"

Ask the pupils to find and read aloud from the book phrases that reveal Caroline's character and those that reveal Marian's character. Then ask, "Which would make the better friend? Why?" Have pupils read the last sentence on page 29 and tell what it shows about Joanna that is different from the girl who said, "I don't think I'll play any more tennis."

Ask individuals to explain the meaning of the terms *set*, *match*, *thirty-all*, *six-three*, and *six-love*.

Extend the interpretation by encouraging members of the class to relate any real incidents they have heard about or seen in which a player or team showed good sportsmanship and played the game fairly and for fun rather than just to win.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Identifying specific meanings . . . To promote the ability to identify specific meanings and to give practice in using context to determine meanings, mimeograph or write on the blackboard the following groups of sentences given at the top of the next page. (Exercises of this type give valuable training in deriving meaning from illustrative sentences such as are commonly used in dictionaries.)

Group I

1. This store sells many games.
2. As the game went on, it became clear that we would win.
3. Marian was game about losing to Mrs. Manning.
4. When we stop playing for fun, we aren't playing the game.
5. Caroline won the first set easily, with a score of six games to two.
6. The first modern Olympic Games were held in Athens in 1896.
7. He went hunting big game.

Group II

- _____ In bridge, a rubber is two games won out of three.
_____ Bobby was given a checker game for a birthday present.
_____ Laws are needed to protect our wild game.
_____ Playing the game means more than just winning.
_____ Our football team won the game.
_____ The boy made a game fight even though he was sick and

Mention that the word *game* was used with several different meanings in this story, "Joanna Plays the Game," and explain that it is a word with several meanings in the sentences on the blackboard. Have pupils read the sentences in Group I and discuss the meaning of *game* in each sentence. Then ask them to read the first sentence in Group II and tell which sentence in Group I uses the word *game* in the same way. When children agree it is the fifth sentence, write 5 in the blank before the first sentence. Continue with the other sentences in Group II.

Pupils who have difficulty with this exercise should be given additional training in an oral situation before page 25 of the *Thinking and Reading* is introduced.

Phonetic analysis . . . The ability to discriminate between variant vowel sounds and the ability to compute vowel sounds in words are prerequisites for successful use of a pronunciation key in any dictionary or dictionary. This lesson will provide a simple check on pupil's auditory perception of vowel sounds.

Write the following on the blackboard:

- a* as in *care*—foam, fairy, stair, card, glare, bear
- a* as in *far*—hard, crank, starry, artist, vague
- a* as in *age*—grateful, steady, wait, stranger, break
- u* as in *cup*—lucky, Monday, furnish, public, Mother, fruit
- u* as in *rule*—humble, flew, sudden, blue, guilt, through
- e* as in *her*—hurt, flesh, world, firmly, grim, certain

Direct attention to the sound of *a* in *care*; then have pupils pronounce each of the words in the first line and tell whether or not they hear this vowel sound in each. Underline the words in which pupils agree that this sound occurs. Continue in the same way with each of the other sounds.

Pupils who evidence weaknesses in identifying vowel sounds in the above exercise and in the one on page 5 of the THINK-AND-DO Book should be given special guidance. For help in planning this guidance, the teacher should see the two *Guidebooks* for Book Two level in the Basic Readers. For specific lessons she should refer to those listed under "Auditory perception of vowels" in the Index of Skill-Building Exercises given at the back of each of these *Guidebooks*.

Using a pronunciation key . . . The *Guidebooks* for preceding levels in this Basic Reading Program present a sequential program for developing the skills that are essential for successful use of a pronunciation key. This lesson provides a general check on pupils' ability to use these skills. It is followed by lessons which review in detail the steps developed at earlier levels in the Basic Reading Program. Any pupils who evidence weaknesses in interpreting pronunciations in this first lesson should be given special attention as the succeeding ones are presented.

Remind pupils that in the Glossary and in the Pronunciation of Proper Names the pronunciation of each word is shown. Then say, "Most of the consonants in our alphabet have one sound that we think of when we see the letter. For example, when I write *lad*, you know what sound the letter *l* and the letter *d* will have in the word. You also know what sound each of these letters has in *lard*, *lead*, and in *laid*. The consonant *l* has the same sound in all four words and so does the consonant *d*, but what about the sound of the vowel *a*?" Lead pupils to observe that in *lad*, *lard*, and *laid*, the vowel *a* is used to represent three different sounds and that in *lead*, it is silent. Explain that in the Glossary special marks are used with the vowel letters to show different vowel sounds.

Ask pupils to turn to the pronunciation key on page 508 of the text and look first at the symbols that are used for consonant sounds. Direct attention to *b* as in *bad* and *rob* and then write the word *rabbit* and say, "There are two *b*'s in this word, but we pronounce only one of them; so, if I wanted to show you the pronunciation, this is what I would write." Write *rab'it*. "The next consonant in our alphabet is *c*, but this letter has

no sound of its own. The letter *c* may have the sound of the letter *k*, or it may have the sound of the letter *s*. Which sound does it have in *can*? Show children the pronunciation of *can* (*kan*). In like manner, present *cent* (*sent*). Make sure children understand that in a pronunciation key a consonant symbol represents a definite consonant sound.

Then direct attention to the symbols for vowel sounds in the pronunciation key. Tell pupils that in this key the short sound of a vowel is represented by a vowel letter without any mark; call attention to the word *hat*. Then ask, "What mark is used above a vowel letter to show that it has the long sound?" Point out the key words for each of the long and short vowel sounds.

Explain that other sounds of vowels are also shown by signs above the vowel letters and call attention to the vowel symbols *ä* and *ü* and the key words for each. Lead pupils to note that in the word *care* the letter *c* has the sound of *k* and the final *e* is silent. Then tell pupils that will write the word *care* to show them how it is pronounced. Write *kar*. Then write *kär* and say, "This word has the same vowel sound we hear in *far*. Can you pronounce the word?" In like manner, discuss the symbols *ér*, *ö*, *ü*, and *ü*.

Tell pupils that there is a special vowel symbol used to represent a vowel sound we commonly hear in unaccented syllables. Call attention to the symbol *ə* and to the key word *circus*. Explain that this symbol is never used for the vowel sound in an accented syllable.

Call attention to the abbreviated key at the bottom of each right-hand page in the Glossary and have pupils compare it with the full pronunciation key given on page 508. Be sure children understand that the short key is not complete but that it will be helpful to them in determining vowel sounds. Then have pupils turn to page 511 and use the key to derive the pronunciation of such entry words as *auspicious*, *avalanche*, *bilious*, *camouflage*, *colossal*, and *covet*.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 3, 4, and 5.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Using reference materials . . . Have pupils discuss the sources to which they might turn for information about games. They might mention the encyclopedia, special books on games, magazine articles, the *Handbook*

for Boys, published by Boy Scouts of America, and leaflets distributed by educational groups. Also discuss methods of locating materials that might prove useful; e.g., consulting the *Readers' Guide* and various guides to children's books, using book titles as clues to content, looking at the table of contents and the index in a book, and asking the school or public librarian for help.

Perhaps a librarian has already talked with pupils about aids in locating materials as suggested in the preceding lesson plan. If so, pupils have some knowledge of the help the card catalogue can give. If possible, take pupils to the school or public library and show them how to use the card catalogue. Make sure they understand how to look up a particular game, games in general, or a specific game book, such as *Sports and Games*, by Harold Keith; *Sport for the Fun of It*, by John R. Tunis; *The New Hoyle*, by Paul Henry Seymour; *Omnibus of Sport*, by Grantland Rice and Harford Powell; *The Encyclopedia of Sports*, by Frank Menke.

Using game books for reference . . . Encourage and help pupils to assemble game books and pamphlets in the classroom. Allow time for members of the class to skim the materials and decide which books they like and what new games they might learn. Seventh-graders will frequently argue about the rules of a game without recalling that game books supply information that will settle the issues. Party planners, too, may find the game books a helpful source of ideas.

Widening knowledge of games . . . Have each student list the games he really likes to play. From this information compile lists of pupils who enjoy playing the same games. Let the group that knows how to play a given game, checkers, for example, teach the rest of the class how to play.

Extension reading . . . Interest in reading stories of the experiences of other students of this age group may be stimulated by calling the pupils' attention to the books in the Bibliography on page 504 of PARTS AND PATHFINDERS. In addition, the books *The Kid from Tomkinsville*, *World Series*, and *Champion's Choice*, by John R. Tunis; *Wings on My Feet*, by Sonja Henie; and *Tennis Shoes*, by Noel Streatfeild, may be of particular interest at this time. Also encourage pupils to read the selections from other readers that are listed in the Bibliography on pages 265-283 of this Guidebook.

The Message from the Sun

PREPARING FOR READING

If the book *How They Sent the News*, by J. Walker McSpadden, is available, read aloud the Foreword, which contains an interesting account of sending messages by signals. Tell pupils that "The Message from the Sun" is taken from this book and ask them what methods of sending by sending the story title suggests to them. By using the title and the information given in the Foreword, students will probably name the heliograph, but if they do not, mention it and write the word on the blackboard.

If the book *How They Sent the News* is not available, introduce the story theme by asking pupils to name some of the methods that have been developed to send messages. Pupils may mention the horseback, carrier pigeon, smoke signals, wig-wag, telephone, telegraph, radio, and even the talkie. If there are Boy Scouts in the group, they may know of the heliograph and be able to give some information about it. If no one knows it, the teacher should say, "Today's story is called 'The Message from the Sun.' Have any of you ever heard of an instrument that uses the sun's rays in sending messages?" If they have not, give the name heliograph and write the word on the blackboard.

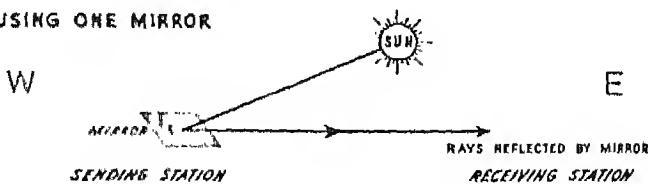
After the heliograph has been mentioned, ask the pupils to tell what they know about it. Ask if there could be any place in the book other than the story itself which might help them understand the heliograph. If the Help Yourself section is not suggested, ask the students to read the information on page 460 of *PATHS AND PATHWAYS*.

Write the following words on the blackboard and tell pupils that both pronunciation and meaning are given in the Glossary: *watercup*, *beam curtains*, *intermittent*, *incredulous*, and *houx*.

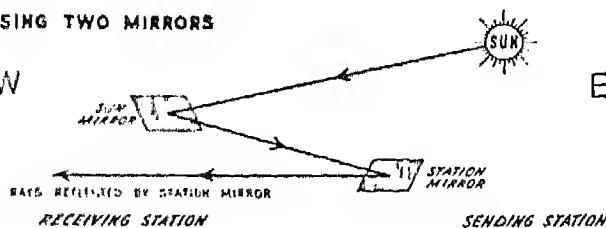
Explain that in "The Message from the Sun" a group of Boy Scouts go on a trip to make the first long-distance test of their heliograph. Ask pupils to turn to page 30 and read silently to the end of the second paragraph on page 31. Ask members of the class to explain the two methods of using the heliograph. If Boy Scouts are in the group, they

may draw diagrams. If not, the teacher may draw on the blackboard the following diagram to clarify a description of the two ways to use the heliograph equipment.

I. USING ONE MIRROR



II. USING TWO MIRRORS



Explain that each station has such equipment so that messages can be sent back and forth. Guide the discussion to clarify the idea that one mirror is used when the sun is in front of the sender and two mirrors are used when the sun is in back of the sender. Bring out the idea that if the Bear Patrol used one mirror, the Fox Patrol would need two mirrors to reply. Therefore, the boys in each group had to have a knowledge of both methods to enable them to send and receive messages at any time during the day. Suggest that the students read the rest of the story to find out how the "experimental hike" of the Bear Patrol became an exciting adventure.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading, open discussion of the story by asking pupils to tell what made the experimental hike so important. Stimulate discussion of the exciting events in the story, emphasizing how the boys must have felt when they discovered the forest fire, their determination to get the message for help through to Claremont, the activity at Scout Headquarters after the startling news was received, and the quick response to the call for help.

Lead individuals to explain why they think Jim Kunkel was a good Scoutmaster. Encourage a discussion of what the Times reporter meant when he said the Scouts "used their heads." Have pupils skim the story to locate specific examples to show that Frank Manning, Jim Kunkel, Bill Rogers, the Chief Executive, Miss Orton, and the Times reporter "used their heads"; e.g., Frank detected the fire (page 54), the Scout master suggested two ways of sending the news (page 54). Bill Rogers sent the message slowly so that it would be understood (page 55).

Then have pupils reread the last paragraph on page 57. Bring out that the author ends the story with the idea that help is on the way and that the fire will soon be brought under control. The author, however, has given some details which will enable the reader to visualize the actual ending of the story; e.g., "in two hours," "fighting that fire two hundred strong." Encourage pupils to create their own version of the events which took place in the next two hours following the end of the incident that is given in the book. They may include such detail as how the fire fighters gathered, where they came from, how they were organized to do the most good, and what methods they used in fighting the fire.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Visualizing story setting . . . Have students skim the story and list all the different localities in which the action takes place. Included should be: (1) an outcrop of rock on Ranger Mountain (Bear Patrol); (2) a cliff eighteen miles away (Fox Patrol); (3) the town of Cleatwood (near the cliff); (4) the Scout Camp, called the Glen, in a valley and extending up the side of Ranger Mountain; (5) a side of Ranger Mountain, scene of the forest fire; and (6) Midvale, the phone station. After students have made the list, let them draw a picture map showing the region in which the story took place. The teacher can judge the individual's attention to detail by such criteria as: whether the map is drawn somewhat according to a scale of miles; whether the lake, the forested areas, and the camp are shown in the Scout Camp area.

Structural analysis . . . To promote the ability to identify root words in variants and derivatives, write the following words and definitions on the blackboard:

courage—bravery; meeting danger without fear
courageous—fearless; brave; full of courage
discourage—take away the courage of; destroy the hopes of; try to prevent; make seem not worth while
discouragement—act of discouraging; state of being or feeling discouraged; something that discourages
encourage—give hope, courage, or confidence to; urge on; give help to
encouragement—an urging on toward success; something that gives hope, courage, or confidence

In discussion of the words and definitions, bring out the fact that *courage* is the root word in each of the words and that it retains its meaning in each word formed from it. Underline the root word in each derivative. Explain that we can make variant forms of two of these words by adding *s*, *d*, or *ing*. Write *discourages*, *discouraged*, *discouraging*, *encourages*, *encouraged*, *encouraging* on the blackboard. Ask pupils how many words they see that are formed from *courage*. Then make a list of the prefixes, suffixes, and endings which are added in the eleven words; i.e., *dis-*; *en-*; *-ous*; *-ment*; *-s*, *-d*, *-ing*. Call attention to the dropping of the final *e* before adding *ing*.

Then write on the blackboard the following lists of words and have pupils look up the meaning of each root word in the dictionary. Point to each derivative and use it in an oral sentence: "He was an *unskilled workman*"; "The boys stuck to their *agreement*." Discuss the meaning of the derivative in the oral sentence. Underline the root in each of the derivatives listed, calling attention to the changing of *y* in *envy* to *i* before adding the suffix. Then make a list of the prefixes and suffixes that are added in the three lists.

skillful	agreeable	envious
skillfully	agreement	enviously
unskillfully	disagree	enviable
unskilled	disagreement	unenviable

Interpreting pronunciation symbols . . . This lesson is designed to review and strengthen two general understandings which are basic to the interpretation of the pronunciations in the Glossary of PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS. These understandings are:

1. A letter symbol stands for its most common sound.
2. Each symbol used stands for a given sound.

1. To strengthen these understandings and to give the pupils' ability to identify consonant sounds, proceed as follows: write the words *go*, *gay*, *give*, *gun* on the blackboard. Have the words *parade*, *cat* and *clap* written attention to the beginning sound in each. Then write the words *get*, *laugh*, *egg*, *gem*, *gnash*, *bridge*, *grand*. Have pupils pronounce each word and tell whether or not they hear the sound of *g* in any of the words. Write the words in which they agree they hear this sound, *go*, *gay*, *give*, *gun*, *grand*. Then say, "Does the letter *g* stand for this sound in the word *laugh*? What letter usually stands for the last sound in *go*?" When children agree that this is the *f* sound, explain that in the English language *g* may not always stand for the first sound in *go*. The *f* stands for this sound more often than for any other, so we say it is the most common sound of the letter *g*. Explain that in the CHILDREN OF THE FOREST AND PATHFINDERS and in the dictionary the letter *g* is always used to show the sound of *g* as in *go*, because this is the most common sound of the letter *g*. Then write the following: *get* (get); *the h* (the h); *egg* (jem); *gnash* (nash); *grand* (grand); *bridge* (day). Then continue, pointing and pronouncing, explaining that *j* stands for the same consonant sound in the pronunciations of *gem* and *bridge*.

Continue in like manner with the words in each of the following lists. The pronunciation of each word is given in parentheses for the convenience of the teacher.

s as in *say*—cell (sel), has (haz), miss (mis), city (sɪt'¹), is (ɪz)
k as in *king*—cat (kat), trick (trik), knit (nit¹), kit (kit), act (akt)

2. Point to the word *egg* and its pronunciation and say, "How many letters do you see in the word *egg*? How many sounds do you hear in the word?" Repeat with the words *laugh*, *gnash*, *bridge*, *call*, *over*, *link*, and *knit*. Develop the idea that in the spelling of a word we use silent letters for which we say no sound when we pronounce the word, but that in the pronunciation every symbol stands for a sound we hear.

3. Write on the blackboard the pronunciations shown on the next page. Tell pupils that each of the vowel letters stands for one sound, because that is the most common sound of each vowel letter. Remind them that each consonant letter also stands for its most common sound and that every symbol in the pronunciation stands for a sound. Then ask them to say each pronunciation. Next write the spelling of the word after

the pronunciation and call attention to the differences in the symbols used in the pronunciation and in the spelling. (These words are given in parentheses for the convenience of the teacher.)

lim (limb) neck (neck) biz'i (busy) rel'ik (relic)
jifaff' (giraffe) ren (wren) ak sept' (accept) lat'is (lattice)

Pupils who evidence weaknesses in identifying consonant sounds or in interpreting the pronunciations in the preceding exercise should be given special help. The teacher should determine which step gave the pupils difficulty and then provide appropriate guidance. For help in planning this guidance she should refer to the Index of Skill-Building Exercises given at the back of each of the preceding Guidebooks for the Basic Readers. There, under such heads as those given below, she will find page references for developmental lessons on consonant sounds and symbols.

Developing phonetic skills

Visual-auditory perception of consonants
Developing and applying phonetic understandings and skills

Silence *Consonants in words may be silent*
Variability *Some consonant letters have variable sounds*

Using the dictionary

Deriving pronunciations
Developing understandings that aid in deriving pronunciations
Interpreting pronunciation symbols

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 6, 7, and 8.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Sharing Information . . . Some pupils may be able to demonstrate to the class a few of the ways messages can be sent. Boy Scouts could explain briefly trail signals and the semaphore with flags. Seventh-grade boys frequently know at least parts of the Morse code. Others may contribute information they have read about carrier pigeons, smoke signals, and the walkie talkie. Pictures on the subject may be exhibited.

Using reference materials . . . Following the reading of this story the teacher may wish to introduce the *Handbook for Boys* and the *American Boy's Omnibus* to pupils. Point out the variety and wealth of information which these books contain and suggest that they are reference books of value not only to young people but to adults as well.

The Vegetable Life

PREPARING FOR READING

Ask pupils to turn to page 38 and read the title of the story and the name of the author. Ask, "Do the title and first picture give any particular clues to the plot of the story?" Then ask pupils if they have ever heard the expression "book learning" and encourage them to tell what they think it means and to explain what they think the difference is between "book learning" and "common sense." Tell the class that "The Vegetable Life" is a humorous story of book learning versus common sense and that, although written in a spirit of fun, it is a moral story. Suggest that pupils will find out what the moral is when they read the story.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading ask class members what they think the moral of the story is. Lead children to see the lesson Tom and Billy learned from their gardening that summer. It's not wise to be too positive. It's because experience may prove that we are wrong. Suggest that if pupils have had similar experiences, they relate them to the class.

Ask pupils how many thought Tom was the better student when they read as far as the fourth line on page 41. Then ask how many thought Billy was the better. Find out how many changed their minds when they had finished. Take a class vote on the value of the systematic approach versus the trial-and-error method. Explain that the story falls into two rather distinct parts and ask pupils to tell what they are. At the period when Billy and Tom each felt positive that his own knowledge of gardening was sufficient to bring him complete success, did they know when each boy was willing to admit that there were still some things he might learn about gardening?

Guide discussion of the story plot by asking, "What was Tom's attitude toward gardening when he first discussed the subject with Mayzie and Billy?" Lead pupils to recall the advice Billy gave from his practical

experience and have them describe the mistakes Tom made. Then ask, "What troubles did Billy have with his garden? What did Tom and Billy do or say at the end of the story that showed how they had changed their viewpoints?"

Have boys and girls cite specific passages or incidents to justify their answers to the following questions:

What bits of gardening information did the two boys learn from each other?

Peas like alkaline soils. (page 40)

The Colorado potato beetle is a serious garden pest. (page 40)

Lead arsenate used with the Bordeaux mixture will prevent blight in potatoes. (page 40)

Squash cannot be planted until there is no danger of frost. (page 43)

How did Marjorie act as a peacemaker?

"There might be something in it, stubborn," she suggested mildly." (page 39)

"Marjorie, having a naturally peaceful nature, hurried to interrupt." (page 41)

"'Oh, that's too bad,' said Marjorie, doing the honors for her brother." (page 42)

"Marjorie kindly changed the subject." (page 42)

Call pupils' attention to the colorful way in which the author, Mr. Chute, has expressed some of the ideas in the story and have individuals read from the book answers to the following questions:

What common expression has he adapted at the top of page 39? ("... you'd better not count your eggplants before they're hatched!")

How did he have Tom describe his own melons on page 39? ("... they were a flop.")

Find another example on page 39 of a common idea expressed in an uncommon way. ("Billy made a noise like Donald Duck in a temper.")

On page 43 how did Billy describe the failure of Tom's squash? ("No wonder your squash gave up the ghost.")

Pupils' appreciation of the humor of "The Vegetable Life" can be furthered through oral interpretation. The entire story may be reread orally, or individuals may choose a passage that they particularly enjoyed and prepare it for audience reading. Before pupils read aloud they should introduce their selections by explaining why they chose the passage.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Locating information . . . This lesson is designed to provide the ability to locate information which extends that given in a story, selection and to develop skill in the use of the encyclopedia. Suggest that in this story several of the ideas about gardening may have impressed on the reader's mind. Call attention to the passage in the story and ask pupils what question each raises. List these on the blackboard as they are mentioned. Logical questions are indicated after each passage.

- "Season's really too short for eggplants this far north?" (page 24) How far north can eggplants be grown?
- "This isn't a good soil for melons!" (page 34) What kind of soil do melons need?
- "You can also use it [lead arsenate] with the Bordeaux mixture to prevent blight." (page 40) What is blight and what causes it?
- "That's much too early [to plant squash]." (page 43) When should squash be planted in the region in which we live?
- "You must have planted from eyes!" (page 48) How is that done?

Ask pupils where they would look for the answers to these questions. If no one suggests an encyclopedia, mention it. Preferably, a set of encyclopedias should be in the classroom during the lesson; if the teacher should take the class to the library where a set is available. Ask, "In the first question, 'How far north can eggplants be grown?' what is the key word to use in looking for information?" Continue with the other questions. Pupils should infer that *potato* is the key word for the fifth question. Remind pupils that using an encyclopedia involves many of the same skills that are needed in using an index. Have a different member of the class look up each of the five key words and report to the class the answer to each question.

The information appears as follows:

	The World Book	Britannica Junior
1. eggplant	Volume 5	Volume 5
2. melon	Volume 11	Volume 5
3. blight	Volume 2	Volume 5
4. squash	Volume 15	Volume 11
5. potato	Volume 13	Volume 9

The teacher may call attention to the cross references for *melon* and explain them briefly.

Interpreting pronunciation symbols . . . This lesson is designed to strengthen understanding of the two general principles reviewed on pages 63-65 and to provide a check on the pupils' understanding and knowledge of consonant blends and on their ability to apply the recognition of these blends in deriving the pronunciations given in a glossary or dictionary.

Write the following groups of words and their pronunciations¹ on the blackboard in four columns:

brick (<i>brik</i>)	bluff (<i>bluf</i>)	smell (<i>smel</i>)	clasp (<i>klasp</i>)
frill (<i>fril</i>)	flock (<i>flok</i>)	snug (<i>snug</i>)	list (<i>list</i>)
crib (<i>krib</i>)	clap (<i>klap</i>)	skin (<i>skin</i>)	help (<i>help</i>)
drip (<i>drip</i>)	glass (<i>glas</i>)	speck (<i>spek</i>)	held (<i>held</i>)
prod (<i>prod</i>)	sled (<i>sled</i>)	swim (<i>swim</i>)	ask (<i>ask</i>)
grab (<i>grab</i>)	pledge (<i>plej</i>)	stab (<i>stab</i>)	lest (<i>lest</i>)

Explain that *r*, *l*, and *s* are consonant blenders—that is, they stand for sounds that are often "blended" with other consonant sounds. Explain that in *brick* we say the sound of *b* and the sound of *r* but that we blend them together so that they sound almost like one consonant sound. (Consonant sounds are never given in isolation in the phonetic program of the Basic Readers. In conversation the teacher should use the letter name, not the letter sound.) Pronounce *brick* and ask pupils how many sounds they hear in the word. Call attention to the four symbols in the pronunciation. Continue with the other words in each column, calling attention to the final blends in the fourth column. After the discussion of final blends, explain that there are other consonants that blend but that *r*, *l*, and *s* are the most common ones.

Next write *when* (*hwen*) and *quit* (*kwit*) on the blackboard and ask pupils to say each pronunciation. Call attention to the *hw* blend in *when* and explain that in saying the sound usually represented by the letters *wh*, we actually say the *h* sound first. Also explain that in our spellings of words, the letters *qu* usually stand for the sound of the consonant blend *kw*.

Write on the blackboard the pronunciations given in the lists on the next page but do not write the word that precedes the pronunciation. Remind pupils that each vowel letter stands for its most common sound—the short one. Then ask pupils to say each pronunciation. After

¹The pronunciations are those used in the Thorndike-Century Junior Dictionary, Revised Edition.

they have derived the correct pronunciation, write the symbol of the word before the pronunciation and compare the letter written and in the spelling and in the pronunciation. Develop the idea that we can a sound for every symbol we see in a pronunciation.

what (hwot)	whiff (hwif)	quack (kwak)	spitk (kwik)
whinny (hwin'ī)	whim (hwim)	quell (kwel)	spout (kwut)
whence (hwens)	whip (hwip)	quality (kwol'ētē)	swell (kwil)

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 9 and 10.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Using reference materials . . . Encourage pupils to find additional information about gardening, have them mention sources to which they might turn. The teacher should suggest, if pupils do not, garden clubs, hobby magazines, books, seed catalogues, government pamphlets, etc. Also review with pupils methods of locating books and resources. If class members have been having difficulty using the Readers' Guide, give them an opportunity at this time to have their questions answered.

Creative art . . . Boys and girls may be encouraged to make drawings that would interest the community in gardening activities.

Gardening in the community . . . Members of the class may sketch a map of the school community on the blackboard or on paper and the bulletin board, showing the location of the lawn, trees, shrubs, and all the group. Those boys and girls who have vegetable gardens may mark their homes on the map with a special symbol, such as a picture of

Extension reading . . . The attention of pupils should be called to the Bibliography on page 504 of *PATHS AND PLEASURES* and to books listed in the Bibliography on pages 265-283 of this Classroom. At this time the teacher should also have in the classroom copies of other gardening magazines as *Better Homes and Gardens*, *House and Garden*, and *The American Home*, so that pupils can become familiar with this type of current publication. If the local newspaper has a garden section, pupils should have an opportunity to read the material. Individuals who have at home garden books and other magazines with sections about gardening should be encouraged to bring them to school.

The Haunted Desert

PREPARING FOR READING

The teacher may introduce "The Haunted Desert" by reading aloud the first four paragraphs and calling attention to the author's vivid descriptions. For example:

"His mahogany-hued face was half-hidden under a wide-brimmed felt hat."
". . . Tommy saw the transcontinental highway gleaming like molten silver."

"Beyond that highway lay the desert, treacherous, barren, and grimly scornful of the scratch of paved road that man had drawn across its face."

Explain that the author, Mr. Bechdolt, has written about the desert as if it were a person injured by man. Ask, "What would you expect such a treacherous and grimly scornful person to do?" Elicit such comments as "The desert would want to 'get even'"; "The desert would play tricks on people." Ask how many have heard of *mirages*, which are tricks the desert plays. Have a member of the class explain what a mirage is. (In the Help Yourself section there is a note which may help clarify this for pupils.)

Read aloud the paragraph on page 47 beginning "'No hurry,' Baldy chuckled.' Mention that Baldy here has referred to the desert as a person and ask what warning Baldy gave Tommy and Greta. Have the class turn to page 461 in the notes and read the note about "when the first Spaniards came." Mention that in the first few paragraphs the author gives numerous clues to the kind of people in the story and to what will probably happen.

". . . he looked like one of the Forty-Niners come back to earth."
"A lone prospector was Baldy, wise in the ways of the southwestern desert land."

"Beyond this foreground Tommy saw the transcontinental highway. . . . They were going to travel across it, know its heat and sun glare, its bitter cold night; sleep beside campfires, lost in its immensity."

Suggest that as pupils read, they notice additional clues that the author gives as to future events and how these clues are followed up.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Pupils should read the whole story silently before discussing it. After the silent reading focus attention first on the plot by having the main incidents of the story discussed. Pupils should include the visit to the Forty Niners' camp, Baldy's accident, Tommy's trip to get help, and the return to the Forty-Niners' camp that resulted in the discovery of the name on the ox yoke.

Then lead pupils to comment on clues that helped them anticipate the unfolding events of the story. Pupils should note such clues as

- "Old desert's up to his tricks, son. Watch the hills now!" (page 45)
- "You see, these dunes are always moving around!" (page 56)
- "Sometimes it [wind] uncovers a bit of old emigrant wagon!" (page 51)
- "Follow your compass," Baldy said. "Don't follow anything else. The desert may lie to you." (page 54)
- "Don't drink a lot of water at any one time!" (page 54)

Next call attention to instances in which the author presents early in the story information which makes plausible the action that takes place later. For example, when Tommy is lost in the desert, there is the statement on page 55, "Just off to his right was the paved highway!" Have the pupils locate a specific sentence or passage that shows how the author makes this seem a reasonable possibility. On page 46, "Tommy saw the transcontinental highway gleaming like molten silver."

In like manner, have pupils locate specific passages that present information essential for understanding the sentences given below.

- "He was hurrying again, and that wouldn't do!" (page 56) (On page 47, Baldy said, "Deserl's no proper place to hurry; remember that.")
- "But the ox yoke told the story." (page 57) (On page 49, "Tommy and Greta knew his [Asa Hamlin's] story by heart.")
- "It's almost as if he had come back . . . to help me when I was lost!" (page 58) (On page 50, "They [Asa and his companions] had returned with pack mules, food, and water, true to their promise.")

Direct attention to the author's excellent descriptions and ask pupils to skim through the story to locate phrases or sentences that give a picture of the desert country as the author wants us to see it. For example, "the stark rock mountains, fantastically blackened" (page 47); "the smoldering black mountain range seemed to detach itself from the earth" (page 48);

"Weird, wavering shapes" (page 49). Have them also read especially good descriptions of people; e.g., "spare, shriveled frame and bristling white whiskers" (page 46) and "the pitiful remnant . . . exhausted physically and spiritually" (page 49). After each bit of description is read, have the pupil selecting it tell what picture it presents to him and have him suggest other ways of expressing the idea.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Identifying word meaning . . . To promote further appreciation of the vividness of the author's language and to check pupils' identification of word meaning, write or give orally the phrase "highway gleaming like molten silver." Ask pupils to find the sentence on page 46 in which it is used and to read this sentence aloud, using another word instead of the word *molten*. They should substitute the word *melted*. Continue in like manner with the following:

- " . . . lost in its *immensity*." (page 46) (*bigness*)
- "Their father, *en route* to the west coast. . . ." (page 46) (*on the way*)
- " . . . had played a hero's *rôle*." (page 47) (*part*)
- " . . . too apt to get *flustered*." (page 47) (*likely to get confused*)
- " . . . the *tarpaulin* that covered their bed roll. . . ." (page 54) (*canvas*)
- "Was he on the *verge* of such a panic?" (page 55) (*edge*)
- "The *fickle* desert winds. . . ." (page 58) (*changing*)

Phonetic analysis . . . The lesson plans in the first two units of this Guidebook review methods of word attack in which training has been given at earlier levels. As these lessons are presented, the teacher should carefully note individual pupils' strengths and weaknesses.

It is recommended that special periods be arranged from time to time in which the teacher can work with individual pupils or small groups who need special help. It is important that the deficiencies in structural and phonetic analysis which are revealed during the first two units be modified or eliminated. Unless this is done, children who are weak in these phases of reading will be handicapped in attacking the problems in word recognition that are stressed in subsequent units.

At preceding levels in this Basic Reading Program, pupils were taught to use the following general principles as aids in determining the vowel sounds in words:

If there is only one vowel letter in a word or syllable, that letter usually has its short sound unless it comes at the end of the word or syllable; e.g., *craft*, *grim*, *pat tern*, *he*, *ti ger*.

If there are two vowel letters in a word or syllable, one of which is final *e*, usually the first vowel has its long sound and the final *e* is silent; e.g., *fade*, *note*, *re vive*.

If there are two vowel letters together in a word or syllable, usually the first has its long sound and the second is silent; e.g., *roan*, *treat*, *ob tain*.

If the only vowel letter in a word or syllable is followed by *r*, the sound of the vowel is usually controlled by the *r*; e.g., *stork*, *carve*, *ob serve*.

If the only vowel letter in a word or syllable is *a* followed by *l* or *w*, the *a* usually has neither the long nor the short sound; e.g., *halt*, *aw ful*.

There are many one-syllable words in the vocabulary of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS that have not been used in any of the preceding books in this series of Basic Readers. This lesson provides a check of pupils' ability to apply the above principles in attacking such words. All words used in the exercise appear in the Basic Readers for the first time in Book Seven.

Write on the blackboard the words *chart*, *apt*, *bray*, *frail*, *waltz*, *hale*, *spawn*, *fend*, *eke*, *verge*, *zeal*, *imp*, *twine*, *flirt*, *slot*, *hoax*, *cur*, and *cue*. Have children look at the word *chart* and tell whether they think the vowel sound is long, short, or neither long nor short and why. Have the word pronounced. In case of error, discuss the fourth principle given above. Continue with the other words.

Interpreting pronunciation symbols . . . To promote the understanding of the use of two-letter consonant symbols in dictionary pronunciations, ask pupils to turn to page 508 in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS and look at the pronunciation key. Say, "Look at only the consonant symbols in this key. What is the first one? You know what sound *b* usually stands for; what two key words show this sound? What is the second consonant symbol?"

Explain that the letters *ch* stand for one sound and are used just as any one letter in the alphabet is. Explain that these letters stand for a consonant sound that we use in speech but for which we have no letter in our alphabet. Continue with the other consonant symbols in the key, listing them on the blackboard as they are discussed and calling particular attention to the sounds of the two-letter symbols. In conclusion ask, "How many consonant symbols are given in this key? How many of

these are two-letter symbols?" Then print on the blackboard the words and pronunciations given below and ask pupils to say each pronunciation. In discussion, compare the spelling of the word with its pronunciation.

in (in)	than ('than)	chest (chest)	shelves (shelvz)
ink (ingk)	thank (thangk)	chronic (kron'ik)	shack (shak)
tongue (tung)	this ('This)	patch (pach)	text (tckst)

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 11, 12, and 13.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Using reference materials . . . The author of "The Haunted Desert" has provided excellent word pictures, but there are pictures in color, too. Bring out in discussion that pictures may help with the interpretation of the story by adding details that the text doesn't mention, by making descriptions clearer, and by helping the reader visualize what happens. Ask pupils to look at the picture on page 58 and tell why they think it is more effective than the simple statement, "The name was Asa Hamlin." Call attention to the list of illustrators for *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS* on page 528 and ask the class to find the name of the artist who did the pictures for the stories of "Young Americans Today." Suggest that they find other books illustrated by Mr. Stein by consulting the *Children's Catalog*, in which leading authors and artists of books for children are listed alphabetically. If this catalogue is not available, pupils may look for the same information in the library card catalogue.

Write the following entries from the catalogue on the board:

Stein, Harvé, 1904.

(illus.) Coatsworth, E.J. Sword of the wilderness	Fic
(illus.) Eaton, J. Jeanne d'Arc, the warrior saint	92
(illus.) Gaither, Mrs. F.O.J. Scarlet coat	Fic
(illus.) Kelly, E.P. On the Staked plain	Fic

Explain that the abbreviation in parentheses means that Mr. Stein is the illustrator of the book; the name of the author follows, then the title and the book's classification. "Fic" stands for fiction, and the number, 92, is the library symbol to show that the book is biography.

Ask one or more pupils to bring to class a list of books illustrated by Mr. Stein or by some of the other artists in *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS*,

most of whom are listed in the *Children's Catalog* or its supplements. Books illustrated by favorite artists would make an interesting display for the bookcase, window sill, or room library table.

Sharing experiences . . . Suggest that pupils might know of incidents in their own family history that are as exciting as that of Asa Hamlin and the Forty-Niners. If they do know of such episodes, they should have an opportunity to relate these stories to the class.

Extension reading . . . Suggest that pupils may enjoy reading *Gold*, by Stewart Edward White. Another story which may interest pupils is *The Mystery at Yogo Creek*, by Grace T. Barnett, which relates exciting adventures of children in an old mine in the West.

EXTENDING THE UNIT THEME

Preparing an exhibit . . . If a number of boys and girls in the class have interesting hobbies that can be displayed effectively, arrange for an exhibit. Materials in this exhibit, such as dolls, stamps, coins, photographs, original sketches, miniature articles, etc., should be properly labeled and effectively arranged. Each pupil could write a paragraph to accompany his exhibit, stating where he obtained articles of special interest as well as how long he has had the particular hobby. Another class might then be invited to see the exhibit and discuss the displays.

Sharing reading experiences . . . Have pupils list the specific references they have used in exploring their own hobbies; i.e., books, encyclopedias, and photographs. A special period should be arranged during which they might discuss the materials they liked best and found most helpful. At the same time there should be an opportunity for exchange of ideas among those who have read the same books or articles. After this discussion find out which of the books suggested in the Bibliography on page 504 of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS* pupils have read. Encourage them to tell which of these books they liked best and why. In the same way, determine how widely pupils have read from the Bibliography of selections from other readers on pages 265-283 of this GUIDEBOOK. Remind pupils that the list of stories for Unit I will be kept available for those who haven't had a chance to read the suggested books and stories.



Pages 77-120 of this GUIDEBOOK
Unit II of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS . . .



Pathfinders of America

THIS UNIT . . . is devoted to great men and women who "found a way" to a better America. Each one beat out a distinct pathway to progress; together they form a diverse group: soldiers, missionaries, inventors, statesmen, as well as those who first discovered the broad new land or those who blazed visible trails through its unexplored regions. As boys and girls follow the stirring exploits of these adventurers in many fields, they will arrive at a richer interpretation of the word *pathfinder* and a deeper appreciation of the spirit of American pioneers.

Though varied in their accomplishments, all these pathfinders have in common qualities that appeal strongly to young people—vigor and courage and the will to push onward. At the very beginning pupils will respond to the thrill of Columbus' high resolve to

" 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' " till land was sighted. They will come to know and admire the qualities of the other pathfinders: the dauntless courage of young Washington in his first great test; the determination and love of adventure that drove Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone ever forward; the vision and willingness to undergo hardships that enabled Marcus and Narcissa Whitman to make their pioneer settlement in Oregon; the humbleness and sincerity of Lincoln, seeking the path to "a new birth of freedom." And along the way, pupils will delight in glimpses, humorous and gay, of such explorers as Lewis and Clark or of the madcap motor-tricycle inventor, Hiram Maxim; but as they chuckle they will also catch the spirit of doggedness and daring that these men share with all true pathfinders.

The selections in this unit, both prose and poetry, are arranged in chronological sequence. The time span is from 1492 to the opening years of the twentieth century. This wide range of time, together with the diversity of the pathfinders themselves, will give young readers an appreciation of the continuity both of our historical development and of the pioneering spirit that has characterized all manner of American pathfinders since that October day when Columbus sighted the brave new world.

INTRODUCING THE UNIT THEME

Approach the reading of the stories and poems in Unit II of *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS* by calling attention to the title of the unit, "Pathfinders of America." Lead pupils to discuss the term *pathfinder* and encourage them to define it as "one who finds a path or way." Ask boys and girls to cite persons that they have heard of or read about who might be called pathfinders. They might mention such well-known figures in American history as Columbus, Marquette, La Salle, Boone, Lewis, and Clark.

Then ask, "Do you think all pathfinders are explorers? Why or why not?" In the ensuing discussion develop the idea that pathfinders are those who "open the way to others" and that they may be found in many fields of activity. With this broader meaning in mind, children might suggest other spheres in which pathfinders have shown the way; e.g., science, colonization, government. Recall the story "The Haunted Desert" and ask pupils if they think the Forty-Niners were pathfinders.

Stimulate additional thought and discussion by asking pupils to suggest motives that they think might prompt men to lead the way in new or dangerous undertakings. Then have children mention qualities that they think pathfinders are likely to possess.

Call attention to the fact that in all the stages of the world's development there have been pathfinders; thus it is not unusual that in the development of the American nation there have been pathfinders in all fields of work. Mention that of these many pathfinders in our history only a few are told about in the stories and poems found in Unit II. Explain that the selections in this group have time settings from the discovery of America to the early 1900's. (The specific time setting for each story is given in the Help Yourself notes.) Suggest that, while the poets and authors have clearly described the hardships, discouragements, and triumphs of these pathfinders, they have at the same time vividly portrayed the qualities that made these men great.

◀ PAGES 60-61 ▶

Columbus

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

Columbus the man typifies the spirit of all great pathfinders, and Joaquin Miller's "Columbus" has caught and preserved that spirit in the line "Sail on! sail on! and on!" Since this poem introduces the theme "Pathfinders of America" and is the first to appear in any of the books in this series of Basic Readers, it merits special attention. The reading of poetry is more than a skill—it is an art, and as such the presentation of a poem to young readers needs careful preparation on the part of the teacher. Detailed suggestions to guide the teacher in preparing to present "Columbus" are given below.

The poem "Columbus" is an account of an incident told largely by the conversation between two characters—Columbus, the confident leader, and the mate, a "doubting Thomas" who voices the fears of the entire crew. Identifying the speaker and interpreting his feelings as evidenced

by his words are the main problems in interpretation. In preparing to present the poem to the class, the teacher might, as she studies it, indicate narrative and conversation "breaks" by bracketing in the margin of her book. She will notice that the first four lines give the setting. In lines five, six, and seven the mate expresses his fears that the very stars are no longer in familiar constellations and asks Columbus what he shall tell his men. Line eight gives the authoritative answer of the confident leader.

In the first two lines of the second stanza the mate tells of his troubles with the crew; then two lines of narrative reveal his own feelings before we again hear him ask, "What shall I say?" in lines five and six. The dauntless Columbus answers in the last two lines of the stanza.

The phrase "the blanched mate" in the third stanza gives a clue to the growing fears of the mate, and his words in lines three to seven show how his doubts are mounting. In line eight Columbus impatiently interrupts the complaining mate with his firm "Sail on!"

In stanza four the mate's speech shows clearly his own personal fears of the mad sea and his increasing hopelessness, and the poet's line "The words leapt like a leaping sword" makes us almost hear the stirring tone of Columbus' reply, "Sail on!"

The first lines of the last stanza, however, reveal a pale and worn leader, keeping his lonely vigil on the deck and perhaps feeling discouragement creep over him. But from the words "And then a speck—A light! a light!" to the end of the stanza we share his feeling of triumphant accomplishment.

Before presenting the poem to the class the teacher should read it aloud—again and again perhaps—until she is satisfied that she not only feels but conveys to listeners each change in speaker and each variation in feeling that lies behind the words. Joaquin Miller portrays the mate as a good and loyal man who is nevertheless almost overcome by fears for his own safety as well as for the success of the venture. Columbus, on the other hand, is endowed with the staunchness, courage, and perseverance of the true pathfinder. In reading the poem, the voice as well as the words of the poet must be used to reveal the qualities of the two men. Only the confident reader can reflect the assurance of Columbus, and that necessary confidence comes only from the reader's familiarity with the sound of his own voice as it peals forth in the ringing command, "Sail on!"

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Suggest that one of the most famous men in America's early history was an Italian and yet he ranks as the first great "Pathfinder of America." Have pupils identify him and ask them to read the background note for "Columbus" on page 462 of the text. Encourage additional discussion of Columbus' difficulties in organizing his trip and the hazards that he faced: his personal safety, the safety of his crew, the disgrace that would come should he fail, the financial loss to his sponsors in Spain. Then say, "We know that Columbus did lead his men to a new world even though not to the Far East. What qualities of leadership do you think he must have had?" Ask, "Who wrote this account of Columbus' voyage? You can find the pronunciation of his first name on page 525." Have pupils look up the pronunciation and give the name of the author. Then say, "Joaquin Miller gives us his account of Columbus in a poem, which highlights one of the major difficulties that Columbus had on his journey. Turn to page 60, and we'll read the poem together."

Call attention to the picture on pages 60-61 and lead pupils to conclude that the artist has pictured Columbus and his men as they sight land at the end of their long journey. Clarify the idea that Columbus did not realize that he had discovered a new world but believed he had reached the Far East.

Tell pupils that the first four lines give the setting for the first part of the poem and ask them to read these lines silently. Then ask, "What and where are 'the gray Azores'?" If pupils do not know, explain that the Azores are a group of islands in the Atlantic, west of Portugal. Then explain that the "Gates of Hercules" refers to Gibraltar and ask pupils to tell where Columbus was at the opening of the poem. Explain that the rest of the poem is largely conversation between Columbus and the mate. Ask, "Which one speaks first?" Tell the class that "the good mate" is a "doubting Thomas" who speaks not only for himself but for the whole crew. Then say, "In the next three lines of the stanza the mate expresses his fears and in the last line the confident Columbus replies." Ask pupils to read these lines to themselves and say, "When we read poetry silently, we usually read it as if we were reading aloud. Say it to yourself—as you read—and move your lips if you want to." (With poetry, the tempo of silent and oral reading is the same, and the teacher need not fear to encourage word reading and lip movements!)

After pupils have read the lines silently, read the entire stanza aloud to them, conveying the feelings of the doubtful mate and the confident assurance of Columbus. Make his words ring with authority!

Guide the silent interpretation of the next stanza by giving pupils the overview of its content suggested in the preceding section of this lesson plan. Discuss with the class the meaning of *mutinous* and why the men were "ghastly wan and weak." (The journey had lasted so long, and the ship's supplies had been inadequate for a voyage of that length.)

Continue with the silent interpretation of the rest of the poem, giving as oral guidance preceding the reading of each stanza or part of a stanza the ideas that are presented for the teacher's preparation in the first section of this lesson plan. Stanzas three and four need no discussion after the silent reading, but since the last stanza contains both figurative and literal meanings, it calls for detailed interpretation. Ask members of the class what they think the poet means by "that night of all dark nights." In the discussion ask if they have ever heard the saying "It's always darkest just before the dawn." Ask them what it means and bring out that it may mean that the night sky seems blackest just before dawn but that it may also mean that our troubles often seem heaviest just before help comes. Bring out that there was the darkness of discouragement for Columbus that night as well as a dark sky and that he himself must have begun to feel despair, although he hadn't let the mate or his men know it. In connection with the line "A light! . . ." explain that we are told Columbus actually did see a light on the shore. Then ask, "Do you think he actually saw a starlit flag unfurl? What do you think this line means?" (Columbus' discovery led to the founding of our nation with its "starlit flag.") Clarify the phrase "Time's burst of dawn" as the revealing of the beginning of the whole New World, just as dawn begins a new day.

Remind the class that even though Columbus did not reach the goal of the Orient, he did prove that the earth was round and not flat as his crew and most of his countrymen believed.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

For the oral interpretation of the poem, a group of three pupils may be chosen to read each stanza. One may read the narrative lines, one may speak for the mate, and one may speak for Columbus. A different group

may be chosen to give each of the first four stanzas. In stanza three ask the child who is speaking for Columbus to read the "He said:" at the beginning of the last line, since the narrator's interruption here would spoil the rhythm. Before the oral reading, encourage pupils to read the poem silently again, thinking how each of the characters would talk and noticing when the poet interrupts their conversation with narrative description. Suggest that pupils be ready to pick up their "parts" quickly, so that there will be no break in the reading of the poem. Have one pupil read the last stanza, which is almost entirely narration.

After the poem has been read orally in this fashion, let the class choose three pupils who read well and have these three read the entire poem.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Pages 14 and 15 of the THINK-AND-DO Book may be used at this time. These pages provide worth-while material that furthers interest in "Pathfinders of America." Page 14 brings out the dangers feared by navigators in the days of Columbus and the bravery of the men who dared to make long voyages. Page 15 presents brief accounts of five well-known American pathfinders and their work.

Enjoying poetry . . . Pupils might enjoy hearing the teacher read other poems about men and women who lived from the time of Columbus up to the time of the French and Indian War. Among the selections the teacher might use are such poems as: "Fountain of Youth, a Dream of Ponce De Leon," by Hezekiah Butterworth, and "Quivira," by Arthur Guiterman, in *Poems of American History*; "Henry Hudson's Quest," by Burton Stevenson, in *American History in Verse*; "Peter Stuyvesant" and "Cotton Mather," by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét, in *A Book of Americans*.

Extension reading . . . Tell the class that the time of the next story in PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS is 1753 and ask how many years this is from the time of Columbus' discovery. Suggest that there were many great pathfinders of America in the intervening two hundred and sixty-one years and ask pupils if they can think of any of them. List on the blackboard names that pupils suggest and discuss whether or not each individual might be called a great pathfinder.

If pupils do not name all the following, the teacher should add her own suggestions and discuss briefly the contributions of each:

- 1498—John Cabot explored the northeast coast of North America and went as far south as Virginia.
- 1501—Amerigo Vespucci explored the coast of Brazil. The Americas were named for him.
- 1512—Juan Ponce de León was the first white man known to explore what is now Florida when he searched for the “Fountain of Youth.”
- 1519—Hernando Cortes conquered Mexico, and Spain sent expeditions from there into territory which later became the United States.
- 1539—Hernando De Soto explored the southeast.
- 1540—Francisco Coronado explored the southwest.
- 1577—Sir Francis Drake, the first Englishman to sail around the world, touched the Oregon coast.
- 1607—Captain John Smith founded the first English colony at Jamestown.
- 1620—John Carver became the first governor of the Plymouth Colony, which was founded as a refuge for those who believed in religious freedom.
- 1636—Roger Williams founded Rhode Island because his beliefs in both religion and government differed from those of the colonists in Massachusetts.
- 1752—Benjamin Franklin proved the identity of lightning and electricity, and he became one of the first American pathfinders in science.

Many others could be mentioned by the class. There are the other leaders in exploration: Balboa, De Vaca, Champlain, Hudson, Marquette, and Joliet. There are the leaders in colonization: Peter Stuyvesant, Peter Minuit, William Penn, James Oglethorpe, Lord Baltimore, and Thomas Hooker. There are the first political leaders who championed independence, among them John Hancock and John Adams.

From the list of persons mentioned, the teacher should encourage each pupil to find one whose activities interest him. She should then suggest that each child use reference books, stories from other readers, books, and other related reading materials to collect information and anecdotes about the life and adventures of his “pathfinder.” Among the books children may read are *Lone Journey*, by Jeanette Eaton, and *The Man Who Dared to Care*, by Mary Carroll. Later, a period may be set aside for the pupils to share with the other members of the class the information that they have found.

Out of Defeat

PREPARING FOR READING

Introduce "Out of Defeat" by telling pupils that the next pathfinder they are to read about is as familiar to them as Columbus and ask them to turn to page 462 and read the background note. Then point out on a wall map the location of the French settlements in Canada and along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and the English settlements along the Atlantic coast in about 1750. Lead pupils to see how the position of the French prevented the English colonies from expanding and mention that the English had to fight both the French and the Indians in order to realize their ambition to occupy the land from sea to sea.

Explain that since this is a story of the French and English, some of the characters and places have French names. Write *Le Boeuf*, *Beaujeu*, *Duquesne* on the blackboard. Have pupils turn to the Pronunciation of Proper Names on page 525. Call attention to the explanations of the symbols Y, œ, and N, all of which stand for sounds that occur in French. Give them the vowel sound œ and then ask them to look up and pronounce the three names written on the blackboard. Explain that they will find the pronunciation of other proper names in this section and remind them to refer to the Help Yourself notes, the Glossary, or the dictionary for the meaning of phrases or words they do not understand.

Mention that some of the conversation is in dialect. Explain that authors often misspell a word to show readers how a certain character pronounces it. Use *Virginnny* and *Pennsylvany* (page 62) and *verra* and *murderin's* (page 63) as examples. Tell pupils to pronounce each word of this kind phonetically, that is, just the way it is spelled, and they will probably recognize its meaning immediately.

Then say, "You learned in the background note that the British governor is depending on George Washington to maintain England's rights in the Ohio country and drive out the French. We aren't used to associating the word *defeat* with Washington, and the meaning of the title 'Out of Defeat' will be clear only when you have read the story."

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the story has been read, encourage discussion of the title as derived from Dinwiddie's remark, ". . . out of defeat comes the secret of victory." Extend the discussion to include consideration of the part the early defeats played in strengthening Washington as a leader and in developing "the seed of American unity, which would flower about him a score of years later." Discuss the occasion on which Dinwiddie used the expression "out of defeat" and then have the speech read aloud (page 71). Be sure the meaning of "'Even Caesar didn't'" is clarified.

Then have pupils recount the main events in the story by citing the important incidents in the order of their occurrence. If necessary, encourage children to skim through the story to select these events and, as they are mentioned, list them on the blackboard.

Ask pupils to tell interesting details about each event or suggest that they read orally short excerpts that will make the event more vivid.

The teacher may check the pupils' use of the Help Yourself notes and the Pronunciation of Proper Names section by asking:

What did the French name the fort they captured from Colonel Trent?
Where was Fort Duquesne? What is now on that place?

How would you explain the meaning of "the defeated army cut its way out of that blind alley of slaughter"?

Near what river did Washington build Fort Necessity?

To give some insight into how authors may variously interpret historical remarks, explain to the class that General Braddock, in rejecting Washington's advice in 1755, has been quoted as saying, "These are high times when a British general is to take counsel of a Virginia buckskin." Ask the class to find the same incident in "Out of Defeat" and read Constance Skinner's account of it. (See the second paragraph on page 74.)

In discussing the style of this story, mention that prose writers as well as poets use figurative language and explain that figurative language or speech uses words out of their literal or exact meanings to add beauty or force. Recall such examples from "Columbus" (page 61) as:

"These very winds forget their way"

"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite?"

Encourage pupils to find examples of figurative language in "Out of Defeat." For example:

- "waited . . . for the lightning to strike" (page 62)
- "with the swiftness of a panther pouncing" (page 69)
- "Virginia marched out, and France took possession." (page 72)
- "gather them like strawberries" (page 74)
- "Every tree and rock belched fire" (page 74)

Finally, relate this story to the unit theme by asking, "What characteristics of a pathfinder did Washington evidence as a young man? Which traits helped him become a great leader? What other incidents in his life showed that he had these traits? Where did the author, Miss Skinner, get her idea for the character Will Findlay? [See Help Yourself notes.] Do you think Findlay, as depicted by the author, had the qualities of a pathfinder, too? What words could you use to describe him?"

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Making inferences . . . This exercise is designed to promote the ability to interpret statements that imply an idea without stating it and to make inferences and draw conclusions from general context. Ask pupils to turn to page 62 and read the first sentence in the fourth paragraph. Lead pupils to infer the implied meaning of the sentence by asking such questions as: "Just what do you think Foster expected? Why do you suppose he expected the Governor to vent his anger on young Findlay?" Continue in like manner with the following passages:

Page 70—"He thought it might be better not to tell Washington about this affair—George was 'civilized'—"

Page 70—"I doubt not there'll be fightin' now . . .!"

Page 74—"George! Will gaped at him . . . 'the French and Injuns will gather them like strawberries! They're hidin' behind that suspicious natural-lookin' brushwork in front. . . .'

Next ask pupils to turn to page 65 and read the third and fifth paragraphs. Ask, "Did George and Will meet when and where they planned?"

Suggest that pupils read the first paragraph on page 64 and Will's speech at the bottom of page 70 beginning with "The best. Now, don't interrupt me." Then ask, "Did Colonel Trent reach Ohio before Washington did? What makes you think he reached the forks of the Ohio River some time

before Washington arrived at Fort Le Boeuf? What might lead you to think the commander who told Washington that the French would not leave the Ohio knew that French troops were established in Fort Duquesne?" Have pupils read the second paragraph on page 71 and then ask, "Do you think the Governor had received the news that Trent's fort had been taken? What makes you think so? [A force had already been raised to oust the French.] Do you think he actually knew that the French had told Washington they would not leave the Ohio? Why do you think he was prepared for the news?"

Structural analysis . . . To promote the ability to identify common suffixes as structural elements in a word, write the following lists of known words on the blackboard in columns:

speechless	collection	assignment	trader
doubtless	direction	excitement	usurper
noiseless	protection	announcement	trapper
riderless	suggestion	astonishment	interpreter
careless	possession	amazement	commander
sleepless	interruption	development	adviser

Ask pupils to pronounce each word and identify the root word from which the derivative is formed and the suffix that is added to the root word. Underline the root words in each and bring out the fact that each root word has its own meaning in the word that is formed from it. In order to clarify the meaning of each suffix and the grammatical use of the root word and derivative, the teacher (and later the pupils themselves) should use several words in each of the lists in oral sentences, as:

When we are so surprised we can't speak, we say we are *speechless*.
When footsteps make no noise, we say they are *noiseless* footsteps.
When a boy collects stamps, we say he has a stamp *collection*.
When the teacher assigns work, we say it is our lesson *assignment*.
When a man traps wild animals, we call him a *trapper*.

Structural and phonetic analysis . . . To promote the ability to identify and attack root words, write the following columns of unknown variants and derivatives on the blackboard and note pupils' ability to attack each word. If any difficulty is encountered, direct attention to the prefix, suffix, or ending and then have pupils attack the root word. If some pupils evidence weakness in attacking the root word, discuss the

principles that aid in determining the vowel sounds in one-syllable words.
(These principles are given on page 28 of this GUIDEBOOK.)

impish	jigged	bleeding	notches
flaxen	faked	stemless	chalky
unstained	gnarled	untwine	mowcr
thrived	filthy	sputring	maimed

The addition of prefixes and endings to words has been stressed at preceding levels in the Basic Reading Program. If, however, some children have difficulty, the teacher should provide additional guidance. In planning this guidance, she may refer to the Index of Skill-Building Exercises given at the back of each of the preceding GUIDEBOOKS.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 16, 17, and 18. Page 18 provides an objective check of pupils' ability to identify root words. .

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Making contrasts . . . Encourage pupils to mention methods of warfare employed at the time of Washington and to contrast these methods with those in use today. Extend the discussion to include a comparison of equipment used, training given to soldiers, treatment of wounded men, and organization of armies. Particular attention should be called to the ideas of camouflage in pioneer days. Ask members of the class to compare them with present methods. Children may then discuss other phases of warfare in which changes have occurred since the French and Indian War.

Composing brief biographies . . . Boys and girls who have been reading widely in the field of American history might be encouraged to prepare brief "Who Am I?" sketches. These sketches might contain information about incidents in the lives of other pathfinders who learned, too, that "out of defeat comes the secret of victory." The book *Indian Captive*, by Lois Lenski, is an example of an interesting biography and may give pupils ideas for writing their own sketches. If enough of these are prepared, a brief quiz program might be planned.

Enjoying poetry . . . "Young Washington: The Embassy to the French Forts, 1753," by Arthur Guiterman, in *My Poetry Book*, is a poem which pupils will enjoy reading or hearing. They should find the poem easy to understand after having read "Out of Defeat."

Paul Revere's Ride

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

"Columbus" portrays an incident in which the main problem is to identify the speaker and interpret his feelings. In "Paul Revere," also a poem of incident, the problem is one of rhythm as well as content. The teacher must make careful preparation in order to present the marvelous pounding rhythm of the horses' hoofbeats without singsong monotony. The difference between singsong and regular rhythm is the difference between the metrical beat and rhythmical interpretation. The child may read:

*"Listen, my children, and you shall hear//
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,"//
(//indicates pause; boldface italics indicate stress.)*

The rhyming beat may easily become a pitfall in the oral presentation of this poem. To avoid this, watch the carry-over of the lines. Read for thought without breaking the rhythm, as:

*"Listen,// my children,// and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride// of Paul Revere,"*

Before presenting the poem to the class the teacher should read it aloud several times until she is sure she is conveying the ideas as well as presenting the auditory pattern of the galloping rhythm of the lines.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Ask pupils to tell what they know about Paul Revere. Then say, "Paul Revere is probably best known as a patriot pathfinder who made a famous ride. You might never have heard of that incident, however, if a poet had not made it famous by writing about it. Does anyone know who that poet was?" Suggest that pupils read the background note on page 464 to learn more about Paul Revere's many other accomplishments. Ask, "Why might Paul Revere also be called a pathfinder in industry?"

Build further background for the poem by reviewing with boys and girls the conditions leading up to Paul Revere's ride and the subsequent

Battle of Lexington; e.g., the colonists' growing unrest over the Stamp Act, "taxation without representation," and the Boston Tea Party, of which Revere was a member. Make sure pupils sense the seriousness to the colonists of this "call to arms" by Paul Revere.

The teacher should give an auditory pattern for the poem by reading aloud the first five lines and asking pupils to see if they can "feel" the rhythm, which is that of a galloping horse. Mention, however, that while the galloping should be heard, the horses shouldn't be allowed to run away during the reading. Suggest, "The reader should make the lines gallop but not let the horse stop at the end of the line, because often in this poem the idea does not end with the line." Then read the first five lines, emphasizing the metrical beat and pausing after the last word in each line: *hear, Revere, -five, alive, year*. For contrast read:

"Listen,// my children,// and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride// of Paul Revere,//
On the eighteenth of April,// in seventy-five—//
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year."

Ask class members when they think this poem was written. Say, "Do any lines in the poem help you approximate the time?" Lead pupils to note that the ride was made in 1775 and then explain that Longfellow didn't write this poem until 1863, hence the explanation, "Hardly a man is now alive. . . ."

Explain that "He" in the first line of the second stanza refers to Paul Revere and say that the story is told largely by the poet, not by conversation as in "Columbus." The first stanza is the author's introduction; the second is Paul Revere's speech. Read aloud the first nine lines of the second stanza--note the pauses and carry-over of the lines:

"He said to his friend:// 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,//
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower,// as a signal light—//
One if by land,// and two if by sea;//
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride// and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the countryfolk to be up// and to arm.'"

Say, "The next part of this stanza tells what the patriot did." Read aloud:
"Then he said, 'Good night,'// and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where,// swinging wide at her moorings,// lay
The Somerset,// British man-of-war—//
A phantom ship,// with each mast and spar
Across the moon,// like a prison bar,/
And a huge black hulk,// that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Ask pupils to read silently, beginning "Meanwhile, his friend" on page 78 and stopping after the first stanza on page 81. Explain that this is the description of the short space of time immediately before the ride as well as of the ride itself. Ask members of the class to think what each sentence means as they read it and to notice that the pauses frequently come at the middle rather than at the end of the line.

After the reading ask, "Did you notice any stanza in which the tempo seemed to be speeded up to suggest a feeling of hurrying?" (beginning with the second stanza, page 79) Have pupils read these lines and then tell in their own words the story of the ride. Lead them to consider the full meaning behind such expressions as:

"The fate of a nation was riding that night" (page 79)
"And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat." (page 79)
"And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon." (pages 80-81)

Then explain that the last two stanzas on page 81 form a summary which gives the significance of the poem. Read these stanzas aloud to the group and encourage comments—especially on the last six lines.

This poem is really too long to be read aloud as a whole, but leave the choice to the pupils, for it is a favorite with seventh-graders.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Every year on Patriot's Day New Englanders reproduce Revere's famous ride. Page 19 of the 'THINK-AND-DO Book gives an interesting account of one such reenacting.

Extension reading . . . At this time the teacher should introduce *Johnny Tremain*, by Esther Forbes; *Silver for General Washington*, by Enid Meadowcroft; and *Treason at the Point*, by Jeannette Nolan. "Paul Revere's Ride" appears in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, which is suitable for superior readers. Superior readers might also read *Paul Revere: The World He Lived In*, by Esther Forbes. Or the teacher might read aloud to the class selected chapters from this book.

Art appreciation . . . If possible, secure a print of "Paul Revere's Ride," a painting by Grant Wood. When the picture is shown, ask pupils to decide which stanza the artist chose to illustrate.

Enjoying poetry . . . Some classes may read further to find out what happened the day following Paul Revere's ride (Battle of Lexington and Concord). To such groups the teacher may wish to read Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Concord Hymn," another poem about the beginning of the American Revolution. This hymn was sung at the completion of the battle monument known as "The Minute Man," April 19, 1836.

◀ PAGES 82-84 ▶

Daniel Boone

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

In this biographical poem Arthur Guiterman celebrates Daniel Boone's contribution to our country. In it he not only presents an interesting sketch of Boone's life, in which he properly emphasizes Boone's desire for "elbow room," but he also includes, by the very nature of Boone's life, a brief study of the westward movement in our country.

In making her preparation to teach this poem, the teacher should become familiar with its rhythm by reading it aloud several times. There is no particular problem in the rhythmical interpretation of the poem, but the teacher will notice that, as in "Paul Revere's Ride," many of the lines carry over. The first four lines are a single sentence of main and subordinate ideas. The boldface italicized words in the example on the next page show how the main idea is presented in the poet's lines.

*"Daniel Boone (at twenty-one)
Came (with his tomahawk, knife, and gun)
Home from the French and Indian War
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore."*

The teacher will notice that each of the four stanzas is devoted to a period in Boone's life—youth, middle age, old age, and a glorified hereafter. In the last stanza the poet turns from strict biography to fanciful writing; so in the final stanza he gives Boone the kind of hereafter he imagines Boone would enjoy "on heights untrod."

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Ask children to read the background note for the poem and then give them an opportunity to contribute additional facts that they know about Boone's life; e.g., his part in the disastrous Braddock expedition against Fort Duquesne; his capture by the Indians; his adoption into the Shawnee tribe; and his subsequent escape in time to save Boonesborough. Since Boone is one of the most familiar and popular of the American path finders, pupils will enjoy reviewing his exploits. Before conversation wanes, suggest that this poem by Arthur Guiterman is a brief sketch of the life of Daniel Boone. Explain that each stanza is devoted to a period in Boone's life—youth, middle age, old age, and the hereafter. Mention that in the last stanza the poet turns from a true account of Boone's life to a description of a hereafter that he thinks Boone would enjoy.

Read the first four lines of the poem aloud to the class to give them an auditory pattern of the rhythm. Explain that the Yadkin River is in western North Carolina. Then suggest that pupils read the rest of the first stanza. After the silent reading have pupils review Boone's experiences as a young man. Ask where he spent most of his time. During the discussion check pupils' interpretation of such words and phrases as:

"married his maid with a golden band" (placed a gold wedding ring on his bride's hand)

"Shawnee" (Indians who formerly lived in Tennessee and South Carolina)
"kith and kin" (friends and relatives)

Remind pupils that the second stanza is devoted to Boone's life in middle age. Read the first two lines of the stanza and explain that "the Wilderness Road," started by Boone, led from Virginia to Kentucky.

Direct pupils' attention to the last line on page 82 and to the first three lines on page 83. Mention that these lines refer to the colonists' struggle with the British troops of King George during the Revolutionary War and explain that, while the people of the East were fighting the king's troops, Boone and his followers in the West were fighting the Indian allies of the British. Then have the class read the second, third, and fourth stanzas silently.

After the silent reading of the poem have children review Boone's experiences and lead them to note that Guiterman interprets all Boone's journeys as part of his search for "elbow room."

Ask pupils to describe the kind of hereafter the poet has pictured for Boone and call attention to the imaginary animals he mentions—"the hippocriff of the flaming tail," "the horse of the stars," "the dinosaur of the triple horn," and "the manticore and the unicorn."

ORAL INTERPRETATION

This poem is a good one for reading aloud. The lines swing along easily, and their sound helps us feel the spirit of the restless Boone as he journeys ever further in his quest for "elbow room." For the oral interpretation select four different pupils—each pupil to read about one stage in Boone's life. The poem may be read aloud two or three times to give several individuals opportunity to participate in the oral interpretation.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 20 of the *THINK-AND-DO Book* extends interest in and knowledge of the building of the Wilderness Road which the poet mentions in "Daniel Boone."

Enjoying poetry . . . The teacher should read aloud to the class "The Pioneer," by Arthur Guiterman, in *My Poetry Book*.

Extension reading . . . *Daniel Boone*, by Esther Averill, is a story told simply and illustrated with many colored lithographs. Another book with original lithographs in color is *Daniel Boone*, by James Daugherty. Passages from it may be read aloud, and attention should be directed to Daugherty's letter to Colonel Boone. Seventh-grade girls may also be interested in *Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout*, by Stewart Edward White, and *With Daniel Boone on the Carolina Trail*, by Alexander Key.

Lewis and Clark

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

In this poem the Benét's give a humorous account of an important event in American history. Not until the last line of the poem do they give a hint of the importance of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

While the teacher prepares to present this poem, she should keep in mind three things—rhythm, content, and mood. She should read the poem aloud until she is familiar with its content and rhythm and until she can read it gaily and humorously. She might also familiarize herself with Julia Davis' *No Other White Men*, an interesting story of this famous expedition.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Have children read the background note for this poem and then in informal conversation have them contrast the two leaders of the expedition. Pupils should notice that though these men were as different as night and day, they were devoted friends. Ask, "In what ways were these men pathfinders?" In the ensuing discussion children should emphasize not only the opening of a new route to the Pacific Coast but also the gaining of a great fund of information about the thousands of miles these men explored. Show pupils a large wall map of the United States and have the route of the expedition traced along the Missouri, Snake, and Columbia rivers. Lead children to discuss the difficulties of this trip—a trip that lasted for "one year and a half" (page 86) and that meant journeying across many miles of completely unknown territory.

Remind children that this poem is written in a humorous manner and suggest that the abbreviations in the third stanza add to the fun of reading the poem. Ask pupils to turn to this stanza on page 85 and tell for which states the abbreviations in the second and third lines stand.

After pupils have read the poem silently, explain that though many of the Benét poems are humorous, they usually end on a serious note. Ask

pupils to see if they can find where the poets stop being funny and become serious. Suggest that they look for this spot in other Benét poems.

Then discuss informally with them the meaning of the last line, "And it sprcad out an Empire before us." Give boys and girls an opportunity to discuss the episodes in the poem that they thought were the most amusing and to consider some of the devices the authors use to lend humor to their writing; e.g., *understatement*, "It's the President's wish"; *whimsical side remarks*, "And we might catch some fish" and "If your car's full of squeaks"; *exaggeration*, "With their teeth full of moss."

ORAL INTERPRETATION

Children will enjoy reading this short humorous poem aloud. Before pupils begin their preparation for oral reading, suggest that the poem should be read in a gay mood. Members of the class might consider various ways of having the poem read aloud in a later period. Or the teacher might suggest dividing the class into small groups, with each group deciding upon its own method of presentation. One group might, for instance, decide to have each person read one stanza; another might decide to have one person read the entire poem.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 21 of the Think-and-Do Book gives an account of the part Sacajawea (who has been named as one of the six most important American women) played in the Lewis and Clark expedition. Pupils will be interested to learn that this Indian girl earned her place in the Hall of Fame by acting as a guide for Lewis and Clark.

Extension reading . . . Suggest that the episodes of the trip mentioned in the poem may be found in detail in the book *No Other White Men*, by Julia Davis. Ask some of the above-average readers to prepare to read later to the class such episodes as: the meeting with the Sioux Indians (pages 69-76), the aid of "the Bird Woman" (pages 106-108), and Lewis' experience with a grizzly bear (pages 134-137). Other books which many seventh-graders may find interesting are *Meriwether Lewis, Trail Blazer*, by Flora Warren Seymour; *Young Shannon, Scout with Lewis and Clark*, by Grace Voris Curl; and *Andy Breaks Trail*, by Constance Skinner.

Enjoying poetry . . . Classes that liked this poem may enjoy reading the volume of poetry from which "Lewis and Clark" was taken. It is *A Book of Americans*, by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét.

Creative art . . . Boys and girls who like to draw or paint might be interested in making a series of gay sketches to illustrate various portions of the poem "Lewis and Clark."

◀ PAGES 87-95 ▶

Into the Shakes

PREPARING FOR READING

This story tells about an incident in which an early American literally set about to find a path. Have pupils turn to page 467 and read the background notes on "Into the Shakes." Then ask them to turn to page 103 and look at the map of the United States as it was a few years after this story took place. Have them locate Tennessee, Missouri, Louisiana, and the Mississippi River. Then have them point out the region where they think the story takes place.

Explain that the hero of this story is the well-known frontiersman, Davy Crockett, who lived during some of the same years as Boone, Lewis, and Clark. Ask, "In what ways was Crockett like these three pioneers?"

Mention that while Crockett's real life was exciting enough to make a good story, frontier storytellers insisted on making Crockett the hero of the tallest of their "tall tales." "Into the Shakes" is a true account, but there are plenty of tales about Crockett that are imaginary. Ask pupils to tell anything of interest they know about Crockett. They may tell some of the tall tales of his hunting prowess and discuss his friendship with the Indians. After a few colorful incidents in Crockett's life have been mentioned, explain that "Into the Shakes" is a story about Crockett's less familiar experiences. Direct attention to the commonplace aspects of life on the frontier by commenting, "We often hear or read about the hardships of frontier life. What were some of the hardships encountered?"

Then suggest that the pupils read the story to find out what kind of path Crockett had to find in this story and how he managed to do it.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading encourage discussion about why Crockett had to find a way across the flooded river. Ask, "Why was it so important to have gunpowder in those days? Why did Davy Crockett need it at that particular time? What things did he have to keep constantly in mind as he was making the journey? [To keep his gun and bundle dry, to gauge the depth of the water, to watch for landmarks by which he could tell where he was.] What were the difficulties that Crockett faced in making this trip? How did he overcome them?" As pupils discuss the last question, they might refer to pages 92-95 and read aloud the various bits of detailed description that explain how Crockett solved his problems.

Then ask the children if they noticed anything in the story which reminded them of the tall tales they had heard about Davy Crockett. They should mention the passage on page 90 which describes how he could snort like a wild hog or make himself look like a gnarled stump. Then turn the discussion to the characteristics of a pathfinder which Crockett displayed. When such traits as persistence, courage, and ingenuity are mentioned, have pupils cite incidents from the story which show that Davy Crockett possessed these traits. Next ask pupils to find and read passages that indicate how dangerous Crockett's trip really was; e.g., "... we might as well all starve as for you to freeze to death or get drowned" (page 92); "'It was ticklish business'" (page 93); "The family could hardly believe that he had crossed the river at such a time" (page 94).

To check pupils' grasp of interesting details, ask, "What were some of the things that the Crockett children learned about the forest and its animals?" Members of the class may recall:

- how to discover deer against the brown bushes (page 90)
- how to lie quiet and disguise themselves when they saw deer (page 90)
- kinds of trees in the Shakes (pages 90-91)
- kinds of animals in the Shakes (page 91)
- how a 'possum acts when discovered by a human being (page 91)

Further check comprehension of the story by having the class recall other interesting information about the country known as "the Shakes," about Crockett's two journeys to the new home site, about the methods Crockett used to erect his cabin and acquire his first food supplies for the new home, and about the tricks he employed in hunting. Encourage

pupils to tell what ideas the story gave them about family life among the people on the frontier and have them point out the contribution made to the family's welfare by each individual. Help children infer that frontier families were largely self-sufficient through force of necessity.

Lead the class to notice the fine qualities of Constance Rourke's well-written story—the smooth storytelling style, the vivid descriptions, and the homely expressions used by Crockett, such as "rained ripidiously" (page 88), "slapped up a cabin," "turned in and planted corn" and "wild varmints" (page 89), and "another of Noah's floods" (page 91).

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Making a summary . . . To aid pupils in selecting main ideas, have them skim the story and make individual lists of its important parts in proper sequence. Upon completion of the lists the pupils may check to see that no item has been left out that would interrupt the story sequence in retelling it. The completed list should be similar to the following:

Description of the Shakes

Crockett's first trip to the Shakes in 1822

His exploration of the country

His return trip with his family

Life with his family in the Shakes

Crockett's trip across the Ohio to get powder

Interpreting pronunciation symbols . . . To promote understanding of the function of diacritical marks in showing pronunciation and to review common vowel sounds, proceed as follows:

Write on the blackboard the lists of words given below:

it (it)	pie (pi)	am (am)	ate (āt)	end (ēnd)	cat (ēt)
is (iz)	tie (ti)	at (at)	age (āj)	set (set)	meet (mēt)
in (in)	lie (li)	and (and)	aid (ād)	yes (yes)	head (bēd)

Point to the first column of words and ask pupils to think of the first sound they say in the three words. Explain that the letter *i* has this short sound more often than it has any other. Thus in the pronunciation given in the Glossary of PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS, the letter *i* stands for this short sound. Continue the discussion as follows: "Now think of the last sound in the words in the second column. What sound of *i* is this? What

do you see in the spelling of these words that shows you the *i* probably has the long sound? [final *e*] The final *e* is a silent letter that serves as a sign for the vowel sound in these words. There are never any silent letters in a pronunciation, but there is a sign that tells us to say the long sound of a vowel." Direct attention to the line above the *i* in each pronunciation and say, "The letter *i* with a line above it stands for the last sound you say in *pie*, *tie*, and *lie*." Discuss the columns of "*a* and *e*" words in the same fashion. Conclude the discussion by explaining that *o* stands for the sound of *o* in *hot* and *ō* for the sound of *o* in *oat*; *u* for the sound of *u* in *cup*, and *ū* for the sound of *u* in *use*.

Print the pronunciations of *gauge*, *plank*, *skein*, *played*, *guide*, *choir*, *knife*, *magnify*, *love*, *view*, *topaz*, *ghost*, *closet*, *dunce*, and *mutiny* as given below. Point to each pronunciation and ask pupils to say it. Then ask them to tell what the word means.

gāj	plād	nīf	vū	kloz'it
plangk	gīd	mag'ni fī	tō'paz	duns
skān	kwīr	luv	gōst	mū'ti ni

Phonetic analysis . . . The procedure suggested below gives the teacher an opportunity to evaluate pupils' ability to determine the number of syllables in a word by identifying the number of vowel sounds that they hear in the word. Pupils have had much practice at previous levels in the Basic Reading Program in identifying syllables in this manner.

Write the words *groan*, *honest*, *elbow*, *groove*, *mechanic*, *salute*, *argue*, *helpless*, *pleasing*, *entertain*, *arithmetic*. Remind pupils that there is at least one vowel sound in every word in our language and that a syllable is a word or a part of a word in which we say one vowel sound. Then point to the word *groan* and ask a pupil to tell how many vowel letters he sees in it. Ask him to pronounce the word and tell how many vowels he hears and how many syllables there are in the word. Continue in like manner with each of the other words.

If children have difficulty in determining the number of vowel sounds heard, the teacher should try to determine the cause of the difficulty and provide needed help. This auditory background is a prerequisite for the next lessons in which accent and the general principles of syllabication are reviewed.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 22 and 23.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Extension reading . . . Suggest to the pupils that Davy Crockett's whole life history is as interesting as many of the tall tales that have been told about him. Members of the class who want to read some of the tall tales for themselves will find the *Treasury of American Folklore* a good source. For further historical background they may look up the battle of the Alamo, in which Crockett died fighting for Texas.

Suggestions for additional books and stories about this period in history may be found on page 504 of PATIS AND PATHFINDERS and on page 278 of this GUIDEBOOK. Superior readers might enjoy reading *Davy Crockett*, by Constance Rourke, from which this story is taken. *Davy Crockett*, by Frank Beals, is suitable for those pupils who are slow readers.

From the information obtained from the reading, some pupils may wish to write a brief biography to read to the class.

Making a picture map . . . After the class has learned the story of Crockett's life, pupils may make a picture map of his adventures and travels. Such a drawing may show his birthplace in Limestone, Greene County, Tennessee; his hunting grounds in western Tennessee; his trip to Washington as a member of Congress; his exploits in Texas; and the Alamo in San Antonio, where he died in 1836.

◀ PAGES 96-103 ▶

Saviors of Oregon

PREPARING FOR READING

Approach the study of "Saviors of Oregon" by asking the class to read the title of the next selection in the table of contents on page 3. Tell them that the "saviors" are the missionary-doctor Marcus Whitman and his wife Narcissa; that the "Oregon" they saved was the unorganized Oregon Territory claimed by the Indians, the British, and the Americans; that the time of the story is 1835. From these three clues, ask the class to guess (or tell, if they know) from what the Whitmans were saving Oregon. Probable answers are: *Indians* (because of the date) or *sin* (because the

Whitmans were missionaries) or *sickness* (because Marcus was a doctor). Without verifying or denying any of the answers to this question, ask the class to read the background note on page 467 and see if they find any more clues as to why Oregon needed to be saved.

Then comment, "When he started out, Whitman himself didn't know all the ways in which he would save Oregon. He wanted to preach and to heal the sick, and he knew that to do this he must first win the friendship of the white fur traders, who resented missionaries because they prevented the traders from tricking and exploiting the Indians. Whitman found out how to win that friendship, although at first the traders were anything but friendly." Ask the pupils to turn to the picture of Whitman and the traders on page 96 while someone reads aloud the first paragraph. When they have discussed the situation pictured and its implications, say, "Read the story and find out how, as both missionary and doctor, he became one of the most important pathfinders to the Far West."

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Initiate the discussion by having pupils consider the work of Whitman as both missionary and doctor. Then broaden the discussion by asking for an explanation of the statement on page 101, "Marcus Whitman had long since ceased to be merely a missionary or merely a doctor." Stress the part Whitman's mission played in the opening of the Far West and the disastrous result Whitman thought would follow the closing of the mission. (Oregon would surely become British.) Then have pupils mention the heroic work Whitman performed in awakening America to the great danger of losing the vast province of Oregon; e.g., his hazardous ride East; his conferences with the Secretary of War in Washington, with men such as Horace Greeley and the members of the board of missions in Boston; his return to the West with the mightiest wagon train yet to reach Oregon. Also lead them to cite the far-reaching results of Whitman's trip East—the real opening of the Oregon Trail; the resentment of the Cayuse, who saw in the invasion of Americans their "doom"; and the arrival of American troops following the attack on Wailatpu.

Give members of the class a chance to cite interesting details from the story by asking: "Who were included in the first party that Whitman guided to Oregon? After crossing the Continental Divide, what action

was taken by this group which showed their interest in the control of Oregon?" (Have pupils look at the picture on page 99 for an additional clue to the answer to this question—the American flag.) "What part did Mrs. Whitman take in the work of the mission? With which group of Indians did the Whitmans make friends? What warning did the Nez Percés give Whitman? How do you think the friendly relations established with this group of Indians aided later white settlers who came to this area? Why did the Cayuse hate the Whitmans almost from the first? What made this hatred grow?"

Throughout the conversation about the story give opportunity for the clarification of the meaning of such phrases as: "medical mission" and "an impractical field for the Lord's work" (page 97); "resented the democracy of Christianity" and "crawled away into dark places" (page 100); and "prophet of the opening West" (page 101). Also provide an opportunity for the explanation of the meanings of such words as *layman*, *Wailatpu*, *saddlery*, *virulent*, as well as any other words that have caused pupils difficulty.

On a wall map that shows the territory west of the Mississippi River have a member of the class point out the Old Oregon Trail which followed the Platte, Sweetwater, Snake, and Columbia rivers. Suggest that this was roughly the route of Marcus Whitman in his journey across what is now western United States. Broaden discussion by asking children to mention other individuals, groups, or organizations that used this trail, in whole or in part, in reaching the Far West. Children might mention the Mormons, the Forty-Niners, stagecoach companies such as the Wells-Fargo Company, the Pony Express, and so on.

Expand the discussion by asking, "What characteristics of leadership were displayed by Marcus Whitman in this story? What other true stories have you read in which the characters showed similar traits? What did the Whitmans do that made them saviors of Oregon?" Ask someone to read the last sentence and explain how their death as well as their life helped save Oregon.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Using an index . . . This lesson is designed to give students a better understanding of the value of an index in locating reference material.

Encourage pupils to mention things in the story "Saviors of Oregon" they would like to know more about. Questions such as the following will probably be raised:

When and how did the Oregon Territory become a part of the United States?

What are some of the tribal customs of the Nez Percé and Cayuse Indians?

Write the questions on the blackboard and ask students how they would proceed to find information about these topics. Help children see that a table of contents might indicate whether a book contained the information they were seeking. Then elicit that many books have an index that gives more detailed help in locating information.

Have the children underline the key word or words in the questions and encourage them to use available reference materials in looking up the various topics. Then the teacher may plan a time when pupils may share with the class the information they have located.

Phonetic analysis . . . This lesson gives the teacher an opportunity to evaluate pupils' ability in auditory perception of accent and to check their ability to derive pronunciations. For pupils who evidence weakness in hearing accented syllables, the teacher should set aside time for more auditory training of the type suggested below.

Write the words *florist* and *principal* on the blackboard. Ask a pupil to pronounce the word *florist* and tell how many syllables it has. Explain that in saying a word of two or more syllables, we usually emphasize or stress one syllable more than we do the other. Pronounce the word *florist* as in ordinary conversation without exaggerating the accent. Then say, "Now I will pronounce the word emphasizing the other syllable." Pronounce *flo rist*. "Doesn't that make the word sound queer? When I pronounce the word *florist* correctly, I emphasize the first syllable. When we stress a syllable in this way, we say we accent it. In the word *florist* the first syllable is accented, the second is unaccented."

Ask a pupil to pronounce *principal* and tell how many syllables there are in the word. Ask another pupil to pronounce it and tell which syllable is accented. Then have pupils try to pronounce it, accenting the last syllable.

Pronounce the following words and ask pupils to tell whether the first or the last syllable is accented: *slimy, sausage, award, relic, Plato, fantasy, Italy, smuggle, attain, triumph, explore, confirm, fickle*.

Explain that a special mark is used in pronunciation to show which syllable is accented. Write *flim'zi* and call attention to the accent mark. Then ask pupils to turn to page 509 in *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS*. Have them look at the first pronunciation given and ask them to say the accented syllable only (*basht*). Then direct attention to the second pronunciation and lead children to note that there are two accent marks in the word but that one mark is heavier than the other. Explain that when two syllables are accented in a word, one is stressed more than the other and that the light mark indicates that the syllable is slightly stressed. Have pupils say both accented syllables in the word. Continue in like manner with the other pronunciations in the first column on page 509, having pupils pronounce only the accented syllables in each word.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 24 and 25.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Extending concepts . . . The pupils may be interested in comparing the experiences and contributions of other missionaries with those of Marcus Whitman. Suggest that they look up such men as John Eliot, who translated the Bible into the native tongue of the Indians of the Massachusetts colony, or David Livingstone, famous as a missionary and explorer of "Darkest Africa" in the last century. Pupils may then present to the class a brief summary of the biographical information they found.

The teacher should also stimulate interest in learning about famous trails or roads used by pioneers, such as Daniel Boone's trail to Kentucky, the Old Oregon Trail, the Santa Fé Trail, and the road through the Cumberland Gap. Those interested in drawing might sketch a map of the United States and indicate on it some of these trails.

Enjoying poetry . . . To increase the pupils' appreciation of the spirit of the pioneers, read aloud such poems as "The Oregon Trail," by Arthur Guiterman, from *My Poetry Book*; "Whitman's Ride for Oregon," by Hezekiah Butterworth, from *Poems of American History*; "Western Wagons," by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét, from *A Book of Americans*; or "The Prairie Schooner," by Edwin Ford Piper, from *The Poetry Book* (7).

Abe Lincoln at Gettysburg

PREPARING FOR READING

Have pupils turn to the table of contents of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS and locate the story "Abe Lincoln at Gettysburg." Because Lincoln is one of the most human and most intimately known of all our presidents, this title should recall to members of the class many of the stories they have read or heard about Lincoln. Give the class an opportunity to tell episodes in Lincoln's life that show his thoughtfulness, kindness, sympathetic understanding, and similar traits. Then ask, "Why would a story about Lincoln be included in a book about pathfinders?"

Have pupils read silently the background note for the story on page 469. Mention that the war was still being fought at the time Lincoln made his speech and that fighting continued for more than a year afterward. Ask, "Why would such a speech be particularly difficult to make? From the knowledge you have about Lincoln, do you think he was a good choice as a speaker for this occasion? Why?" Explain that this story, "Abe Lincoln at Gettysburg," portrays many of Lincoln's characteristics and includes his famous Gettysburg address, one of the finest speeches ever made.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Since this story emphasizes so many of Lincoln's fine qualities, begin the discussion by giving pupils an opportunity to mention the characteristics of Lincoln that are portrayed in the story. As each characteristic is mentioned, have members of the class point out briefly the part of the story in which it is revealed. They may mention:

devotion to Tad

"Again and again the boy would run in . . . fling himself on his father for a quick hug. . . ." (page 104)

". . . [Tad] gave his special signal, . . . and the door was opened no matter how many important visitors the President might have." (page 104)

devotion to duty

"It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on." (page 109)

sincerity

"I promised Tad I'd never go back on the code. . . ." (page 105)

"I have given my word that I will say a few words at the dedication in Gettysburg tomorrow, and I can't go back on it." (page 105)

modesty

"... admiring the gestures and the poise of the white-haired Edward Everett, the President wished that he had had more time to prepare what he was about to say." (page 107)

"The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." (page 108)

"And . . . that night, . . . Abraham Lincoln was still dissatisfied with the words he had spoken at the dedication. . . ." (page 109)

Direct attention to the holding of ceremonies at Gettysburg by first having the meaning of the term *dedication* clarified. Then ask, "Why was the battlefield at Gettysburg chosen for dedication at this time instead of some other battlefield?" Have pupils next explain why a holiday spirit was evident in Gettysburg the night before the solemn exercises at the battlefield. Lead pupils to suggest that the gathering of thousands of people from many states, the anticipation of hearing the famous orator Edward Everett, the assembling of many distinguished guests, the thrill of catching a glimpse of the President, and the playing of the bands all helped to cause excitement. Mention that Lincoln's feelings were quite different from those of most of the people at Gettysburg. Ask, "With what worries was Lincoln faced? [The progress of the war; Tad's illness; his lack of time to prepare the Gettysburg speech.] How did Lincoln feel the next day as he listened to Edward Everett?"

Guide children's discussion of the ideas contained in Lincoln's address with the following questions: "What ideas of government did our forefathers have when they established our nation? What was the 'great civil war' testing? Who really made the battlefield sacred ground? Since Lincoln stated that the battlefield had *really* been dedicated previously, what did he suggest that the people there should do?" During the discussion clarify the meanings of: "four score," "conceived," "consecrate," "hallow," "detract," and "gave the last full measure of devotion."

Call attention to the reactions to Lincoln's speech. Ask, "How did the audience respond to the speech? How did Lincoln feel about what he said? When do you suppose the true greatness of the simple speech became apparent?"

To give pupils some insight into the qualities that make Lincoln's Gettysburg address immortal, ask, "How long did Edward Everett's speech last? Do you think that the people who applauded him so enthusiastically remembered much of what he said? Why or why not?" Contrast with Everett's speech the simplicity of language and the brevity of Lincoln's address. Point out that while Everett may have expressed the same ideas as the President, the latter's simplicity and sincerity made his speech a work of art. Then ask, "What were the ideas expressed in the speech which helped to make it famous?" Point out, if the pupils do not, the timelessness of the speech—stressing that liberty was one of the principles for which this government was founded, that Americans have always been willing to fight and die for the idea of freedom, and that even today people have to strive for and work to keep a government that is carried on by the *people* for their own interests.

Some pupils may notice that the wording of the address is not quite the same as that used in other texts. Explain that this wording is supposed to be the one which Lincoln actually gave and that he later revised it.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Structural analysis . . . To promote the ability to identify common suffixes as structural elements in a word, write the following lists of known words on the blackboard in columns.

agreeable	mountainous	really	skillful
dependable	dangerous	quickly	powerful
passable	vigorous	steadily	careful
favorable	poisonous	heavily	successful

Have pupils pronounce each word and identify the root word from which the derivative is formed and the suffix that is added to the root word. The teacher and pupils should use these words in oral sentences following the general procedure suggested on page 88 of this GUIDEBOOK. After the words in the fourth column have been pronounced and discussed, add *ly* to each of the words and follow the same procedure.

Structural and phonetic analysis. . . . The developmental program in structural analysis outlined in the preceding GUIDEBOOKS for the Basic Readers presented the following general principles for the syllabication of words:

If two consonants come between two vowels in a word, the first syllable usually ends with the first of the two consonants; e.g., *kit ten*, *ob ject*.

If there is one consonant between two vowels, the first syllable usually ends just before the consonant; e.g., *ba con*, *si lence*.

If a word ends in *le* and a consonant precedes the *l*, this consonant usually begins the last syllable; e.g., *ma ple*, *bub ble*.

The procedure suggested below should enable the teacher to observe (1) pupils' understanding of the principles of syllabication, (2) their ability to apply these principles to the recognition of words of more than one syllable, and (3) their ability to apply the general principles for determining vowel sounds. If children encounter difficulty, special guidance should be given as needed.

Write on the blackboard the words *canvas*, *litter*, *dimple*, *Carlo*, *rifle*, *recent*, *ladle*, *amble*, *bacon*, *vacation*, *mistake*. Ask children to look at the first word, *canvas*, and tell where they think the first syllable ends and why. Then ask them to pronounce the word and tell which is the accented syllable. Discuss the general principle that aids in determining the vowel sound in the accented syllable of this word. (For a list of these principles, see page 28 of this GUIDEBOOK.) Repeat this procedure with each of the other words. Encourage children to conclude that the vowel principles apply to accented syllables. Lead them to see, also, that vowels in unaccented syllables are often so soft and slurred that they have neither the long nor the short sound.

Write the following words on the blackboard: *ambush*, *ascend*, *atlas*, *urchin*, *usurp*, *spiral*, *splendor*, *merger*, *inflate*, *hazel*, *gospel*, *gurgle*, *gypsy*, *evade*, *curdle*, *cable*, *beacon*. Ask pupils to look at the first word and tell where they think the first syllable ends and why. Suggest that they think of the sound of each syllable and then try to pronounce the word, accenting first one syllable and then the other to see which accent makes a word that sounds familiar. Then ask them to pronounce the word aloud and see if they can tell what it means or use it in an oral sentence. Continue in like manner with the other words in the list.

None of the words have appeared in the Basic Readers up to this point, but pupils will encounter them in *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS*. Although the printed forms may be unknown, these words should be in the speaking vocabulary of the average seventh-grader.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use page 26.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Extension reading . . . Interest in reading other stories about Lincoln may be stimulated by calling attention to the books listed on page 504 of *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS* as well as the stories listed on pages 265-283 of this GUIDEBOOK. The teacher may also suggest *Abe Lincoln Grows Up*, by Carl Sandburg; *The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Helen Nicolay; *Leader of Destiny*, by Jeanette Eaton; and, for superior readers, *Abraham Lincoln*, by Enid Meadowcroft.

Sharing anecdotes . . . Provide a class period when pupils can share with each other Lincoln anecdotes which they have collected following the study of this story. The teacher may suggest *Lincoln's Own Stories*, by Anthony Gross, for those who have been unable to locate such incidents anywhere else. Before any anecdotes are told, discuss with the group how to present an anecdote to an audience effectively.

Enjoying poetry . . . There are so many fine poems about Lincoln that the teacher will have no difficulty in finding several which she may read to the group. She might select "O Captain! My Captain!" by Walt Whitman; "Abraham Lincoln," by Joseph Auslander; "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," by Vachel Lindsay; or "Abraham Lincoln" and "Nancy Hanks," by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét.

Comparing authors' ideas . . . Because *The Perfect Tribute*, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, also deals with the Gettysburg address incident, the teacher may want to read at least parts of it to the class. Pupils might note how the actual writing of the address, the response of the audience after the address, and Lincoln's attitude concerning the reaction of the audience are handled in each story.

Abraham Lincoln, by James Daugherty, is a fine account of the Gettysburg address that pupils may read for themselves.

Springfield or Bust

PREPARING FOR READING

Stimulate speculation regarding the content of this story by directing attention to the pictures on pages 112, 116, and 118 of *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS*. Lead children to mention the various problems of those who attempted to use motor-driven tricycles or early automobiles. From the stories they have heard or read about such contrivances, pupils will probably suggest that the engines in these machines were rather undependable, the vehicles were uncomfortable, the roads were not built for vehicles that moved faster than those drawn by horses, and most horses were frightened by the strange, noisy objects when they met them on roads or streets.

Provide opportunity for members of the class to tell funny incidents they may have heard their parents or grandparents tell about their early motoring experiences. Someone may recall "The Horseless Carriage" beginning on page 101 in *PEOPLE AND PROGRESS*. After this discussion have pupils read silently the background note for the story on pages 469-470 of *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS*. Then suggest they read "Springfield or Bust" to enjoy the experiences of Maxim and his friend with their "terrifying monster" of the road.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

This story is lighter in tone than the other prose selections in this unit, so the treatment of the story may be rather brief and informal. Suggest that each pupil imagine that he accompanied Hiram Maxim and Lobdell on this eventful ride. Ask, "What was the funniest thing that happened on your ride?" After these humorous experiences have been related, say, "The artist has created three interesting pictures for this story. From the happenings that you have described, other vivid pictures might be drawn. Which incidents would make good pictures?" Pupils may mention some of the following:

coaxing a strange horse past the machine (page 111)
driving down the main street of the village of Windsor Locks (page 113)
seeing the enormous animal appear in the pale light (page 114)
the junk dealer viewing the motor-tricycle (page 115)
Lobdell arguing with the junk dealer (page 115)

Ask, "If you were an artist illustrating these events, what would you include in each of the pictures?"

Check on comprehension of detail by asking, "In addition to difficulties with horses and their drivers, what other things caused the journey to Springfield to take so much time?" Children will probably mention the one-cylinder gasoline engine that propelled the tricycle between ten and twelve miles an hour, the need to be on the alert for rocks and holes and the constant need for oiling the engine, and the stopping for repairs.

Say, "Study the picture on page 118 and decide what the motor-tricycle was the forerunner of—our modern bicycle, motorcycle, or automobile." To conclude the discussion of the story have pupils explain what Lobdell did that showed he enjoyed the situations in which he and Maxim became involved. Individuals may mention:

Lobdell and Maxim driving down the long stretch to West Springfield

Lobdell lecturing the junk dealer

Lobdell asking the watchman if they were in Philadelphia

Ask, "What was the usual attitude of people in the neighborhood to Maxim's experiments? Are people like that today?" Suggest to pupils that they tell what they would have done under similar circumstances. Ask them to tell why they think this selection is included in a unit on pathfinders. If they do not mention the fact that there are many people experimenting constantly to make life better and easier, the teacher should make this idea clear.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Summarizing and organizing ideas . . . At this time pupils may formulate an outline which will aid in organizing ideas gained from reading. First stimulate informal discussion of the kinds of pathfinders pupils have read about thus far in the unit. To initiate the making of the outline, the teacher might say, "You have been talking about pathfinders of our country. However, we have discussed several kinds of

pathfinders. How is Lincoln different from Lewis and Clark as a pathfinder? [One was a pathfinder of freedom; the others were pathfinders of the frontier.] What kind of a pathfinder was Maxim? [science]" The teacher should write the title "Pathfinders of America" on the blackboard and the three main topics, using Roman numerals (see below).

The final outline should not be expected to be complete in every detail, but it should be accurate and should include names not mentioned in the text. The outline might be similar to the following one:

Pathfinders of America

I. Pathfinders of Freedom

- A. George Washington
- B. Paul Revere
- C. John Adams
- D. Thomas Jefferson
- E. Abraham Lincoln

II. Pathfinders of Science

- A. Benjamin Franklin
- B. Hiram Maxim
- C. Wilbur and Orville Wright
- D. Thomas Edison
- E. Alexander Graham Bell

III. Pathfinders of the Frontier

- A. Daniel Boone
- B. Lewis and Clark
- C. Davy Crockett
- D. Kit Carson
- E. John Fremont

For the teacher who wishes to develop a more detailed outline, sub-points may be filled in to locate places, dates, and other information, as:

I. Pathfinders of Freedom

- A. George Washington
 - 1. French and Indian War, 1754-63
 - 2. Valley Forge, 1777-78
 - 3. Presidency, 1789-97

The information gathered in developing the outline above may be used by pupils to make a picture map of American pathfinders as suggested in the Extending Interests section of this lesson plan.

Interpreting pronunciation symbols . . . To develop further understanding of the principle that a given sound is always represented by the same symbol in the pronunciations in the Glossary of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS, proceed as follows:

Write the known words *bridal*, *label*, *pupil*, *symbol*, *helpful* on the blackboard in a column. Ask pupils to pronounce the first word and tell which syllable is accented and whether the vowel sound in the accented syllable is long or short. Then say, "This is the way your Glossary would show the pronunciations of the accented syllables." Write *brɪd'* after the first word. Continue in like manner with each of the other words in the list, printing the pronunciation of each accented syllable; e.g., *ləb'*, *pūl'*, *sim'*, and *hɛlp'*. Call attention to the fact that there is a different vowel sound in each of these accented syllables.

Then ask pupils to pronounce all five words and tell whether or not they all have the same vowel sound in the last syllable. When pupils agree that all have the same vowel sound, explain that this is a soft unaccented syllable. In similar fashion, print the final syllable in each word; i.e., *əl*, *əl*, *əl*, *əl*, and *əl*. Then compare the spelling and pronunciation of the last syllable in each word, leading pupils to note that in the spellings, different letters stand for the same vowel sound. Repeat the above procedure with *canvas* (*kən'ves*) and *minus* (*mī'nəs*.)

Then have pupils turn to the Glossary in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS. Say, "I'm going to ask you to look up the pronunciation of some words that have only the long, short, and unstressed vowel sounds in them. Find these entry words in your Glossary and see if you can pronounce them." Write the following words: *alkaline*, *altimeter*, *apprehensive*, *anecdote*, *assemblage*, *chantey*, *conjecture*, *consecrate*, *disheveled*, *emulate*, *harangue*, *impenetrable*, *kima*, *matrix*, *provincial*, *quay*, and *sequel*.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 27 and 28.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Sharing information . . . Ask pupils to watch for clippings, stories, and articles of various kinds that give interesting information about recent improvements in bicycles, motorcycles, automobiles, and airplanes. Set aside a time for pupils to share the best of this material with their classmates through oral reading.

Ask pupils who have investigated the history of some of the early types of bicycles, motorcycles, automobiles, and airplanes to tell the class interesting facts about their construction and use. Pupils who have pictures or models of these machines might arrange an exhibit.

Making a picture map . . . Using the information presented in their outlines, pupils may make a large picture map of American pathfinders, illustrating it with pictures cut from magazines or with drawings by pupils. The teacher may show the class some of the picture maps in books such as *Picture Map Geography of the United States*, by Vernon Quinn, or maps shown in travel folders or magazines. One of the large outline maps used in geography class could serve as a background.

◀ PAGES 119-120 ▶

Wilbur and Orville Wright

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

Humor and history are again blended in this poem about Wilbur and Orville Wright, by Stephen Vincent Benét. As in "Lewis and Clark" it is not until the last two lines of the poem are read that the reader is aware that Benét takes the Wrights' achievement seriously. In preparing to teach this poem, the teacher should read it aloud to herself until she captures the gay mood of the lines and becomes familiar with their rhythm.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

After pupils have read the background note for the poem, call their attention to the poet's name and ask, "What other poems have you read that were written by him or that he helped write?" Explain that this poem is the same type of poem as "Lewis and Clark" and ask children to recall the characteristics of that poem. They should mention that it was a poem describing a historic episode, that it was humorously written, that it included abbreviations to add to its "fun," and that it touched very lightly on the tremendous importance of Lewis and Clark's

achievement until the serious note in the last stanza. If any of the characteristics are omitted, the teacher should supply them.

Direct pupils' attention to the abbreviations in the poem. The meanings of "W," "bro.," and "O" should be apparent, but if they are not, the teacher should help clarify them.

Suggest that children read the poem silently. Help them grasp its tempo by encouraging them to read it to themselves as if they were reading it aloud. Then provide time for pupils to express freely their reactions to the poem and to mention the serious note in the last two lines. Help them note how, despite the many humorous touches, Benét has really given all the highlights of the Wrights' career in these few brief stanzas.

Then ask, "Why do you think this poem is a good one to end a group of stories and poems about pathfinders? What kind of poem opened this unit?" Lead children to point out that the Wrights' experiment helped open a new era in transportation, the end of which is not yet in sight; that Columbus helped open a new world in the face of grave doubts and fears; and that between these two episodes were centuries of progress made possible by many other pathfinders. Enrich the discussion by calling attention to the lines:

"'Are we discouraged, W?'
'Of course we are not, O!'"

Have pupils recall the other poems and stories in "Pathfinders of America" and encourage them to find the crucial moment when each pathfinder seemed farthest from his goal. Lead them to see that each may have asked that same question—of himself or of his companion—and each would have gotten the same answer—from his own courage and determination and, in the case of several, from the perseverance of his friends and companions.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

Pupils may add to their enjoyment of the poem by reading it aloud. The teacher should encourage them to read for the light and rhythmic sounds of the poem as well as for the information they find in it. Three children may be chosen to read it; one may read the narrative lines, one Orville's lines, and one Wilbur's. Remind the narrator to distinguish the more serious lines at the end of the poem from the humorous ones by the tone of voice as well as by the tempo with which these lines are spoken.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 29 of the THINK-AND-DO Book will further extend interest in early developments in the field of transportation.

Extension reading . . . Suggest that pupils look for stories or poems of other men who invented new methods of transportation or production. Some that they have read about before may be mentioned: Jonathan Adams, builder of the first clipper ship, and Cyrus McCormick, inventor of the reaper. (Both appear in PEOPLE AND PROGRESS, Book Six of the Basic Readers.) Encourage pupils to read independently other books and collect interesting facts about such inventors as Robert Fulton, builder of the first steamboat, and Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. *Donald McKay, Builder of Clipper Ships*, by Clara Ingram Judson, is an example of a book pupils will enjoy reading. Lead pupils to note how often the lives of these men were full of struggle and disappointment and how each possessed the courage and determination to carry out his idea of progress. Provide time at a later period for a discussion and free exchange of the materials members of the class have located.

Enjoying poetry . . . If available, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," by John Townsend Trowbridge, in *Home Book of Verse*, may be read to the class. "U.S.A." by Rosemary and Stephen Benét, in *A Book of Americans*, is a thought-provoking poem which should be presented to seventh-graders at the conclusion of the unit.

Creative writing . . . Pupils who enjoy writing may be encouraged to experiment in telling the stories of other famous pathfinders in poetry form, modeled after the gay, whimsical style of Benét.

EXTENDING THE UNIT THEME

Creative art . . . The dramatic incidents in these selections about pioneers will provide children with many ideas for art expression. Pupils who are interested should be encouraged to depict action scenes in a series of pictures or murals. The teacher should lead these children to do research in available reference books for any information they need about costumes, settings, or incidents.

Sharing reading experiences . . . Children should be given an opportunity to share their independent reading by preparing and reading aloud parts of stories to interest other pupils in the same stories or by reading aloud colorful or dramatic incidents that have appealed to them. If several pupils have read the same story and have found it interesting, they may present an impromptu dramatization of it.

Extending concepts . . . To extend children's knowledge of the contributions of pathfinders from very earliest times, recall the discussion at the opening of the unit about pathfinders. Remind children that a pathfinder is one who finds a path or way.

Mention other outstanding contributions of pathfinders which were made centuries ago, encouraging children to contribute any information they may have about early pathfinders; e.g., the development of the printing press by Gutenberg in 1500, the discovery of the law of gravitation by Newton, the discovery of germs by Pasteur in 1864.

In the discussion emphasize the fact that new ideas and developments have not been limited to our time or to the past few generations. Some of the greatest inventions of the ages were developed hundreds of years ago.

Making a chart . . . One excellent way of establishing time relationships in regard to the contributions of the pathfinders of America is to make a chart naming the contribution, the man or men who were responsible for it, and the date we associate with it. It is suggested that children use the information given in this unit for the first entries in the chart and that they add any additional information they may know or find. The chart could be set up as suggested below:

Dates	Contribution	Men
1492	discovery of America	Columbus
1775	settling of Kentucky	Boone and others
1804-06	exploration of the Northwest	Lewis and Clark

Extending interest in story characters . . . The teacher may suggest that much has been written about some of the people mentioned in this unit. Ask pupils to give the names of the main characters and write these on the blackboard: Marcus Whitman, Wilbur and Orville Wright, Christopher Columbus, Abraham Lincoln, Davy Crockett, Paul Revere, Lewis and Clark, George Washington, and Daniel Boone.

Read the following quotations to the group, giving the name of the person about whom each was written. Ask pupils why they think each statement is true or appropriate.

"When he started out he didn't know where he was going, when he got there he didn't know where he was, and when he got back he didn't know where he had been." (Columbus)

—Author unidentified

"A gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the continent . . . sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all in the cause of his country." (Washington)

—John Adams

"Up from log cabin to the Capitol. . ." (Lincoln)

—Edwin Markham

"A citizen, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." (Washington) —Colonel Henry (Light-Horse Harry) Lee

Read to the class the following quotations. Tell pupils by whom the statement was written and have them explain what they think each quotation means.

"If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow citizens, you can never regain their respect and esteem. It is true that you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time."

—Abraham Lincoln

". . . I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain (what I consider the most enviable of all titles) the character of an honest man."

—George Washington

"I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in the country; but I am reminded in this connection of a story of an old Dutch farmer, who remarked to a companion once that it was not best to swap horses when crossing a stream."

—Abraham Lincoln

"I leave this rule for others when I'm dead,
Be always sure you're right—then go ahead."

—David Crockett

". . . I never mean (unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it) to possess another slave by purchase; it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted, by which slavery in this country may be abolished by slow, sure, and imperceptible degrees."

—George Washington



Wonder Workers

THE STORIES AND POEMS . . . in this unit range in scope from gripping tales of adventure to factual accounts of scientific achievement. Attention is focused on the products of invention and scientific discovery, but the stories serve as vivid reminders of the importance of the everyday worker in adapting these products, however wonderful in themselves, to the myriad needs of men.

In "Rush Serum" and "Dynamite Wanted" airplane pilots are called upon to use all their skill and daring to save human lives and property. In these stories the reader senses the underlying implication that disaster is averted not only by the wonder-working fliers and planes but also by the pathfinders of science who developed serums to combat disease, discovered dynamite to aid man in his work, built radios to hasten communication, and designed airplanes

to laugh at time and space. The story "Life Raft" highlights the importance of providing increasingly effective tools for safeguarding human life. In contrast to the three serious stories mentioned above, "Sound-Effects Man" is a humorous account of how one wonder worker ingeniously devises and uses equipment to make radio entertainment more realistic.

The poems included in this unit express the wonder of man's progress, both collectively and individually. "Sixty Hours Away" captures the grandeur of the achievements that have been made in speeding transportation until all corners of the world are within sixty hours of one another. The vigor and courage of the construction worker are caught in "Song of the Builders," while the thoughts of a budding young scientist are suggested in "The Magnifying Glass."

As the unit develops, the reader gains a feeling of progress and a realization that scientific advancement never reaches the point of perfection. The author of "Life Raft" states this basic keynote of the unit when she says, "The *latest* improvement . . . is not the *last* improvement, by any means."

INTRODUCING THE UNIT THEME

At the end of the previous unit the readers became acquainted with Maxim and the Wright brothers. After recalling these scientific pathfinders, explain that the selections in the unit "Wonder Workers" are about less famous but equally important men—workers who use the discoveries and inventions of scientists. Lead pupils to name some of the scientific innovations which we use to further transportation, communication, health, and safety in our daily lives. Encourage the class to name such developments as sulfa drugs, penicillin, the automobile, the airplane, radio, air-conditioning, radar, and the dictaphone. In informal discussion bring out the idea that these achievements are made useful to us by doctors, automobile drivers and mechanics, airplane pilots and mechanics, engineers, and the like. Emphasize that scientific innovations and the men who utilize the powers of these innovations are equally important as wonder workers.

Encourage pupils to tell about their own scientific interests. Perhaps they like to design and construct model airplanes or boats, find out how

automobiles work, experiment with chemical sets, repair electrical equipment, or keep their bicycles in good running order. Stress that as they gain in ability to use modern equipment, they, too, may become wonder workers. Thus the seventh-grader who knows how to repair an electric-iron cord can do what to Benjamin Franklin would have seemed like magic!

Before pupils begin reading the unit, introduce them to other available reading materials related to the unit theme—magazines, *Popular Mechanics*, *Popular Science*, *Science News-Letter*, or *Scientific American*, and books, such as those mentioned on pages 265-283 of this GUIDEBOOK. Encourage pupils to bring in books from home or from the public library to add to the classroom collection of materials about wonder workers. Throughout the unit pupils should also be encouraged to bring in newspaper clippings or pictures about modern wonder workers on the job. Members of the class may find a real-life story as exciting as some they are to read; e.g., how a quick-thinking engineer or bus driver averted a wreck, how an airplane pilot completed a dangerous assignment, or how a radio operator put through an emergency message.

◀ PAGES 122 - 132 ▶

Rush Serum

PREPARING FOR READING

Ask pupils to turn to page 471 and read the background note for the story "Rush Serum." Then have them recall what they know about the use of serum in combating disease. During the discussion bring out that the supply of serums for unusual diseases is usually concentrated in cities or large medical centers and that rushing this serum to patients in rural areas and even from one city to another is often a grave necessity. In isolated districts such delivery frequently presents a difficult transportation problem.

On a map of Texas point out the town of Brownsville and mention that the sick boy in this story lived near this town. Then indicate the city of San Antonio, the place closest to Brownsville that had a supply of the particular serum the doctor needed. Ask pupils to speculate on what

great achievements of science, in addition to the serum, helped in the emergency—do not, however, verify the guesses at this point.

Remind pupils to refer to the Help Yourself notes for explanations of difficult phrases in the story and to consult the Glossary or a dictionary for the definitions and pronunciations of unfamiliar words.

Then suggest that there was another wonder worker in this story besides the serum and modern inventions and ask pupils to note, as they read, who it was.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading invite comment about the third wonder worker (the airplane pilot) in "Rush Serum." Then mention that this story stresses the great need for speed in an emergency and lead pupils to name scientific achievements that made this speed possible; e.g., the telephone, radio, airplane, and automobile. Suggest that such inventions are useless without trained wonder workers to adapt them to man's needs and ask members of the class to cite paragraphs in the story which indicate that Frank Knecht was a carefully trained pilot. Pupils will no doubt mention his skill in handling the plane under bad weather conditions (pages 125-126), his ability to execute the spin (pages 127-128), and his expertise in making the difficult landing (page 131). Then ask, "What passages of the story indicated that Mr. Knecht liked his work?" In this connection, lead the class to note on page 125 the following: ". . . there was nothing new about his flight, but there was the same thrill as always"; "Every time the plane lifted off the ground, his heart lifted with it"; and "Racing through the air . . . never could become tame."

To check the ability to read between the lines ask, "What makes you think the serum reached the sick boy in time to save his life?" Lead the class to cite such clues as: ". . . then there still would be time to get that package of serum to its destination" (page 130); "'Hop in,' he yelled . . . 'and I'll show an aviator some real speed'"; "'You can still make it, Jim'"; and "He could see the reception that soon would greet the package as it reached its destination" (page 132).

Next ask what other people contributed to the effort to save Pedro's life. Lead them to note that the doctor who diagnosed his illness, the nurse who suggested getting the serum from San Antonio, and the man who drove Jim to Brownsville all played a vital part. Ask the class if they

think the Wright brothers helped Pedro, too. Continue the discussion, leading pupils to see that the men who developed those modern miracles of science—the telephone, the airplane, the automobile, and the serum—all contributed to the saving of Pedro's life.

Ask pupils if they think this story was written within the last year and have them give reasons why they think it was written before that time. Stimulate discussion of how modern wonders (particularly the airplane) have progressed from the time of the story up to the present by asking such questions as: "Do you think 'flying blind' in a small plane is as hazardous today as the author makes it seem in this story? Do you think Frank Knecht had ever heard of 'coming in on the beam'? How far is it from San Antonio to Brownsville?" Pupils may be led to speculate on the quickest possible time an automobile could have made the trip from San Antonio to Brownsville and to compare that time with the time it took in an airplane. "Were you surprised when the author mentioned that the gas supply was running low? Why?"

During this informal conversation check understanding of special terminology used in the story by such questions as: "What does the word *ceiling* mean in aviation? Where on an airplane are the *ailerons* located? What does the phrase *fly blind* mean?"

Ask pupils to tell what they think Knecht's experiences would be if he were to make the same flight today—even in bad weather conditions. Also ask, "What do you think about the speed an airplane might make over this distance in the future? What makes you think so?"

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Noting cause-effect relationships . . . To promote the ability to recognize cause-effect relationships, write on the blackboard or read aloud the following statement.

At first the doctor thought there was no chance to save the child's life.

Ask pupils to skim the story and locate a sentence or passage which would give reasons for the above statement. Then have pupils read aloud the passages they have chosen. For example:

"There's no serum within reach." (page 122)

"Impossible! It's almost three hundred miles away. . . ." (page 123)

Continue in the same manner with the following sentences:

The pilot decided to fly higher and get above the clouds.

"The plane was gradually losing altitude. The ceiling was lower than it had been. And the wind was much stronger. . . ." (page 125)

"And if the wind picked up any more, it would mean greater danger when night fell. . . ." (page 126)

He decided to lose altitude when he reached the four thousand foot level.

"Certainly there was no lessening of the wind." (page 126)

"There, at least, he would be sure of his course. . . ." (page 126)

The men in the field below ran away from the fire when they saw the plane above them.

"They knew that the ship was going to attempt a dangerous drop to earth." (page 130)

Deriving pronunciations from the Glossary . . . This lesson is designed to promote the ability to discriminate between variant vowel sounds, to compare vowel sounds in words, and to provide a check on pupils' auditory recognition of vowel sounds. The teacher should write the following on the blackboard, making two separate lists and leaving space in which to write pronunciations of words with the same vowel sound after each indicated sound.

ä as in care—

ou as in out—

ä as in far—

oi as in oil—

èr as in term—

ü as in put—

ô as in order—

ü as in rule—

Pronounce each key word in the first column and point to the vowel symbol that precedes it. Then have pupils pronounce each of the key words, making certain that they have the correct vowel sounds.

Then pronounce the word *chair*. Ask pupils to listen carefully to the vowel sound they hear in this word and tell after which key word in the first list *chair* should be placed. When they have decided that the vowel sound in *chair* sounds like the *a* in *care*, write the pronunciation of *chair* (*chär*) after the first vowel sound on the blackboard. Continue in the same manner with the following words, writing the pronunciations of each word in the correct space on the blackboard: *serve* (*sérv*), *card* (*kärd*), *fork* (*fôrk*), *dare* (*där*), *large* (*lärg*), *hair* (*här*), *corn* (*kôrn*), *shirt* (*shërt*), *paw* (*pô*), *turn* (*térn*), *guard* (*gärd*), *farm* (*färm*), *fought* (*fôt*), *snare*

(*snär*), *burn* (*bérn*). When all the pronunciations are written on the blackboard, have pupils say those that follow each key word.

Next call attention to the four vowel symbols and the key words in the second list on the blackboard. Continue with the same general procedure in presenting the words: *cook* (*kük*), *boy* (*boi*), *goose* (*giüs*), *how* (*hou*), *spoil* (*spoil*), *drown* (*droun*), *push* (*push*), *boil* (*boil*), *food* (*füd*), *good* (*güd*), *loose* (*lüs*), *growl* (*groul*), *point* (*point*), *hour* (*our*), *sure* (*shir*), *pull* (*piil*).

Before presenting the next part of this exercise the teacher should know that in the first printing of *PATIIS AND PATIIFINDERS* the key word *oil* was omitted from the short pronunciation keys appearing at the bottom of each right-hand page in the Glossary. Ask pupils to check their keys and if the word *oil* is omitted, have them add it to each of the short keys.

Write the word *alternative* on the blackboard and ask pupils to find this word in the Glossary. When pupils have studied the pronunciation of *alternative* and have pronounced the word correctly, ask a child to read aloud the definitions and the illustrative sentence given for the word. Continue in the same manner with the words *camouflage*, *prudent*, *sanctuary*, *hereditary*, *incredulous*, *buoy*, *countenance*.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 30, 31, and 32.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Sharing special interests . . . Pupils who make a hobby of building model planes might plan a simple exhibit. Exhibitors might make reports on the different kinds of planes and their uses.

Other members of the class might describe the construction of airplanes and how they work. Suggest that these pupils use the diagram on page 472 in the Help Yourself notes or a similar one as an aid in explaining the various parts of a plane. Encourage pupils to bring in other diagrams of airplane construction that they have or can find and give them time to explain some of these to the class. A picture exhibit of types of airplanes might also be assembled.

Making a scrapbook . . . Suggest to the class that exciting events like those in "Rush Scrums" frequently occur today. Mention cases of children who are flown long distances for difficult medical operations. Ask pupils to look for accounts of such incidents in current newspapers or mag-

azines and bring them to class to make a scrapbook of adventure stories centering on modern wonders.

Making a question box . . . Pupils frequently enjoy keeping a scientific question box in the classroom. In such a box they place questions about modern scientific inventions which they would like to have answered satisfactorily. These may include questions which arise during the reading of Unit III or during the pupils' extension reading. The teacher can do much to develop an inquiring attitude by giving seventh-graders frequent opportunities to raise questions and seek satisfactory answers.

Extension reading . . . In addition to the suggestions found in the Bibliography of this GUIDEBOOK, pupils may enjoy reading such books as *Coast Guard to the Rescue*, by Karl Baarslag; *Heroes and Hazards*, by Margaret Norris; *Wonderful Wings*, by Leon Maizlish; and *The Story Behind Great Medical Discoveries*, by Elizabeth Rider Montgomery.

◀ PAGE 133 ▶

Sixty Hours Away

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

Here is a simple poem inspired by a small item appearing in a newspaper. It depicts in striking fashion the contrast between travel today and travel in the days of our buggy-riding grandparents. The beauty of this poem lies in the smoothly swinging lines, suggestive of the ease of modern travel, and in the strange, lilting sounds of the names of faraway places. This poem is excellent for reading aloud if the reader knows how to say these names, but any hesitation in pronunciation will mar the smooth flow of the lines.

The teacher should read the poem aloud, locate all the place names with which she is not familiar, and verify their pronunciation. All names not likely to be familiar are given on pages 525-526 in the Pronunciation of Proper Names section. Reading the poem aloud two or three times will aid in getting the feel of the "smooth sailing" of the lines.

PRESERVING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Ask students to read the background note for this poem and then say, "Let's learn to say the names before we read the poem." Write on the blackboard a list of the place names and make sure that children, after looking them up, can pronounce them easily and accurately. When pupils seem fairly certain of these names and can pronounce them smoothly, say, "When you read 'Sixty Hours Away,' you'll find the poet wants to make a flying trip to these faraway places and that he also wants to stop and eat along the way." Then ask the class to read the poem silently. After the silent reading, the teacher may ask pupils to tell what they know about the places that the poet plans to visit. This discussion should be kept brief and to the point. Ask them where and what the poet would like to eat as he journeys along.

Review the specific comparisons made in the poem between the speed and modes of travel in horse-and-buggy days and in the present. Discuss what these changes have meant in our way of living and emphasize the idea that we have not yet reached the ultimate in transportation speed. Invite pupils to discuss some of the rapid means of transportation that are now or that may appear in the not-too-distant future.

Conclude the discussion with such comments as: "Today we do not think of the rest of the world as a place unknown and far beyond our own familiar shores; nor do we think of it as mammoth beyond all comprehension or as only a map dotted with strange inaccessible places. Pathfinders and wonder workers in many fields have made the distances of the world seem smaller, and once-faraway places have become so accessible that today it is really true that we can go to any spot on earth in sixty hours, even if we stop for tea along the way."

ORAL INTERPRETATION

The gay, jaunty tone of this poem and the flowing rhythm of the lines make it especially adaptable to oral reading. The teacher may read the first four lines aloud to give pupils a feel for the swinging rhythm and to establish the mood for travel to faraway lands via the poet's words. Then have one class member read the next four lines; another, the next four lines; etc. "Sixty Hours Away" is amusing and entertaining enough to warrant several readings.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 33 of the THINK-AND-DO BOOK prophesies possible results of the harnessing of atomic energy. This article suggests research and invention that may, in the not too remote future, bring about changes in our way of living that are even more startling than those that have occurred from Grandsire's day to our own.

Using a map . . . If a blank map of the world is available, pupils might enjoy putting in some of the place names mentioned in the poem. Doing this in the spirit of fun not only will add to the comprehension of the poet's words but will help pupils see how the lessening of space and time has brought the entire world within our reach. Pupils might also enjoy making or displaying air maps in which distances between given points are stated not in miles but in flight hours. *New World Horizons*, edited by Chester Henry Lawrence, explains the world in the air age with maps and pictures. Information can also be secured from timetables and advertisements of airline companies.

Enjoying an artist's interpretation . . . If the teacher can secure a print of the painting "How Far Is an Hour?" by Robert Fawcett, pupils may see how an artist has interpreted the advent of the airplane. This picture may be found in *Living in Our Communities*, by E. Krug and I. J. Quillen,¹ on page 267.

► PAGES 134-139 ▶

Sound-Effects Man

PREPARING FOR READING

A mere glimpse of the title "Sound-Effects Man" should arouse interest in the story and suggest its setting. Mention that Grandsire in the poem "Sixty Hours Away" would have been much surprised by the airplane and have pupils decide what modern wonder worker in this story would have surprised him. When the radio is suggested, encourage pupils to describe

¹ Published by Scott, Foresman and Company.

radio broadcasts they have attended and to list workers who aid in producing broadcasts; e.g., engineers, announcers, musicians, actors, directors, sound-effects men.

Ask pupils to recall a particular performance they have heard in which sound effects were used extensively and to describe some of the sound effects used. Then ask, "How did these sound effects make the program more interesting and more effective?"

Stimulate further interest in reading this selection by asking, "How do you suppose the sound of galloping horses is produced over the radio? How do you think the sound of rain is produced?" Then suggest that pupils read "Sound-Effects Man" to find the answers to these questions and to learn how an expert creates radio sound effects.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Because of the unusual and highly interesting material in the selection "Sound-Effects Man," pupils will be eager to talk about it. In the discussion include consideration of the technical problems of the work as well as the more humorous aspects which are related in this account. Since the selection provides an excellent opportunity to check on recall of details, do not hesitate to ask such questions as, "How does the sound-effects man create the sound of rain? Of fire? Of a man walking in snow? Of horses galloping?"

To make sure that pupils understand the significance of sound effects in radio production, ask, "Why are sound effects so important in a radio show?" Point out that the radio is entirely dependent on sound to produce all desired effects—it can entertain only through sound. Expand the idea of the importance of sound in everyday life by asking, "Can you think of experiences you have had where you knew what was happening by listening instead of looking? Tell us about them." Pupils may cite many different experiences; e.g., knowing that their mother was setting the table from the clinking of silverware and the sound of her footsteps around the table; knowing that there had been an automobile accident from the screeching of brakes and the noise of the crash itself; knowing that a streetcar is passing. By listening for sounds in the classroom or corridor during this discussion, pupils may add to their list. Elicit that sound is almost as important as sight in conveying impressions and that much of what we learn, we learn through sound.

Lead pupils to suggest characteristics that a good sound-effects man must have. Ask individuals to justify each suggestion by referring to incidents or statements in the selection. The following characteristics should be included in any such list:

ability to act with speed

"The story is progressing at terrific speed—and one sound-effects man is doing everything." (page 136)

"Almost instantly he must have another record on turntable number 1 . . ." (page 137)

carefulness

"The sound-effects man has to be very careful to avoid letting any sudden, loud sounds hit the microphone." (page 137)

resourcefulness

"I produced the [shower] bath with compressed air and a small pan of water." (page 138)

"I wanted lots of noise [airplanes taking off]; so I put a record of a heavy motor truck on the sixth turntable and used it as a background." (page 139)

After the discussion of these characteristics ask, "Why do you think this article is included in a group called 'Wonder Workers'?"

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Promoting vivid imagery . . . This story provides excellent opportunity to promote auditory imagery in connection with reading. The teacher may say, "A radio sound-effects man must be alert, resourceful, and able to identify sounds accurately because he must reproduce them clearly enough for the radio audience to visualize the action of the story from the sounds. I am going to write some sentences about an incident that the sound-effects man reproduced. Each sentence will indicate certain actions and each in turn will suggest specific sounds that result from these actions. It will be fun to see if we can think of words to describe each sound in the incident. As I write the first sentence on the blackboard, think of a word or words you could use to describe the sound suggested." Write The actor drops the receiver. Ask members of the class to read the sentence and then think of the sound they might hear over the radio to indicate this action. Ask, "What word or words would you

use to describe this sound?" When such words as *bang*, *crash*, *thud*, and *thump* are suggested by the pupils, write them on the blackboard opposite the sentence. Continue in the same manner with the other sentences listed below.

The actor opens the door.

He slams the door.

The elevator door opens.

The actor takes the elevator to the first floor.

He goes out of the revolving door.

The doorman whistles for a cab.

The taxi pulls alongside the curb.

The actor gets in the taxi and closes the door.

The taxi pulls away at breakneck speed.

The taxi speeds around the corner.

There is a collision.

A crowd gathers.

The siren of the ambulance is heard in the distance.

The sound of the motor tells of the approach of the ambulance.

The ambulance pulls to a stop.

When the list is completed, ask pupils to turn to pages 136-137 of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS* and check the list on the blackboard with the sounds suggested in the author's description of how these sounds were made.

Interpreting pronunciation symbols . . . To strengthen pupils' ability to interpret diacritical marks in deriving pronunciations and their ability to use a pronunciation key, write the following pairs of pronunciations on the blackboard:

hôk—hük

tôs—toiz

stâr—stâr

sär'jont—sér'pônt

tun'âl—tou'âl

krik'id—krü'âl

Ask students to turn to the Glossary and locate the short pronunciation key on any right-hand page. Then have pupils say the pronunciations written on the blackboard, using the key to derive the pronunciations of the words represented.

Structural and phonetic analysis . . . This lesson is designed to strengthen the ability to divide words into syllables, to identify the

accented syllables, and to apply phonetic analysis in attacking new words. Write the following known words on the blackboard in columns:

improve	express	darkness
unknown	rejoin	careful
away	design	motion

Ask pupils to pronounce each word and tell which syllable is accented and which is unaccented. Underline the accented syllables. Direct attention to the unaccented syllables *im-*, *un-*, *a-*, *ex-*, *re-*, *de-*, *-ness*, *-ful*, *-tion* and list them on the blackboard. Remind pupils that whenever any one of the above appears as a syllable in a word, that syllable is usually unaccented. (This understanding is first developed at Book Three level.)

Continue by writing the following words on the blackboard: *dazzle*, *beetle*, *bridle*, *bugle*, *chuckle*, *kindle*, *resemble*. Ask students to pronounce each word and tell which syllable is accented. Lead pupils to note that each of these words ends in *le*, that the consonant preceding the *l* begins the last syllable, and that the last syllable is unaccented.

Then write on the blackboard the sentences given below. Point out the words printed in italics in the first sentence and ask, "Do you think the first or the last syllable will be accented in the word *impress*? Why? In the word *auction*?" Have pupils pronounce the accented syllable in each of the italicized words in the first sentence. Then ask a pupil to read the sentence, noting his ability to attack the italicized words. Continue in the same manner with the other sentences.

He tried to *impress* me with the painting he bought at the *auction* sale. The undue *expense* of the trip was foolish.

The soldiers wanted to *devise* a plan to *rebuff* the enemy attack.

The *doleful* old man saw nothing *amiss* with the *drabness* of the house.

The *bluntness* of the demand made it seem like a *rebuke* to the men.

The dry vine was too *brittle* to *untwine* from the pole.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 34 and 35.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Experimenting with sound effects . . . Pupils who like to experiment may be interested in discovering their own ways of producing various sound effects. They may present these sounds to the group and

let classmates guess what they are imitating, or the performer may stand behind a screen or out of the vision of his audience and have pupils guess (1) what is being imitated and (2) how the sound is being made.

Listening for sound effects . . . Most seventh-graders hear at least one radio program a day. Following the reading of "Sound-Effects Man," members of the class might listen to a radio program and keep a record of the sound effects used. Information about the program should include: name, kind (comedy, drama, etc.), length, number and kinds of sound effects used. Time should be provided for a discussion of how these sound effects might have been produced.

Extension reading . . . Call attention to the Bibliography of "Wonder Workers" on page 505 of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS*. Ask, "Which of these books do you think persons interested in radio might want to read?" (*Behind the Microphone*, *First Radio Book for Boys*, and *Introduction to Television*). *Take It Away, Sam!* by Paul Wing, is an interesting story of a boy's career in radio. Other books which will provide interesting information about work in radio stations include: *On the Air, the Story of Radio*, by John J. Flaherty; *All About Broadcasting*, by Creighton Peet; and *Modern Radio*, by Kingdon S. Tyler. Post on the bulletin board titles of other books members of the class have read and recommended.

◀ PAGES 140-152 ▶

Dynamite Wanted

PREPARING FOR READING

Introduce "Dynamite Wanted" by calling attention to the fact that even modern wonders have certain drawbacks that make people hesitate to use them for *all* purposes. Ask, "In what story in the last unit did the main character find that people were afraid of his invention?" Elicit "Springfield or Bust." Next ask if the airplane is generally accepted by people today. Expand the discussion to include situations in which other means of transportation might be preferable. Then say, "This is the story of a man who didn't accept the usefulness of the airplane for his particular work; a skillful and daring worker had to prove its value to him."

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading of the story initiate discussion by asking, "Who or what do you think are the wonder workers in this story?" Stress the reason McHake was not "air-minded" and ask pupils if he had any justification for his belief. Lead them to see that McHake was taking a short-sighted view—he is like a person who opposes air-mail service because occasionally bad weather grounds the planes. Then have pupils tell why they think McHake's attitude on air-transport service would be changed as a result of Johnny and Stub's timely aid.

To emphasize just how Johnny and Stub came to McHake's aid, ask, "What was the original intention of the pilots?" Pupils should mention the pilots' desire to bring in McHake's equipment and supplies by air transport. Then ask the class to give reasons why this would be to McHake's advantage and reasons why it meant so much to Johnny. Continue the discussion by asking, "What altered the pilots' plans? What was their final act of helpfulness?" Have pupils look at the picture on page 151 and describe what the results of dropping the dynamite will be.

Mention that McHake and his companions as well as Johnny and Stub faced dangers. Ask pupils to cite passages in the story which indicate these dangers. These include the sections describing flying in the fog (page 144), getting the dynamite off the burros (page 146), carrying dynamite in the plane's cabin (page 146), the earthquake (pages 147-148), the destruction of McHake's headquarters (page 149), and the dam breaking (page 150). Ask, "Would Spud and Johnny have been justified in turning back? What makes you think so?"

Lead pupils to comment on why Tomás was struggling under handicaps in learning about weather instruments, etc. (native superstitions). Ask why Tomás didn't want Johnny to set out (weather and bad omen of the dance of the quails). Then say, "Which was the only sign that could possibly have affected the flight?" Extend understanding of how coincidences often cause superstitions to grow by asking, "Do you think the Tarahumare Indians' belief that the dance of the quails was a bad omen was strengthened after the earthquake? Why or why not?"

Conclude the discussion by asking pupils to consider whether purely commercial reasons made Johnny so eager to get more business. Lead them to see that enthusiastic workers in a field of endeavor have faith and con-

fidence in their work and their machines and a desire to see them more generally appreciated and understood. Mention that in *PEOPLE AND PROGRESS* pupils read stories about people who scoffed at such wonder workers as the telephone, automobile, and steamboat. Recall that in the unit "Pathfinders of America," several men had trouble getting others to accept their ideas. Lead pupils to recall the characters and the ideas that each believed in—as strongly as Johnny believed in aviation. Pupils may suggest: Columbus, that the world was round; Washington, that frontier methods of warfare would have to be used to defeat the French and Indians; Paul Revere, that the colonists must fight the British; Whitman, that his Oregon mission must be saved and the territory be made a part of the United States; Maxim, that his motor-tricycle was better transportation than a horse and wagon; the Wright brothers, that since birds can fly, men can also.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Adapting definitions to context . . . This lesson presents the problem of changing the order of words to fit a defined meaning in a given context. To aid pupils in doing this, first write the following sentence:

The day of the earthquake was a *memorable* one.

Have the pupils turn to the Glossary in *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS*, find the word *memorable*, and read the definition. Then ask students to read the above sentence orally without using the word *memorable*. If they say, "The day of the earthquake was a worth remembering one," lead them to compare this with the meaningful sentence, "The day of the earthquake was one worth remembering."

Then write the sentences given below, underlining the italicized words. Ask pupils to read the first sentence, look up the italicized word in the Glossary, read the definition, and rewrite the sentence without using the word *sidelong*. Continue with the other sentences. When all the sentences have been rewritten, have various members of the class read their sentences aloud to check on the use of meaningful sentences.

Johnny gave a *sidelong* glance at the dam.

Johnny did not try to *dominate* Stub.

One can see many *adobe* huts in Mexico.

Johnny was a very *personable* young man.

Perceiving relationships . . . To promote the ability to perceive analogous relationships, write the following on the blackboard.

Automobile is to land as airplane is to water air runway.

Elicit that the word *air* completes the sentence correctly and make sure that pupils understand the type of comparison made in the sentence and the reason why *air* is the correct word. Continue with such sentences as the following:

Microscope	is to	snowflake	as	telescope	is to	lens	star	bee.
Rubber	is to	life raft	as	steel	is to	rowboat	roof	rivet.
Terrier	is to	dog	as	daisy	is to	poppy	flower	tulip.
Mallet	is to	croquet	as	racket	is to	hockey	tennis	socccr.
Quiver	is to	arrows	as	sheath	is to	knife	book	ring.
Shell	is to	nuts	as	pod	is to	corn	onions	peas.

The teacher should not expect all pupils to do equally well with this exercise in seeing analogies. To see an analogy, an individual must be able to think in each case, "What is the relationship here?" and his success in this type of thinking is related to his general intelligence. Pupils who are low in ability to see analogies need many concrete examples and illustrations, as they may not be able to follow discussions of abstract ideas.

Structural analysis . . . To promote the ability to identify common suffixes as structural elements in words, write the following list of known words on the blackboard in columns.

personal	motorist	attendant	appearance	safety
sectional	specialist	contestant	clearance	novelty
national	violinist	assistant	disturbance	loyalty
mechanical	naturalist	defendant	performance	certainty
occasional	druggist	resistant	attendance	cruelty

Have pupils pronounce each word and identify the root word from which it is formed and the suffix that has been added to the root word. For suggested procedures in using the words in oral sentences, refer to page 88 of this GUIDEBOOK.

Then write the word *dominate* on the blackboard and ask pupils to find this word in the Glossary. After they have pronounced the word and read the definition, write the following on the blackboard.

dominate—control or rule by strength or power; have or exercise control
domination—control; rule; dominating
dominant—ruling; governing; controlling; most influential
dominance—rule; control; being dominant
indomitable—unconquerable; unyielding

In discussing the words and derivatives, bring out that *dominate* is the root word in each and that it has its own meaning in each word that is formed from it.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 36 and 37.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Developing new interests . . . This story of the use of an airplane to save a dam may be used to stimulate a discussion of the ways in which airplanes have been proved useful to man. Pupils might list all the ways they know; e.g., to travel faster, to make rescues on land and sea, to spray orchards or fields, to fight forest fires, to deliver emergency food and medical supplies to people in time of flood or other disasters, and to carry mail. Suggest that children look for clippings about recent accounts of such uses of airplanes.

Satisfying personal interests . . . At this time the question box may be opened and the questions read aloud and posted on the bulletin board. If pieces of paper are also placed on the bulletin board, one under each inquiry, those pupils who know the answer to a question or will volunteer to find it may sign their names. In this way, the teacher can make sure that every question is investigated. A period should be allowed for an informal discussion of the information that has been collected.

Collecting pictures . . . The teacher may show pupils pictures of unusual or little known workers in a weather bureau, at an airport or railroad station, or in a medical laboratory, explaining that these pictures show wonder workers using inventions and discoveries in their daily occupations. As the class becomes conscious of having wonder workers about them, both human and machine, members may collect pictures of such workers. These might form an exhibit which can be enlarged as the class reads the other stories in the unit.

Song of the Builders

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

"Song of the Builders" is the first poem in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS that has a refrain. A refrain may do several things—heighten mood, emphasize idea, stir emotions, or strengthen pictorial elements of the poem. In this case, both mood and idea are accented by the refrain. The teacher should read the refrain aloud until she feels the rhythm of the throwing and the catching of rivets. In this work rhythm the arm is pulling back and gathering momentum on the first words and throwing or driving in the rivet on the last words.

"So riveters *ring*,
And hot bolts *fly*,
And strong men *toil*,
And sweat . . . and *die*. . .
But the city's towers grow *straight* and *high*!"

The words *ring*, *fly*, *toil*, *die*, *straight*, and *high* should carry the sound of the riveting. Make them *ring*!

In the first line of the second stanza notice the effect created by the transposition of a few words from the lines of the first stanza. The teacher should read the whole poem aloud until she feels sure of her ability to present it to her audience easily and confidently.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Ask pupils to read the title of the poem and to look at the accompanying illustration. Invite discussion of the fascinating aspects of watching the erection of a great skyscraper; e.g., the varied tasks of the workers, the great cranes swinging the beams into place, the noise of the riveting machines, the unerring aim of the rivet thrower, the precarious positions of the men high up on the steel girders. Call attention to how the riveters, as shown in the picture, are engaged in a very dangerous task, yet they do it as easily as if they were at work in their own back yards. Explain

that this poem, which tells what happens as a skyscraper is being erected, really gives a song about it—the first four lines of each stanza are like the verse of a song and the last five lines are like the chorus.

Tell pupils that this is a poem using strong words and a marked rhythm to match the powerful activities of the men and the rhythm of their work. Read the first four lines aloud, calling attention to the poet's choice of words: *beams*, *steel*, *danger*, *lurks*, *bold*, and *risk*. Explain that the refrain in the next four lines has the rhythm of the throwing and the catching of rivets. Read the refrain aloud, showing the work rhythm to the class. Then ask pupils to read the second stanza silently, noticing how the poet maintains his pattern of strong words and rhythm.

Direct attention to the message of the poem by having pupils comment on the feeling the poem gives about the work of skyscraper builders; e.g., it conveys the dangers and hazards, the need for bold men, and the ultimate goal that seems worth any risk to "reach forever to clutch the sun."

ORAL INTERPRETATION

First the teacher may read the whole poem aloud, while the class pantomimes the action of the chorus. Next have half the class read aloud the first four lines, the other half of the class, the refrain. After this reading, one pupil may read the first four lines; the entire group may read the first four refrain lines in unison, showing the work rhythm; the narrator may read the last line of each stanza. The class may want to experiment with different types of presentations other than those suggested, for this poem lends itself easily to various arrangements.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 38 of the THINK-AND-DO Book serves to highlight the idea that many types of skilled operators are needed to run and keep our modern machines in order.

Enjoying poetry . . . The following poems are recommended at this time: "Prayers of Steel," by Carl Sandburg, in *Modern American and British Poetry*; "The Builders," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in *The Poetry Book* (7); "Skyscraper Is a City's House" and "Summon the Workers," both by Clara Lambert, in *My Poetry Book*.

Life Raft

PREPARING FOR READING

Stimulate interest by eliciting discussion as to why a selection about a life raft should be included in a unit entitled "Wonder Workers." Then have the background note on page 475 read to shed further light on this point. Encourage pupils to add any information they may have about life rafts and their uses through the years in saving lives at sea. Suggest that this article be read to learn the story of the life raft, which is also a part of the story of World War II. Emphasize that the facts given in the article are based on newspaper accounts of a thrilling rescue.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Invite comments as to who Eddie Rickenbacker was, how he happened to be adrift at sea, and who his companions were. Ask, "What were the difficulties he and his companions were facing and had faced?" Lead pupils to comment on Rickenbacker's thoughts as he was adrift.

Help pupils summarize the story of progress in modern life-raft design by listing details about early rafts, Rickenbacker's raft, and later models of rafts.

Lead the class to consider how improvements in life rafts have been and will continue to be brought about. Pupils should mention: (1) the experiences and recommendations of victims who have been adrift, (2) the tireless work of wonder workers in science laboratories, and (3) experimentation with these improvements in actual practice.

Broaden interpretation by having pupils tell how the findings made about life rafts during war years will continue to save lives in peacetime—in cases of shipwreck, when transport and passenger planes are forced down at sea, etc. Also lead pupils to cite other discoveries and improvements made during the war that will serve to improve our peacetime living conditions; e.g., improvements in designing clothing suited to very hot or very cold climates, improvements in building homes quickly and cheaply, improvements in the canning and dehydration of food.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Making judgments . . . In "Life Raft" there are many opportunities to lead pupils to weigh and evaluate statements as well as to note cause-effect relationships. To strengthen pupils' ability to make judgments, write on the blackboard or mimeograph the following statements about the life raft. Both sentences appearing under each main statement in this exercise might be true, but one sets forth a more important and accurate reason for the main statement. Direct pupils to read aloud the main statement, select the more important reason for it, and tell why they have made that choice.

Wooden screws are used for plugging up holes in rubber life rafts.

- a. Wooden screws will float.
- b. Wooden screws expand when water-soaked and stay securely in place.

A tarpaulin, yellow on one side and blue on the other, is provided for newer rafts.

- a. The tarpaulin serves simply as a camouflage.
- b. The tarpaulin has numerous uses for castaways.

The color of the all-yellow life rafts was changed.

- a. All-yellow rafts were too easily sighted by the enemy.
- b. All-yellow rafts were too attractive to sharks.

Airtight, watertight containers are used for rations on life rafts.

- a. Such containers protect their contents from the hot sun and rain.
- b. Such containers protect their contents against salt spray.

Adapting definitions to context . . . This exercise is designed to promote further the ability to adapt defined meanings to context. This lesson introduces a more difficult level of adaptation than that of transposing words (see the preceding exercise on page 137). Here the child must read to paraphrase both context and definition in order to make clear the meaning of a given word in the sentence. Before introducing the exercise, write the following sentences on the blackboard, underlining the italicized words.

1. Many Scotch *emigrants* have come to America.
2. In his collection John had a piece of *petrified* wood.
3. War *refugees* were walking along the road.
4. The old man loved to *reminisce* about his childhood.
5. The Indians thought the dance of the quail was a bad *omen*.

Read the first sentence aloud. Then ask pupils to turn to the Glossary and find the meaning for the word *emigrant*; e.g., "person who leaves his own country or region to settle in another." Lead them to see that if this phrase were substituted for the word *emigrant*, the resulting sentence would be awkward and difficult to understand. Then ask pupils how they would reword the sentence so that the meaning of *emigrant* is clear. Pupils may respond with, "Many Scotch people have left their own country and have come to live in America."

In like manner, have pupils find each of the other italicized words in the Glossary and study the definitions. Then have them rewrite the remaining sentences, paraphrasing each so that the word and sentence meaning are clear. When all the sentences have been rewritten, ask various members of the class to read them aloud.

Structural and phonetic analysis . . . To strengthen the ability to determine the structure of a word and to apply phonetic analysis to root words or syllables within a word, write on the blackboard the unknown words *octopus*, *ailment*, *demurely*, *exploit*. Call attention to the word *octopus* and say, "Do you see a known prefix or suffix on this word? Do you think it is a root word plus an ending? How would you attack this word?" Ask pupils to tell how to divide the word into syllables and which syllable they think will be accented. Then have the word pronounced. If any pupil has difficulty, recall briefly the principles of syllabication and the principles that aid in determining vowel sounds. Continue with the other words in the list, using the same general procedure. Remind pupils that in attacking an unknown word, it is usually a good idea to see first if a word has a known beginning or ending, take this off, and then try to pronounce the root word. If they don't see a known beginning or ending, they should try dividing the word into syllables.

Then write the following sentences, underlining the italicized words. Have pupils read the first sentence silently. Point to the word *eyewitness*, ask pupils to pronounce it, and then lead them to tell what type of analysis they used in deriving its pronunciation. Repeat with *false* and have the entire sentence read aloud. Continue in the same manner with the other sentences.

1. *Eyewitness* accounts of events are often *false*.
2. The *trespasser* hid behind the *poplar* tree.

3. The storekeeper showed great *forbearance* with the *haggling* old woman.
4. The lone *occupant* of the great house lived in *splendor*.
5. The *culprit* was very *remorseful* over what he had done.
6. The *infection* on the boy's hand needed medical attention.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 39 and 40.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Making diagrams . . . The pupils may be interested in making labeled diagrams of the most up-to-date airplane life rafts, using the information given in the story and in the picture on page 159. If they have set up an exhibit of model plans and diagrams, they may add their diagrams of life rafts to it.

Extension reading . . . To extend appreciation of recent improvements on life rafts, suggest that pupils read *The Raft Book*, by Harold Gatty, which is mentioned on page 161 and in the Bibliography on page 505. A story about Eddie Rickenbacker is included in *Heroes of Aviation*, an interesting book by Laurence LaTourette Driggs about aces of Allied Nations during World War II. *Famous American Flyers*, by Chelsea Curtis Fraser, also includes a story about Eddie Rickenbacker as well as much worth-while information about other aviation heroes. Girls may be particularly interested in reading *Heroines of the Sky*, by Jean Adams, Margaret Kimball, and Jeanette Eaton.

◀ PAGE 162 ▶

The Magnifying Glass

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

In this poem Walter de la Mare conveys the magic of seeing the world through a magnifying glass. Interest in the ideas presented in the poem will be greater if the teacher has at least one magnifying glass in the room so that pupils can actually experiment with it after they have heard and read the poem. The teacher might also ask those members of the

class who have magnifying glasses to bring them to school for a few days. If equipment is available, it would be valuable actually to experiment with some of the items mentioned in the poem.

In preparing to present the poem, the teacher should note the carry-over of the lines. This poem is a "conversation piece" in that the poet seems to be talking casually about his subject while building up a feeling of wonder as he reaches the last stanza. The teacher must feel familiar with the numerous details of "The Magnifying Glass" as well as with its implications. Notice that the poet begins with the tiny shells that form a chalklike substance and enlarges his idea until he speaks of looking at the moon through a telescope, although the name of that instrument is not mentioned.

(The usual spelling of the last word in the third stanza is *spinnerets*.)

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Ask, "How many have ever used a magnifying glass? What effect has the magnifying glass on objects under it? What objects have you examined under a magnifying glass? How did they look?" Initiate a discussion of the groups of people who use magnifying glasses; e.g., scientists, doctors, watch repairers, and laboratory workers. To build further background for the poem, ask whether any members of the class have seen fossils in stones. The teacher may be able to locate an example which she can show to the group. Suggest that if magnified, it would show more detail and let pupils look at it through a magnifying glass.

Explain that in the last stanza the poet speaks of looking at the moon with a lens that makes the moon seem so close that one could walk to it in an afternoon. Ask, "Could you see the moon through a magnifying glass? What 'magic' lens could you use?" Elicit that the poet refers to a telescope. If some pupils have looked through a telescope, let them relate their experiences briefly. Clear up the meaning of *myriad*, *spinnarets*, and *deft* and then ask pupils to read the poem silently.

After the silent reading the teacher should read the entire poem aloud in a completely conversational tone. She might sum up any discussion of it by commenting that it sounds almost like our everyday talk and by leading pupils to consider what makes the poem different from our everyday conversation. They will, no doubt, mention the unusual words the

poet uses; e.g., "myriad shells," "deft spider jets," and "woven web-silk from his spinnarets." Compare the prose sentence "I watch the spider spinning his web" with the way the poet has expressed this simple idea in the third stanza. Bring out the idea that as the poet talks, he uses unusual and very expressive words to relate his ideas. Explain this difference in poetry and everyday talk by saying, "When we talk, we don't have time to think up the exact words for the idea. The poet, however, takes time to select carefully the words that best express a mood or describe an experience."

Conclude the discussion by asking, "Why do you think this poem of the magnifying glass has been included in this unit?" Then lead pupils to cite some of the reasons why the magnifying glass, telescope, and microscope are important and valuable wonder workers.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

The teacher should read this poem aloud the first time to clarify the auditory pattern and to establish the poet's main idea—the wonders of many commonplace objects viewed under a magnifying glass. Ask the class to look at the poem to decide how it may best be divided to be read by several pupils. Elicit that the first two stanzas form a sentence, that there is a natural break at the end of the next two stanzas, and that a third reader might finish the poem. Pupils may experiment with various oral-reading patterns.

Ask, "Why has 'The Magnifying Glass' been included in this unit?" Then see if pupils can cite reasons why the magnifying glass, telescope, and microscope, which look so simple, are nevertheless important and valuable wonder workers.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . On page 41 of the THINK-AND-DO Book the pupils will find an account of the construction of a mirror for the world's largest telescope.

Using a magnifying glass . . . Give pupils time actually to experiment with a magnifying glass. They may examine some of the items mentioned in the poem or other things around the room; e.g., the pattern of the cloth binding of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS (this will show a varia-

tion in the intensity of color of different threads and the irregularity of the threads themselves); the colored illustrations on page 162 (this will show that the pictures are made up of myriads of dots); a freshly sharpened pencil (the bare wood will look rougher than the observer expects and there will be a thin, irregular layer of lead dust along the wood); the skin on one's hand; a sample of handwriting (this will show the way the thin film of lead seems to spread out on the paper); pieces of different kinds of paper—wrapping, stationery, tablet (these will vary in texture more noticeably under a magnifying glass); and the leaf of a plant.

Extending scientific interests . . . If the teacher can secure a microscope for pupils to see and use, some of the objects that have been examined under the magnifying glass may be reexamined. Pupils may also wish to read the section about the microscope and look at the pictures in *The Scientist and His Tools*, by Bertha Morris Parker, and in *The Fight Against Germs*, by Kane Zelle. *Fun with Your Microscope*, by Raymond F. Yates, and *Adventures with a Microscope*, by Birger Richard Headstrom, are also informative sources which may be used.

Those pupils who are interested may find out about the development of the microscope and telescope, about the men who perfected them, and about the discoveries made possible by these wonder workers.

EXTENDING THE UNIT THEME

Extending vocational interests . . . Pupils may make a list of inventions or discoveries mentioned in this unit. From this list pupils may select one item to investigate further, using reference books, magazine articles, or an encyclopedia for the purpose of reporting (1) who the persons are who use the invention, (2) how they use it, and (3) what training is required to become a user of the instrument. A special period may be provided for pupils to share their findings with others.

Satisfying personal interests . . . Groups that have kept a question box may select a committee to open the box again after Unit III has been read. This committee may post on the bulletin board the most interesting or thought-provoking questions and arrange with the teacher for periods in which pupils may report information they have found pertinent to these various questions.



Tales of Fun and Fancy

IN THIS UNIT . . . myths, legends, and tales of sheer fancy combine to give young people literary material they can easily appreciate and readily enjoy. In contrast to the modern wonder workers in the realistic world of Unit III, the heroes of "Tales of Fun and Fancy" carry on their lives and conduct their affairs in a fanciful world of superhuman strengths and fictitious powers.

The two myths, "The Three Golden Apples" and "The Quest of the Hammer," are stories of giants and gods who were thought by the ancient Greeks and Norsemen to possess supernatural qualities. These tales have come down to us from an age when people explained the world and its phenomena by creating gods and heroes and endowing them with power to cause such things as the sun to rise and set, the sky to stay up, and the thunder to roll.

"Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons" is an old ballad about the lovable rogue Robin, whose exploits were created in the imaginations of several generations of English people.

The two "tall tales," "The Great Hunter of the Woods" and "How Old Stormalong Whitened the Cliffs of Dover," are examples of American folklore told vividly and with gusto. These tales of extraordinary strength and cleverness are products of long evenings spent in isolated lumber camps and on the decks of ships where, for their own amusement, men strove to outdo one another in telling stories. "Storm Along, John!" an old sea chantey, is of the same origin as the story of Stormalong but is recounted in verse form.

The hilarious and highly exaggerated poem, "A Nautical Extravaganza," is included for sheer enjoyment by both the narrator and the listener.

These vigorous, imaginative selections give young people a path into a land of incredible supermen. The opportunity to appreciate the exaggerations and improbabilities in these tales will refresh their interest in fictional literature and will provide the incentive for a rich diet of reading material.

INTRODUCING THE UNIT THEME

Suggest that pupils open their books to the half-title page and look at the picture. Explain that this is a picture of Paul Bunyan and his wire-haired *terror* and lead pupils to recall the Paul Bunyan tale, "Babe, the Blue Ox," that they read in the Basic Reader DAYS AND DEEDS. Then encourage speculation on the type of tales that they will find in this unit of fun and fancy. See if children can mention other stories they have read which were highly imaginative; e.g., stories from *The Arabian Nights*. Ask pupils if they can think of any modern fanciful characters that are endowed with superhuman strengths and fictitious powers. The class will probably mention heroes of the comic strips, such as Superman, Flash Gordon, Captain Midnight, and Batman. Point out that the use of superhuman characters in modern comics indicates the ever-present appeal this type of imaginative character has for many people.

Develop the idea that highly imaginative tales have been told in countries all over the world for thousands of years. Explain that this type of

story originated long ago when storytelling was one of the main forms of amusement. The storytellers found that the one sure way of holding their listeners' attention was by recounting the deeds of powerful heroes—human beings of extraordinary size and power as well as gods and goddesses. Then say, "When you read the stories and poems in this unit, you can expect to find myths and legends about characters who are giants in size and strength. These characters are not only strong; they are clever, too, and you can be sure that some of them will outwit their rivals."

Then suggest that children look at the illustrations in the unit to see how the artists have interpreted the characters and settings of the stories. Lead pupils to see that since the stories are imaginative and highly exaggerated, no two artists would be likely to illustrate the same story in the same way. Suggest to pupils that as they read, they think of illustrations they might make if they were the artists.

Throughout the reading of this unit the teacher should keep in mind that sheer enjoyment is the chief reaction to be expected and encouraged on the part of the pupils. Successful presentation of the unit will be evidenced in children's enthusiasm for further reading, in their desire to share their reading, and in their voluntary creative expressions.

◀ PAGES 164 - 174 ▶

The Three Golden Apples

PREPARING FOR READING

Stimulate informal discussion about this old Greek myth by asking such questions as: "What causes rain? What causes a rainbow? How does the sky stay up?" The pupils' answers will probably range from "I don't know" to attempted explanations of the scientific reasons. Suggest that long, long ago people knew little or nothing about science, and so they made up myths to explain the great wonders of nature. They invented giants and gods who were given control of things that we now know are controlled by scientific laws and conditions. Remind the children of the story of Ceres in "Tony's Hobby" and ask, "How did that story explain

the changing seasons? How do we explain them now in our science classes?" Discuss the differences in these theories of the coming of spring—Ceres' smiling happiness vs. the revolution of the earth into a position where the sun's rays are most direct.

Continue by saying, "Remember how as a child you thought the sky was really a blue dome stretched over the earth like a big circus tent? Did you wonder how it stayed up? The ancient Greeks wondered, too, and invented a story as an explanation. 'The Three Golden Apples' is a myth that was told as their explanation of how the sky stays up. It reveals the strength and cunning that the Greeks attributed to the gods and goddesses who were their heroes."

Suggest that before reading the myth the children read the background note in the Help Yourself section and that they check the notes from time to time for help on the especially difficult phrases in the story. Also remind pupils to refer to pages 525-526 for the pronunciation of difficult proper names.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Since the selections in this unit are to be read for sheer enjoyment, the guidance that follows the silent reading should center mainly around the supernatural aspects and the wealth of interesting imaginative details found in each story or poem. Provide time for the pupils to comment freely and to give their reactions to "The Three Golden Apples." Then ask, "Do you think it was fair for Hercules to trick Atlas? Why?" After the discussion, encourage the pupils to suggest the adjectives that could be used to describe Hercules and Atlas on the basis of their characterizations in this story: *Hercules*—strong, adventurous, kind, clever, daring, quick-witted; *Atlas*—huge, talkative, sad, weary, foolish, proud, bragging, dull-witted. Develop the meaning of phrases used today that have been derived from these characters, such as "a man of herculean strength," "a herculean task," "an atlas of the world."

Check on the pupils' grasp of the plot by having them retell the main episodes as Hercules traveled from Italy through Egypt and Africa and out on the great ocean: (1) Hercules' encounter with Antacus; (2) the appearance of the golden cup; (3) the meeting with the giant Atlas; (4) Hercules' assumption of Atlas' burden; (5) the return of Atlas;

(6) the outwitting of Atlas. Encourage pupils to point out highly improbable actions or events that occurred in each episode. Then suggest that they skim the story for the extravagant and imaginative details which indicate that this is a completely fantastic tale: "golden apples that grew in the garden of the Hesperides"; "beneath the tree there was a dragon with a hundred terrible heads."

The final discussion might center on the devices that the old Greek storytellers used to enhance their tales and to keep their listeners engrossed in their heroes' adventures—devices evident in versions such as this one of "The Three Golden Apples." The following examples may be listed: *the exaggerations*—Hercules' strength; Atlas' size; *the fanciful or miraculous features of the heroes and situations*—the golden cup, the golden apples, the dragon, the renewal of Antaeus' strength; *the explanations of natural phenomena*—the sky and stars held in place by a giant.

Extend the interpretation of this myth by encouraging pupils to give their reactions to the explanation given for how the sky is held up. Ask, "Is it an interesting explanation? Is it an ingenious one? Is it a credible one? Why would it have satisfied the ancient Greeks although it does not satisfy us? Can you recall the names of any scientists of long ago who might also have been dissatisfied?" (Copernicus, Galileo)

Provide time for informal discussion about the mythical figures in this story and other Greek heroes children may have encountered elsewhere in their reading, such as Apollo and Zeus. Then see if pupils can enumerate some of the characteristics that the ancient Greeks admired.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Noting author's style . . . The following procedure will call attention to the storytelling style that Hawthorne used in retelling the legend. Have pupils skim the story and cite examples of the personal remarks that Hawthorne inserted to make the story sound as if he were sitting down and telling it to you himself; e.g., "Did you ever hear," "I suppose," "In my opinion" (page 164); "At the time of which I am going to speak" (page 165); "as you must be careful to remember" and "you may imagine" (page 170); "I know not how long it was" (page 172). Ask what Hawthorne meant when he said, "I have sometimes argued with such people, but never fought with one" (page 165).

Identifying characteristic expressions . . . To promote further the ability to identify elements of style, tell pupils that Hawthorne heightens the feeling of the "old, old, half-forgotten times" of Hercules by his use of expressions that are not common today; for example, "such apples as would bring a great price" (page 164). Ask children to express the same thing in the language of today; e.g., "such apples would be expensive." Have pupils skim the story to find other examples of this literary style and have them paraphrase the expressions in their own words. They may find such phrases as: "there is not . . . so much as a seed of those apples" and "Many of them returned no more" (page 164); "his journey must needs be at an end" (page 166); "a countenance terrible from its enormity of size" (page 168); etc.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 42, 43, and 44.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Opportunities for extending interest in "Tales of Fun and Fancy" will probably be suggested by the children themselves since this unit should stimulate imagination and broaden understanding of humor and exaggeration. During the discussion of these poems and stories, the teacher should be alert for ideas for extending interests.

Creative art . . . Boys and girls should be given opportunity to make paintings or drawings to illustrate the characters, objects, or scenes in this story. These drawings may be made into posters, friezes, or murals and may be used to stimulate further reading.

Extension reading . . . Call attention again to the Bibliography on page 279 of this GUIDEBOOK. Have the boys and girls read through this list of titles and ask them if they are familiar with any of the books mentioned there. Ask if they can suggest any books which might be added to the reading list. Draw attention to *Stories of the Gods and Heroes*, by Sally Benson, and *Adventures with the Gods*, by Catharine F. Sellew. Both books are written in an easy style and tell stories about the gods and goddesses and heroes of fable and mythology. Also mention *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose retellings of other Greek mythological stories may prove enjoyable for superior readers.

The Quest of the Hammer

PREPARING FOR READING

Approach the story by having the children read the background note silently. Establish that this myth, which is retold by Miss Brown, is one from the Norse countries, and if there is a map available, have a member of the class locate Norway, Sweden, Iceland, and Denmark.

Explain that the hero of this story is Thor, the Scandinavian god of thunder, and that the story setting is in Cloud Land, where, according to legend, dwelt the gods and goddesses of these myths of the Northland. As further background clarify that the story deals with two regions of Cloud Land, Asgard and Jotunnheim. Explain that in Asgard lived gods called Aesir, who were friendly to men and who were protected by Thor and his mighty hammer Miölnir, while in Jotunnheim lived the Frost Giants, who were ruled by the ugly Thrym. Mention that in this myth, as in most stories of this kind, the plot centers around the constant struggle for power among the various gods and goddesses.

Review the information gained about fanciful tales during the study of "The Three Golden Apples" and lead pupils to recall what Hercules set out to do and how he used his wits to accomplish his aim. Then the teacher might ask some child to read aloud the first two paragraphs on page 175 and lead the class to speculate on what Thor may have to do to regain his hammer.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Guide the informal discussion of the story with such questions as "What weaknesses of character were shown by the great Thor when he discovered the disappearance of his hammer? How did the scheme of Loki and Heimdal enable Thor to recover it? What amusing and exciting incidents happened at the feast in Jotunnheim? What did you think of the end of the story? Why would you have expected Thor to forbid mention of

the masquerade?" Then ask pupils to name the characters in the story that they liked best and the ones they liked least and to justify their choices. Encourage freedom of expression by having individual pupils describe how they would portray the characters in their own drawings.

Ask children to enumerate some of the unusual powers or possessions of the characters; e.g., great strength, incredible size, the miraculous hammer, and the falcon dress. Lead pupils to discuss whether or not these powers brought happiness to the gods and encourage them to cite incidents in the story to support their viewpoints. Then ask, "What effect did the loss of Thor's hammer have on his power?" Finally, class members may be led to compare the power with which the ancient Greeks endowed their gods with the powers the Norsemen conferred on their mythical heroes.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Interpreting figurative language . . . The author of "The Quest of the Hammer" makes lavish use of colorful similes which should stimulate vivid mental imagery on the part of the young reader. This exercise is designed to promote interpretation of this type of figurative language.

Have children read the first sentence on page 176. Then ask, "What picture does it give you? What other words could be used to show that Thor was angry? Does 'like the golden rays of a star' or your own expression give a more colorful explanation of the way Thor's hair bristled? What other words might be used to describe the bristling of his hair?" Have pupils skim the story for other word pictures and then ask them to substitute original comparisons for the ones found in the story. The children may find such examples as "mountains were piled up like blocks of ice," "dogs were as big as elephants," "horses were as big as houses," "Thrym himself was as huge as a mountain" (page 178); and "teeth bared like jagged boulders" (page 180).

Using a pronunciation key . . . Several unfamiliar proper names are used in this story, thus providing excellent opportunity for the teacher to focus attention on using the Pronunciation of Proper Names section in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS.

First list the following names from the story on the blackboard: *Asgard, Miölnir, Aesir, Sif, Thrude, Thrym, Freia, Jotunnheim, Heimdal.*

Call on one member of the class to pronounce the first name in the list without referring to the section on the Pronunciation of Proper Names. Ask the other pupils to find this name on page 525 and check on the pronunciation just given. Continue with the other names in the list.

At this point it may be well for the teacher to review with the pupils the symbols Y, œ, N, H, explained at the top of page 525. Remind pupils that they should refer to the short pronunciation key at the bottom of each page whenever they are in doubt about the sound of any vowel symbol. Then in round-robin fashion, beginning with the first word *Aesir*, work through the entire list of proper names on pages 525 and 526.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 45 and 46.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Making a picture map . . . The pupils may enjoy making a large pictorial map of the world, identifying the countries or areas where certain myths originated. Suggest that they portray a scene or a character from each myth as the identifying symbol for the country where it was first told. For example, in the area where Greece is, they might draw a picture of Hercules in the golden cup or of Atlas holding the sky on his head.

Extension reading . . . From other stories children have read, such as *The Children of Odin*, by Padraic Colum, or *Sons of the Volsungs*, by Dorothy Hosford, encourage them to discuss the powers that some of the other Norse gods possessed. Have them investigate and discuss the powers of *Odin*, king of the Norse gods, who was the personification of wisdom and the dispenser of victory; the *Valkyrie*, Odin's battle maidens, who determined the course of battles and selected the brave warriors; *Frey*, the brother of Freia, who gave rain and sunshine. Then suggest that children read the last chapter, "The Twilight of the Gods," in *The Children of Odin*, to see how the might of the Norse gods was destroyed.

Listening to music . . . Wagner's operas give dramatic sound and color to Norse mythology. Children will enjoy hearing the tetralogy "Der Ring des Nibelungen": "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Seigfried," and "Götterdämmerung" (Twilight of the Gods). The teacher should tell the story of the opera before presenting the recorded music.

Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

In order to teach this Robin Hood ballad effectively, the teacher should familiarize herself with the history of ballads. If *Children and Books*, by May Hill Arbuthnot, is available, the chapter on "Ballads" gives an excellent background. *Literature and Life in England*¹ (pages 53-55) also contains interesting facts concerning this form of literature.

After the teacher has become acquainted with the history of ballads, she should carefully study this particular Robin Hood ballad for the story and the rhythm. She should read it aloud two or three times for the ideas in the story and the "feel" of the rhythm. As she reads it, she will notice that there are four distinct episodes in the ballad. The first three are clearly defined by the use of the line "Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham . . ." at the beginning of each. "With a link a down and a day" has no meaning in the story itself but is a refrain line that is said to have been inserted by the listeners as they caught the feel of the rhythm of the ballad. The teacher should practice reading these lines rhythmically until she feels the distinct break of each new episode. Since there is much dialogue, this poem presents some of the same problems of identifying the speaker as did "Columbus" in Unit II of this book.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

After children have read the background note for this poem, ask them to recall other stories about Robin Hood that gave evidence of Robin's interest in the poor people of England or that described his encounters with the sheriff of Nottingham. If pupils have read PEOPLE AND PROGRESS, Book Six of the Basic Readers, suggest that they retell the story of Robin

¹ Published by Scott, Foresman and Company.

Hood found there. If they have not read this story, the teacher may want to read aloud portions of it; for example, pages 388-394 and page 403, which give a clear picture of Robin Hood's character and habits. Point out that although Robin Hood was an enemy of the rich, he was a friend of the poor; he was a hated outlaw to the sheriff, but a beloved leader of his men; he was vain, but he appreciated another's skill. Lead pupils to consider why Robin Hood became a favorite literary character.

Point out that the story of Robin Hood was first told in ballad form and give children the following ideas concerning ballads: ballads were the popular form of storytelling in England during the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries; people would gather after some exciting event, and one member of the group would start recounting, in verse form, the event that had just taken place; the narrative included dialogue, and often a refrain line would be inscribed by the group to add jest and merriment to the rhythm of the story poem; the narrator usually sang the ballad to a rollicking popular tune, and the group that was assembled would sing the refrain line.

Stanzas 1 through 7 . . . The teacher may wish to read these stanzas aloud to establish a "feel" for the rhythm and dialogue. During the teacher's reading, the books should be closed. After the reading, focus attention on the story element in this first episode of the ballad. Clear up the meaning of the following phrases:

Stanza 4—"ill-gotten gain" (stolen money)

Stanza 6—"king's fallow deer" (small European deer, with a yellowish coat, that belonged to the king)

Stanza 7—"by the truth of my body" (really)

Then suggest that the class members reread the first seven stanzas silently. Ask who speaks in the last two lines of stanza 6. Have pupils note that although the poem does not directly indicate the speaker, the words in the answer imply that it was the old woman. Ask one or two pupils to read aloud the first seven stanzas to clear up any difficulty in the pattern of the rhythm or dialogue.

Stanzas 8 through 24 . . . Suggest that the pupils read the rest of the poem to themselves to see what Robin Hood does to help the old woman. After members of the class have read the poem silently, ask them to find the stanzas that begin with the lines "Now Robin Hood

is to Nottingham. . . ." Initiate the discussion of the main incidents of the poem by asking, "What happens each time you find this line?" Lead the class to see that the line "Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham . . ." indicates a change of scene and call attention to the refrain line, "With a link a down and a day," that precedes the introduction of the first two new characters. Discuss each episode of the poem, making sure the class knows the setting, the person whom Robin Hood meets, his attitude toward each person, and the action that takes place.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

Let members of the class choose one pupil to be the narrator and other pupils to take the characters of Robin Hood, the old woman, the beggar, and the sheriff. Have each character include "said . . ." in the reading of his own particular part so as not to break the rhythm. (The part of the narrator may be read effectively by three or four blended voices instead of by one pupil, if desired.)

After the class has thus interpreted the poem orally, some children might enjoy fitting the words to music since ballads were intended to be sung. Have children list such familiar tunes as "Yankee Doodle," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Auld Lang Syne," "Maryland! My Maryland!" "Bring Back My Bonnie," and "My Old Kentucky Home." Then suggest that they try to fit the music of some of these tunes to the words of the first two stanzas of the ballad. "Yankee Doodle" or "My Old Kentucky Home" can well be used to sing this ballad of Robin Hood. Let the class decide how much of the ballad they would like to sing. The teacher might suggest that the first episode be sung "round robin," either by individuals or by rows. The girls might sing the old woman's part, and the boys, Robin's. (The original music for the ballad may be available in a public library, and the teacher may use this instead of the suggested tunes.)

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 47 of the Think-and-Do Book is based on an excerpt from the introduction to "Robin Hood," by Howard Pyle, and echoes the theme of the ballad given in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS.

Hearing ballads . . . Pupils will enjoy hearing other ballads. They may be found in such source books as *American Ballads and Folk Songs*, by John Lomax, and *The American Songbag*, by Carl Sandburg. If the class finds one whose rhythm and words are especially appealing, suggest that they set it to music in the manner suggested above.

Listening to ballad music . . . There are also many fine phonograph records of ballads that are refreshing to hear. Perhaps pupils could bring some of these records to school for the class to share. Burl Ives, Josh White, Richard Dyer Bennett, John Jacob Niles, Marian Anderson, Carl Sandburg, and Paul Robeson have uncovered the simple, beautiful tunes that have been used for generations as work songs and to tell about folk-tale characters, historic events, and the sadness and joy of living.

◀ PAGES 193-207 ▶

The Great Hunter of the Woods

PREPARING FOR READING

Interest in this story will be especially strong if pupils are given background material for the incredible exploits of Paul Bunyan. There are many books and stories about Paul Bunyan that may be read to the pupils. There are also excellent chapters in *Tall Tale America*, by Walter Blair, and *Yankee Doodle Cousins*, by Anne Malcolmson. Suggest to pupils that no one really knows where the characterization of Paul Bunyan originated. Some think in Canada; others, in Maine; others, in the lumber camps of Minnesota and Wisconsin. Then say, "Nevertheless, Paul is an immortal American superman who does 'Big Things in a Big Way.'"

Comment on the time when such tales as those of Paul Bunyan were first told—the years of isolated logging camps, cold winters, and lonely evenings. Encourage pupils to see that the telling of these stories was almost the only means of amusement these isolated workers had and that the narrators had the same problem as the ancient storytellers—that of making their tales vivid enough to engross their listeners' attention.

Have children read the background note and then explain that the hero in "The Great Hunter of the Woods" possesses many of the attributes of the Greek and Norse heroes. Suggest that pupils look for these characteristics as they read about the adventures of Paul Bunyan.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading initiate discussion by such questions as, "Why do you think Jeff forgot his grief at being left in camp while the others went hunting?" Lead children to infer that Jeff enjoyed the Paul Bunyan tale and that his satisfaction with the entertaining story probably led him to retell it to others, meanwhile adding a few exaggerations of his own to the plot. Then ask, "What exaggerated bits might you add if you were retelling the story?"

Help stimulate further enjoyment of the story by having pupils recount the methods by which Bunyan attempted to catch the turkey and by giving opportunity for individuals to read aloud the part of the "tall tale" that they found the most amusing.

Clear up the meaning of "Whist, now" (listen, now). Then have class members cite other examples of the dialect which Larrity used: Americky, hun'erd, reg'lar, pore, figgered, arnicky, follyin', tremenjus, obejient, lepped, and moninent. Lead pupils to comment on the effect of the dialect; i.e., it adds to the enjoyment and humor of the story, and it adds color to the characterization of the storyteller. Ask the children also to think of other words that might be used instead of "scatter-cannon" to name Bunyan's gun.

To extend interpretation, suggest that pupils find the characteristics of Paul Bunyan that make him a hero and compare these characteristics with those of the heroes of the two preceding stories in this unit. Pupils will probably note the similar characteristics of enormity of size, exaggerated strength, and the ability to perform incredible deeds.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Detecting exaggerations . . . To promote appreciation of the author's use of incredible and fantastic details in this story, suggest that pupils reread it with a questioning attitude toward all descriptions. Then

suggest that each pupil make a list of all the details of the adventure that seem highly improbable. For example:

a wing-tailed turkey (page 193)

Paul Bunyan's curly black beard that brushed the treetops (page 194)
the frost that made Paul Bunyan's "breath steam till white clouds trailed
him" (page 194)

a dog with a "tree of a tail" (page 195)

After pupils have completed their lists, provide time for them to compare their selection of improbabilities with those of other members of the class. By so doing, each individual may see which details he missed.

Serutinizing word form . . . Initiate discussion on the methods authors use to make stories humorous. Lead the pupils to see that having Larry tell the story of Paul Bunyan, using his own characteristic Irish dialect, is one device that the author of this story used to heighten the humor of Bunyan's exploit. Encourage discussion of other devices authors use to make their stories amusing and then say, "The author of a famous English play, 'The Rivals,' used the device of having Mrs. Malaprop, one of the leading characters, use long words incorrectly."

Have pupils recall incidents in which they have heard words used incorrectly; for example, "He paid off the mirage on the house." Explain that these wrong expressions are the result of using words without being sure of their meanings. Children may be able to mention other examples from their personal experience or from listening to radio programs. Keep the discussion on a humorous level but lead the class to understand that those who use words should use them correctly.

After interest is aroused in detecting such expressions—often called malapropisms—write the following sentences on the blackboard. Ask pupils to find the word in each sentence that is used incorrectly and to supply a more suitable word. This exercise is not only good fun, but it is an excellent means of giving practice in the careful scrutiny of word form.

He was very particle about the neatness of his homework.

She tried to compound me with her rapid questioning.

The pinochle of my career was becoming president of the company.

They spent many years aboard, traveling in Europe.

The bright sunshinc and the blue skics made it an admiral day for walking.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 48 and 49.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Sharing stories . . . Class members should, through their independent reading, become acquainted with other characters similar to Paul Bunyan; e.g., Bowleg Bill, Casey Jones, John Henry, and Joe Magarac. Encourage pupils to tell stories about the exploits of such characters with the goal of keeping their listeners completely engrossed in the tales. Refer pupils to the books listed in the Bibliography and to *Yankee Doodle Cousins*, by Anne Malcolmson, and *Heroes, Outlaws, and Funny Fellows of American Popular Tales*, by Olive Miller.

Creating imaginary animals . . . Have children recall that Larity speaks of the *hodag*, *sauger*, and *mince* which are purely imaginary animals. Ask children to name other imaginary creatures that they have read about; e.g., dodo, worry bird, gnome, gremlin. Encourage pupils "just for fun" to invent and tell about other new, imaginary animals. They may also draw pictures of the animals they have read about in this story and in other stories or that they have created in their own minds.

◀ PAGES 208-210 ▶

A Nautical Extravaganza

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

This poem will be enjoyed mainly because of its hilarious nonsense. The lines of "A Nautical Extravaganza" sing along like a good tune in the rhythm of a rocking boat, and the sound of the dialect blends in with the tune and makes reading or listening to the poem sheer fun.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Call attention to the background note and encourage comments on things that appeal to the children as funny. Comment on the humorous incidents in the preceding stories of this unit and suggest that amusing tales usually result from exaggerations, incongruous contrasts, surprises, or unusual twists of ordinary situations. Then tell the pupils that "A Nautical Extravaganza" is a poem which will amuse and surprise them.

Before pupils turn to the poem, the teacher might read the first two stanzas aloud, encouraging pupils to listen carefully for the dialect of the tired old tar and to note the "tune" in the rhythm of the lines. Then say, "The tired old tar, however, tells a surprising tale. Let's read the yarn he tells."

After the silent reading, encourage spontaneous reactions to the poem and clear up the meanings of such phrases as "in sooth" (truly), "fo'ard sail" (front sail), "spar" (mast), "veer" (change direction).

Help children interpret the humor in the following nonsense phrases:

- "jigger yer lights" (knock out your eyes)
- "murderin' lights" (my goodness!)
- "porthole glim" (small window)
- "wizzel me dead" (knock me down)
- "changin' her tack" (changing her direction)

Have pupils read the first and third lines of each stanza and find the rhyming words within the lines. Have several of these lines read aloud.

Though there are many humorous incidents which occur during the episode, the point of the poem lies in one big exaggeration. Lead pupils to see that the tar's tall yarn lies in the wind blowing everything off the ship and then blowing everything back again. Then elicit comments on other amusing parts of the poem, such as the sailor's wish to be able to tell a lie and his statement at the close of the poem that ". . . I ain't wuth a darn at spinnin' a yarn what wanders away from the truth."

ORAL INTERPRETATION

This selection must be read fluently and just for fun if it is to be enjoyed as a nonsense poem. Have several pupils read it and lead them to comment on how they think the old tar would have spun this yarn.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 50 of the THINK-AND-DO Book provides opportunity to extend awareness of the picturesque speech patterns with which authors frequently endow their characters.

Collecting "tall tales" . . . Suggest that the young people listen for exaggerations and "tall tales" in daily conversation. Hint that descrip-

tions of how big the fish was or how frightened the boy was sometimes lead to exaggerations; for example, one often hears, "the fish was as long as the boat," or "the boy was so frightened that his face turned white as a sheet." Pupils might also tell "tall tales" orally and spontaneously until they get the "feel" of them. The class members might try a group composition—round-robin style first; then individual yarns.

Creative writing . . . Some pupils may be interested in writing short limericks or nonsense poems of a similar type. Newspaper articles or everyday experiences may be suggested as sources for these exaggerated poems. Provide time for members of the class to share their selections.

Extension reading . . . There are many enjoyable collections of nonsense poems that children may be interested in locating and reading. Refer to the books listed in the Bibliographies at the back of the text and at the back of this GUIDEBOOK for excellent anthologies.

◀ PAGES 211-215 ▶

How Old Stormalong Whitened the Cliffs of Dover

PREPARING FOR READING

After the background note has been read, discussion may be stimulated by such questions as "What characteristics would you expect Stormalong to have? What does 'modern rival of Hercules' mean to you?" Elicit that the preceding stories in this unit have all been tales of supermen. Have pupils look at the pictures on pages 212 and 214 and encourage them to comment on the humor and exaggeration expressed in them.

Ask pupils to tell what they know about the white cliffs of Dover. They may mention or should be told that these cliffs on the coast of England are, in reality, chalk cliffs. Help boys and girls infer, from the title of the story, that the fact that the cliffs are chalky white has been used as an idea for a highly imaginative explanation of how Stormalong whitened them.

Mention that this story is written in the familiar storytelling pattern of this unit and suggest that as the children read, they pretend they are tired tars listening to an old sailor recount the humorous exploits of Stormalong, one of their favorite heroes.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After pupils have given their own reactions to the story and commented freely upon it, guide further discussion by such questions as "What fine 'crops' did Stormalong raise on his 'inland farm'? What was unusual about the great ship *Courser*? What explanation was made of how the cliffs of Dover were whitened? What caused poor old Stormalong's death?" Then suggest that pupils read aloud parts of the story that answer the questions above. Lead them to see that although their oral interpretation helped emphasize the exaggerations, the detailed figurative descriptions make the exaggerations seem even more fantastic.

Encourage discussion of ways in which the story "The Great Hunter of the Woods" is similar to "How Stormalong Whitened the Cliffs of Dover." Then invite pupils to tell whether the myths or the "tall tales" in Unit IV appealed to them more and to justify their opinions.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Noting variety in choice of words . . . To promote the ability to recognize the author's use of picturesque nautical terms in telling this tale, suggest that pupils skim the story and pick out all the words that are used to denote a sailor. The list may include: *salt, super-able seamen, bosun extra-peculiar, man that shipped before a mast, deep-water sailor, lookout, hands, men, crew*.

Continue with the descriptive words that are used to refer to the sea (*bottom, midocean, smells of the sea and the fo'c'sle, salt water, water, waves, oceans, free deep water*).

Encourage comments as to the effectiveness of the numerous descriptive phrases that give a "salty" air to the story. For example, "Stormie ordered all hands for'ard to hoist the mudhook," "with halyards leading down through a groove in the keel," "made fast by a double-running hitch under the binnacle and aft . . . to the cookstove."

Summarizing and organizing ideas . . . To promote the ability to plan and give interesting story and book reviews, suggest supplementing the retelling of the story with the reading of interesting passages. As preparation for this oral interpretation, have pupils note the colorful verbs that are used to emphasize the actions of Old Stormie and the movements of his men and ship.

Then suggest that the pupils study and discuss pages 211 and 212 and elicit that the first part describing Stormalong could be retold in their own words, whereas the two paragraphs beginning "Well, before you could say Jack Robinson" might well be read to the audience, since they give an example of the interesting manner in which the story is written. Pupils could continue the review by giving a brief oral description of Old Stormie's life on land and his taking over the *Courser*; by reading part of the descriptive details of the ship, and by telling about the storm that came up. They might conclude the review by reading the last two paragraphs to show how Old Stormalong whitened the cliffs of Dover.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 51 and 52.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Extension reading . . . Suggest that pupils read the chapters on Captain Stormalong in *Tall Tale America*, by Walter Blair, and the book *How Old Stormalong Captured Mocha Dick*, by Irwin Shapiro.

◀ PAGES 215-216 ▶

Storm Along, John!

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

The enjoyment of this old sea song will be enhanced if the teacher will completely familiarize herself with the work rhythm that the poem represents. She should bear in mind that as the chantey was sung, the sailors were doing some particular kind of work to the rhythm of the words. Note that lines 1 and 3, which carry the story idea, are sung by the chanteyman and that lines 2 and 4 are the refrain lines sung by the

sailors. To grasp the rhythm of the refrain lines, the teacher should remember that they were perhaps used to "set the tempo" for pulling ropes to lift the anchor or to hoist the sails. The teacher should practice the actual motions of "rope pulling" in time with the refrains, "To my way, hay, storm along, John!" and "To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Storm-along!"

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Have pupils recall the story of "How Old Stormalong Whitened the Cliffs of Dover" and the reference made in it to Stormalong having heard a chantey. Explain that the poem they are about to read is a chantey about Stormalong composed by a crew who knew the Stormalong story. Ask pupils to turn to the background notes and read what it says about chantneys.

After the background note has been read and discussed, the teacher might well read aloud the first two stanzas to the class to set the pattern for the work rhythm. After she has read them once, she should have the pupils use their hands to indicate the movement of the sailors pulling the rope. Suggest that pupils read the whole poem silently, keeping up the tempo of the pulling. Ask the children to notice, as they read, the lines that are spoken by the chanteyman and the lines that are sung by the crew. After the silent reading call attention to the fact that although Stormalong may have had a simple sea burial, the narrator speaks of a silver chain and spade and a shroud of finest silk. Lead pupils to infer that this is probably just one account of Old Stormalong's burial—the elaborate details merely indicate that from the sailors' point of view, nothing was too good for their "bosun." The teacher might suggest that the funeral details are so-called ballad conventions—everyone heroic receives a silver spade and a silk shroud burial. Then ask, "After the stories you have read about Stormalong describing his strength and daring, would you say that this funeral seems a fitting end for Stormalong?"

ORAL INTERPRETATION

For oral interpretation, four or five members of the class may be chosen to read the lines of the chanteyman, and the rest of the class may be the sailors and join in on the refrain lines. The pupils who form the

crew should practice fitting the actual motion of rope pulling to the tempo of the lines, with the teacher giving suggestions as needed. Make sure that the tempo of reading the lines fits the work rhythm the pupils are demonstrating with their hands.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 53 of the THINK-AND-DO Book presents an incredible tale of the meeting of Paul Bunyan and Old Stormie and their subsequent changing of jobs. The content of the page will bring forth chuckles as well as extend interest in these famous characters.

Hearing sea chanteys . . . Pupils should hear some of the work songs and sea chanteys in *Work and Sing*, by Elic Siegmeister, and *I Hear America Singing*, by Ruth A. Barnes.

Singing and dramatizing work songs . . . As a special activity pupils might locate the music for a work song and prepare to present it to other members of the class. "Blow the Man Down," which can be found in *I Hear America Singing*, is an example of "a hoisting chantey song" that has a special tune.

EXTENDING THE UNIT THEME

Sharing reading experiences . . . This unit was designed to stimulate young people to read more extensively. Frequent opportunity, therefore, should be given for sharing the stories and poems the pupils have read independently so that interest in fanciful tales will be further heightened.

Various projects may be attempted during these periods of sharing the stories—some pupils may draw pictures illustrating the characters or the climax of a myth; others may plan a dramatization of a "tall tale" or nonsense poem; another group may plan to retell a story with one pupil acting as the storyteller, but pausing occasionally while another child reads specific details from the book to enhance the retelling.

Comparing versions of stories . . . Tell the pupils that since "tall tales" and myths have been retold for several generations, various versions of a story may differ in style and detail. Suggest that the boys and girls select a myth or "tall tale" and read several different versions. Allow them to comment on and make comparisons of these to the class.

Pages 171-196 of this GUIDEBOOK
Unit V of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS . . .



Neighbors around the World

THIS UNIT . . . takes the reader to other lands where customs, clothing, language, and environment are different from our own. Yet the characters in the stories are neither remarkable nor queer; they are human and understandable, possessing, as all people do, both good and bad qualities. Emphasis on the common traits of worthy people, wherever they may live, rather than on the superficial differences of custom or environment is especially timely and useful today. These stories help awaken in the reader sympathy for and understanding of the fundamental similarities in neighbors around the world.

The foreign settings of the selections in this unit include the plains of Hungary, the fishing waters off the Lofoten Islands, the coast of Brittany, and the uplands of Luzon. Pupils are given glimpses of the interests, hopes, fears, and living conditions of some of the inhabitants of these faraway lands. In "A Borneo Boy Explores America" the

theme is reversed and pupils see how foreign our own country and customs might seem to one who came from another land.

The poem "On the Moon," which opens the unit, suggests the strangeness of distant or little-known lands, and the poem "Roadways," which closes it, suggests the lure which unfamiliar roadways may hold for the traveler.

INTRODUCING THE UNIT THEME

Ask pupils to turn to the table of contents of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS* for the title of the next unit and the titles of the unit stories. Then suggest that pupils turn to the stories and look at the pictures. Encourage comments as to where each story might take place and ask class members to tell what they know of the customs of the people who live in the places mentioned.

Ask what poem the class has read which mentions how modern inventions have shortened distances between points on the earth's surface. When pupils suggest "Sixty Hours Away," ask, "Why do modern inventions make it increasingly necessary for nations of the world to live together as neighbors?"

Stimulate further discussion of the real need for neighborliness among the people of the world by asking, "Why is it desirable for nations to be friendly?"

Suggest that everyone is more likely to be friendly toward those people and those ideas with which he is familiar. Ask, "In what ways can understanding between world neighbors be furthered?"; e.g., reading, seeing movies about people in other countries, listening to the music of composers of other countries, traveling, and being eager to learn about and accept the ways and customs of people who come from other countries or who seem different from us.

Before beginning this unit, the teacher should make a survey of slides, movies, and pictures that will help children visualize the settings of the various stories. She should make available copies of such magazines as *Junior Red Cross Journal*, *Travel*, and *The National Geographic Magazine*, as well as books and stories for extension reading. For a list of such books see pages 265-283 of this GUIDEBOOK and page 506 of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS*.

On the Moon

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

This imaginative poem is similar to "The Magnifying Glass" in that both are poems of speculation. In "The Magnifying Glass" the poet speculated on the world about him and concluded with the feeling that the magic glass brought everything so close he could even walk to the moon. In this poem, "On the Moon," the poet imagines she is actually on the moon and speculates on how the earth would look from that vantage point.

In preparing to teach this poem the teacher should read it aloud a few times to sense the poet's mood of wonder.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

To establish the mood of the poem ask pupils to look carefully at the picture on pages 218 and 219 and tell what they see and what they think the picture portrays. Be careful, however, to avoid too much discussion lest it destroy the imaginative mood. Since the poem speaks largely for itself, have pupils read it silently after studying the picture. Then have a member of the class read the second stanza aloud. Ask a pupil to explain why the earth would look bigger from the moon than the moon looks from the earth. Elicit that the poet has indicated that the earth is larger than the moon. (If some pupil with a scientific background suggests that the earth is not ten times bigger, tell him that he is correct and that four times larger is a more accurate statement.) Call attention to the last stanza of the poem and ask, "If we were moon children, why would the earth seem strange?"

ORAL INTERPRETATION

This poem is sufficiently short so that a number of class members may read it aloud. Encourage each volunteer to give his own interpretation, but lead the group to see that a quiet and meditative reading best interprets the mood of the selection.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 54 of the THINK-AND-DO BOOK encourages the reader to speculate on and to visualize some of the earth's wonders as they might appear if viewed from the moon.

Enjoying poetry . . . Pupils will enjoy hearing the teacher read "Stars," by Sara Teasdale, in *Silver Pennies*. Class members who especially like poetry might read *Stars Tonight; Verses New and Old for Boys and Girls*, by Sara Teasdale.

The teacher might also suggest that pupils look for other poems about the moon and stars to include in a bibliography for the bulletin board. The anthology *Stars to Steer By* is an excellent source to use. The poems "Crescent Moon," by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; "Silver," by Walter de la Mare; and many others may be found in *The Golden Flute*. "Moon Song," by Hilda Conkling, in *Silver Pennies*, is another fine poem for the class members to read and add to the bibliography.

Extension reading . . . Pupils who are interested in astronomy might read *The Stars for Sam*, by William Maxwell Reed; *Let's Look at the Stars*, by Edwin Brant Frost; *When the Stars Come Out*, by Robert H. Baker; and *Dipper Full of Stars*, by Lou Williams.

◀ PAGES 220-233 ▶

Cousin Kate from Budapest

PREPARING FOR READING

After pupils have read the title of this story tell them that it is taken from the well-known book *The Good Master*, by Kate Seredy. Have Hungary and the city of Budapest located on a wall map of Europe. Ask, "What interesting information have you heard or read about Hungary and its people?" Members of the class might mention, or the teacher might supply, such facts as these: crop raising and stock herding are important occupations in Hungary, most of the people live on farms or in small villages, there are few cities, and customs in the cities are very different from those in the rural areas.

Tell the class that the setting for this story is the great plains area that extends many miles south of Budapest. Refer pupils to the background note on page 482 and discuss briefly any of the author's books with which they are already familiar. Then ask a member of the class to read aloud the first paragraph of the story. Suggest that pupils finish reading the story to learn how Jancsi enjoyed the visit of Cousin Kate.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Because Cousin Kate is such an interesting character, attention should be centered on her in the initial discussion of the story. Ask, "In what ways did Cousin Kate surprise you? Would you enjoy having a cousin like her visit you? Why or why not?" Have pupils explain why Jancsi was so pleased when he was expecting Kate for a long visit. Class members should point out that Jancsi was lonesome on the ranch, that he was proud to have a cousin from the city come to visit, and that he expected his relative to be like a fairy princess.

Suggest that Jancsi had strange ideas about the world beyond the ranch and ask pupils why this was true. Then ask, "What were his ideas about Budapest and the people who lived there? Where did Jancsi get his notions about trains? Were you ever surprised when you saw something for the first time to learn that your ideas about it had been very strange? Tell us about your experience."

Next have pupils tell about Cousin Kate's introduction to Jancsi and his father. Continue the discussion by encouraging pupils to explain how the railroad guard's opinion of Kate was later borne out. As this explanation is made, pupils should point out the things Kate did and said that aroused Jancsi's anger. Conclude the discussion of Kate by asking such questions as: "How did Jancsi feel about Kate by the time she told her story to the family? What was his mother's attitude toward her? In what way did Jancsi's father and his Uncle Sandor agree about Kate? Would you agree with them? Why?"

Call attention to the fact that even though Jancsi and Kate lived in the same country they did not understand each other's customs. Ask, "Do people in every section of our country fully understand the problems and customs of those in every other section? What makes you think as you do?" Pupils may suggest, for example, that frequently those who live in

rural areas are unaware of the problems of those in city environments or that southern cotton farmers are unaware of the problems of the Great Plains farmers, and vice versa. Ask, "Why do you think 'Cousin Kate from Budapest' was selected for the unit 'Neighbors Around the World'?"

Call attention to the exceptionally fine descriptive language that the author uses to make her readers sense the sights and sounds of the Hungarian plains. Have children skim the story to find such examples as: "The poplars stood like solemn sentinels, whispering to the wind" (page 223); "a flock of honking geese slowly plodding across the street" (page 224); "immense grassy expanses . . . shimmering under the spring sun" (page 228). Have pupils examine the pictures and again skim the story for details about the traditional customs and styles of clothing of the people of rural Hungary.

If a copy of *The Good Master* is available, the teacher might read the last page and a half of the first chapter to the class. These paragraphs explain what Kate was contemplating in spite of her demure expression at the end of the story in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Interpreting figurative language . . . To promote the ability to recognize and appreciate figurative language, tell pupils that authors often describe one thing by comparing it to another thing. Ask them to look at page 221 to see if they can find a sentence in which some characteristic of a person is described in this way. When pupils have located "her voice would be like honey," write the words on the blackboard. Discuss the comparison made and be sure pupils understand that the sweetness of Cousin Kate's voice is compared to the sweetness of honey. Then call attention to and list other comparisons; for example:

- "poplars stood like solemn sentinels" (page 223)
- "Jancsi drove . . . like a king in a golden coach" (page 223)
- "clouds of white dust . . . were like star dust" (page 223)
- "houses . . . were like pearls" (pages 223-224)
- "eyes round and shiny like big black cherries" (page 224)
- "Kate, looking as meek as Moses" (page 225)
- "They were . . . like two little bantam roosters" (page 226)
- "she squirmed like a 'bag of screaming monkeys'" (page 227)

Be sure pupils understand what qualities are compared in each instance.

Structural and phonetic analysis . . . This lesson is designed to promote the ability to determine the structure of a word and to apply phonetic analysis to the root word or syllables within a word so as to determine its pronunciation. First write the following sentences on the blackboard, underlining the boldface words.

After the flood, *allotments* of food were sent by airplane to the people in the *remote* town.

The *beacon* light helped the *baffled* pilot bring the plane in safely.

The *nomad* tribes moved from place to place *unmolested*.

The *wrestler* had no *intention* of losing the match.

The soldiers' *resourcefulness* helped them *evade* the enemy.

Have pupils read the first sentence and point out the first underlined word. Ask, "Do you see a familiar suffix on this word? Do you think there is a root word? Where do you think the first syllable in the root word ends? What makes you think so? Pronounce the root word. Which syllable did you accent?" Have pupils pronounce the whole word. Then ask, "What do you think this word means?" Point to *remote* and ask pupils to pronounce it and tell whether they recognize a root word in it. Then have pupils read the whole sentence. Ask, "Do these words fit into the meaning of the sentence?" Continue with the other sentences.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 55 and 56.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Planning an exhibit . . . Pupils may prepare an exhibit of "Handicrafts of Our Neighbors Around the World." This may include such objects as toys, articles made of cloth, pottery, metal pieces, and other items which class members may have at home. Each item should be labeled with a card telling the name of the owner, where the article came from, and any interesting notes about it.

Writing a business letter . . . A committee might be selected to write to The Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., 485 Madison Avenue, New York City; The National Broadcasting Company, Radio City, New York City; or any other national or regional broadcasting stations to obtain information about forthcoming programs devoted to various aspects of the lives and activities of people in other countries.

Creative art . . . Pupils may be encouraged to draw or paint pictures showing typical activities of the people in each country described in this unit. Members of the class who are especially interested in clay work may be given an opportunity to model figures representing story characters. As an additional activity, the girls may enjoy dressing dolls in costumes similar to the ones worn by the characters that have been read about in the unit. The pictures, clay figures, and dolls might be grouped according to the countries they represent and displayed in a class or school-hall exhibit.

Planning a Fair . . . At this point, encourage pupils to plan for a "World Neighbor Fair" to be observed at the close of the unit. Have them suggest how they might acquaint themselves with aspects of life in a foreign country; e.g., by sharing reading experiences; by studying pictures and photographs; by collecting magazine and newspaper clippings about world neighbors; by hearing phonograph recordings of the folk songs and musical instruments of various countries; by learning some of the simple folk dances; by finding out about some of the national dishes of other lands, particularly holiday foods; and by seeing examples, either first-hand or in motion pictures or photographs, of the artistic skill and craftsmanship of other nationalities.

Extension reading . . . Call pupils' attention to the Bibliography on page 506 of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS*. In addition to *The Good Master*, seventh-graders may wish to read *The Singing Tree*, by Kate Seredy. *Dobry*, by Monica Shannon, the story of a Bulgarian peasant family, might be read as a contrast to the Hungarian story, *The Good Master*. Pupils may also be interested in *A Home for Keeps*, by Mary Virginia Provines, which is a story of two American children who move from a city to a ranch. Also call attention to those books in the Bibliography on pages 265-283 of this GUIDEBOOK that are available in the classroom library.

Wide reading of books, magazine articles, and travel folders about life in other lands may be stimulated by letting pupils make a class scrap-book in which they can place book reviews, riddles about popular book characters, and sketches that they have prepared about their favorite books. From the outset, these materials should be grouped in the scrap-book according to countries.

Lofoten Adventure

PREPARING FOR READING

An examination and discussion of the pictures on pages 234, 235, and 238 of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS* will serve to arouse pupils' interest in the selection. Give adequate time for the careful study of these pictures and then guide the conversation by asking, "What clues did you find to help you determine the setting of the selection? What do you think this selection is about?"

Have the Lofoten Islands located on a wall map of Europe. Explain that the Lofotens are from forty to sixty miles off the coast of Norway and that they are very rugged and have deeply indented coasts. Ask, "What would you expect the chief industry of the islands to be? Why should a group of Norwegian fishermen be considered our neighbors?"

Have pupils read the background note for the account on page 483. Ask, "How does this selection differ from the one Miss Seredy wrote about Hungary?" Elicit that this is a factual account in which Miss James tells of things that actually happened in the Lofoten Islands, whereas Miss Seredy simply used some of her own experiences as the foundation for her story—not all the events she mentioned were necessarily true.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Because this selection contains unusual information and because readers vary widely in their interests, pupils may or may not agree that Miss James' trip was an adventure. Pupils should be given an opportunity to mention passages in the account which support their viewpoints. Have a member of the class look up the word *adventure* in the dictionary and read its several meanings to the group. Ask pupils to select the meaning Miss James chose to illustrate by her story. Pupils will probably conclude that she used *adventure* to mean an unusual experience.

After this discussion, suggest that the author, in describing her visit to the Lofotens, paints vivid word pictures. Lead pupils to recall several of

these; e.g., "Outlined against a background of the flashing aurora borealis" (page 234), "Already the crooked, snow-covered streets were crowded with husky Norsemen in dark woolens or shiny yellow oilskins" (page 235). List on the blackboard captions for the word pictures suggested and when the list is completed, encourage class members to describe the pictures fully. If important details are omitted, have pupils refer to the selection.

Direct attention to the fishing trip by asking, "Would you like to be a member of a fishing crew similar to the one Miss James accompanied? Why or why not?" In the ensuing discussion lead pupils to include such disadvantages as long hours, hard work, bitter cold, and the dangers of the sea; and such advantages as membership in a jolly crew, the excitement of fighting against wind and waves, and the thrill of a big catch. When reference is made to the catch, have pupils clarify the meaning of the phrase "owned 'lots' in the boat as crew." Continue the discussion by having pupils describe a few details of the fishing expedition.

Lead children to summarize the information given about cod by asking such questions as: "In what ways were cod prepared for market? To what countries did the Lofotens export cod? How would you explain the statement, 'Nothing was wasted'? How were the different parts of the fish used? Why is Lofoten cod-liver oil of such fine quality? Why are the fiords of the Lofotens good places for the cod to spawn?" Focus attention upon the methods used by the Norwegian government to aid fishermen and to promote fairness in the cod industry. Ask, "How did Norway regulate the cod industry? What institutions were established to aid the fishermen?" In concluding the discussion of the story, ask what qualities the Lofoten fishermen had that would make people admire them.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Evaluating ideas . . . The following procedures are designed to promote the ability to evaluate the validity of generalizations and to develop an awareness of the need for sufficient evidence as a basis for drawing sound conclusions.

Lead pupils to recall the story "Tony's Hobby" in Unit I of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS*. Then say, "Suppose a boy from Norway read this story. If that were the only story he had ever read about life in the United States, he might get some ideas about our country that would not be entirely correct. He might decide, for example, that all seventh-graders

attend junior high schools. Why would this idea be an inaccurate one?" Discuss this last question with pupils and then ask them to give other incorrect ideas that a foreign boy might get after reading the one story "Tony's Hobby." Lead pupils to evaluate the accuracy of each idea suggested. Ideas such as the following might be considered.

Pupils in the United States who don't do their homework have to stay forty-five minutes after school.

Almost every pupil in the United States has a hobby.

As pupils evaluate the correctness of such statements, develop the idea that the statements refer only to life in a particular school and district in the United States. Then lead them to see that these statements might have to be changed somewhat to be accurate about even one section of our country.

Develop the idea with pupils that they, too, may get wrong or incomplete ideas of life in a foreign country after reading but one or two stories or articles about that country. For example, have them examine the following ideas about life in Norway that might be gained on the basis of reading the one selection, "Lofoten Adventure."

Cod is the only kind of fish caught in Norway.

There are few women in Norway.

Norwegian cities and hamlets are built around fiords.

There are few trees in Norway.

Most men in Norway earn their living in the fishing industry.

All fishing villages have cod-liver oil plants.

In the discussion of these ideas, emphasize that though they may or may not be true, one story does not give enough information or evidence to help in deciding whether or not they are true. Ask, "Where would you go to get more information about Norway? Which might give you more detailed and accurate information, storybooks or reference books? Why? Which might help you feel that you were really becoming acquainted with the people of the country?"

Summarizing ideas in outline form . . . The first part of this lesson is designed to develop pupils' ability to identify main ideas. Suggest that the story "Lofoten Adventure" gives much information about the Norwegian codfish industry before the war and write this topic on the blackboard as a title. Remind the class that Miss James makes it clear

that the war interrupted the industry and that she gives no information about it since that time. Then have pupils skim "Lofoten Adventure" to determine the main ideas about the codfish industry that the author discussed. The teacher should write pupils' suggestions on the blackboard as topics under the title. The list of main topics should include:

The Norwegian Codfish Industry Before the War

- I. How the fishermen prepared for the fishing season
- II. How the fishermen were housed during the fishing season
- III. Why cod were plentiful in the Lofoten region
- IV. How the government regulated the cod industry
- V. How the fishermen caught cod
- VI. How the Norwegians prepared cod for market

The second part of this lesson is designed to promote the ability to identify relationships between main and subordinate ideas. The teacher should write the first main topic on the blackboard and ask pupils to suggest appropriate subtopics to place under it. Each suggestion should be evaluated by the members of the class to be sure that it really explains how Lofoten fishermen prepared for the fishing season. This same procedure should be continued with the other main topics.

The final outline should be similar to the following one:

The Norwegian Codfish Industry Before the War

- I. How the fishermen prepared for the fishing season
 - A. Gathered in the Lofoten Islands
 - B. Found living quarters
 - C. Mended nets, arranged for bait, and readied boats
- II. How the fishermen were housed during the fishing season
 - A. Lived on their own boats
 - B. Bunked with relatives or friends
 - C. Lived in rooming houses
 - D. Lived in *rorbus*
- III. Why cod were plentiful in the Lofoten region
 - A. Came to spawn in the warm Lofoten fiords
 - B. Found abundant food there
- IV. How the government regulated the cod industry
 - A. Set up special courts to settle disputes regarding fishing rights
 - B. Allotted certain areas of sea to net fishermen, other areas to hook-and-line fishermen
 - C. Gave special signals for fishing boats to set out and to return
 - D. Patrolled the seas and enforced fishing rules

- V. How the fishermen caught cod
- A. Placed baited lines in parallel positions across the sea and anchored them to the buoys
 - B. Hauled up the weighted lines to which the trotline was attached
 - C. Snapped each hook loose as the cod flopped on the deck
- VI. How the Norwegians prepared cod for market
- A. Cleaned cod on fishing boats as they returned to port
 - B. Packed early catchies in ice for shipment abroad
 - C. Cut tongues from fish heads and smoked them
 - D. Dried heads for food for cattle
 - E. Made some cod into clipfish
 - F. Dried some cod for shipment abroad
 - G. Made cod-liver oil from the livers

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use page 57.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Using reference materials . . . Some pupils may be interested in learning such facts about the codfish industry as: regions where codfishing is important, different methods used in catching and preparing fish for market, government regulations in regard to codfishing, and uses of the fish. For such information pupils may use encyclopedias, geographies, magazine articles, and other reference materials. Time should be provided for these pupils to report their findings to the class.

Enjoying poetry . . . If the poem "The Sea Wolf," by Violet McDougal, is available, the teacher may read aloud this account of an amusing superstition among early fishermen. The poem may be found in *My Poetry Book*.

Enjoying riddles . . . A committee of pupils may choose selections from *Riddles Around the World*, a collection by Otto Zoff, and present them during a class period for other members of the group to answer.

Extension reading . . . Call pupils' attention to the library books mentioned on page 506 of *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS* and ask them to cite the ones that would probably give information about Norway. Seventh-graders might also enjoy *The Gulf Stream*, by Ruth Brindze; *Deep Silver*, by Nora Burgleon; *Out of the Net*, by Mary D. Edmonds; and *Pirates of Icy Strait*, by Margaret Bell.

Farmer of Paimpol

PREPARING FOR READING

In informal conversation have pupils distinguish between fiction and nonfiction in literature. Encourage them to cite examples of each, using material they have already read in *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS*. Among the nonfiction selections, class members should mention "Life Raft," "Lofoten Adventure," and "Sound-Effects Man." Ask pupils to read the background note for "Farmer of Paimpol" on page 484 to decide whether this selection is fiction or nonfiction.

Call pupils' attention to the fact that in "Lofoten Adventure" the Norwegian fishermen were so near the fishing grounds that they went out from the islands each day. Ask the class to read page 241 to find out how long the fishermen in "Farmer of Paimpol" were gone on one fishing trip (six months). Then ask, "Why do you think they were gone so long?" Have a pupil locate Brittany on a wall map and tell the class that the Breton fishing fleet in the story operated from there. After another pupil has located Iceland, ask members of the class to estimate the distance between Brittany and Iceland.

Explain to pupils that young Perrik, the main character in this story, wanted more than anything else to go with the fishing fleet to Iceland; yet it was his lot to be a farmer. Suggest that pupils read the story to learn the important discovery he made while he stayed at home.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Begin the discussion by asking, "What was Perrik's first reaction to the situation in which he found himself?" Pupils may suggest his bitter disappointment because he couldn't go to sea. Then elicit that this story tells how Perrik reconciled his desire to go to sea with the necessity for staying at home. Direct pupils to find and read the first lines which indicate Perrik's change of heart ("... something new began to swell in his heart," page 245). Then ask, "Was Perrik eventually reconciled to

his rôle as a stay-at-home worker? What factors contributed to his change of heart?"

To help pupils locate material to verify a specific point, have them skim the story and cite examples of how Perrik proved his value as a "Farmer of Paimpol." Then lead pupils to describe the long, hard trip of the fishermen and contrast their hardships with the equally heavy burden of those who stayed at home to watch and wait.

Through discussion clarify pupils' understanding of such phrases as these: "ships would toss and groan in laboring seas" (page 241); "dark, foam-laced waters" (page 244); "the stern Breton coast began to blossom into lines of gentleness" (page 245); and "the first sting of Perrik's disappointment was past" (page 246).

Conclude the discussion of the story by asking, "Would you consider Perrik a hero? Why or why not? What message, if any, do you think the author has for the reader?"

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Using pronunciation keys . . . In some instances different diacritical marks are used in different dictionaries to represent the same sound. Pupils should not be expected to memorize a certain pronunciation key; rather, they should be expected to grow in their ability to use pronunciation keys. Since vowel sounds in accented syllables are pronounced more distinctly than those in unaccented syllables, the exercise below presents only the diacritical marks which are commonly used in accented syllables. Write the following on the blackboard:

hat, āge, cāre, fär; it, īce; hot, öpen, örder	
ban'dij	fä'r'i
fôl	gât
fol'ō	in vît'
in tend'	dîs kärd'
āte, râre, cât, fär; bîte, pîn; nô, ôr, tôp	
bän'dij	fär'i
fôl	gât
fol'ō	în vît'
în tênd'	dîs kärd'

Explain to the pupils that in some instances different symbols are used in different glossaries or dictionaries to represent the same sound. Compare the two keys given above. Lead the pupils to observe that although different key words and in some cases different diacritical marks are used, the vowel sounds that are indicated are the same in both keys. Using the first key, have pupils look at the first pronunciation in the list below it, tell what two key words indicate the two vowel sounds in the word and what syllable is accented. Then have them pronounce the word. Write the word *bandage* in front of the pronunciation. Repeat with the second key, again writing the word *bandage* before its pronunciation. Continue in like manner with the other pronunciations, having pupils use both keys.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 58 and 59.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Dramatizing a story . . . As preparation for dramatizing "Farmer of Paimpol" or using it for a radio script, have pupils read the story aloud. Then ask members of the class to suggest the five main parts, or scenes, into which the story quite naturally divides. Write on the blackboard various suggestions that the pupils offer and encourage discussion and evaluation of these. Eventually, the scenes decided upon should be:

Scene I —Perrik and Madame Guélou watch the ships sail.

Scene II —Monsieur Yffiniac comes to treat Madaine's sick cow.

Scene III—Madame Guélou makes a pilgrimage to St. Loup le Petit.

Scene IV—Perrik warns *La Paimpolaise*.

Scene V —Yann meets Perrik at the harbor.

Before pupils dramatize the story as a whole, ask volunteers to act out each of the scenes that have been suggested. Encourage pupils to keep the action of the story moving, to use both original conversation and appropriate expressions from the story, and to speak as they think the story characters would.

Extension reading . . . The story "Farmer of Paimpol" should encourage children to read many of the good books now available about our European neighbors; for example, *Wind Island*, by Hedvig Collin. For seventh-graders who enjoy easy books there is *The Wishing Window*,

by Hortense Flexner; *The Village That Learned to Read*, by Elizabeth Kent Tarshis; and *A Norwegian Farm*, by Fru Marie Hamsun. During this unit the teacher will find the book list, *Treasure for the Taking*, by Anne Thaxter Eaton, particularly helpful in indicating recent publications. Also call attention to those books in the Bibliography on pages 265-283 of this GUIDEBOOK that are available in the classroom library.

◀ PAGES 250-259 ▶

The Horse of the Sword

PREPARING FOR READING

In informal conversation encourage pupils to contribute any interesting information they know about the Philippine Islands. After a brief discussion tell pupils that the setting of the story "The Horse of the Sword" is Luzon, the chief island of the Philippine group. Have a pupil locate these islands on a wall map, pointing out their position in relation to the Hawaiian Islands, California, and Australia. Suggest that pupils read the background note on page 484 to find why the author chose the Philippines as a setting for his story.

Mention that in this story pupils will find the characters much like the people of our own country. Suggest that Maning might easily be one of their own American friends telling his experiences. Next ask a member of the class to read aloud the first two paragraphs on page 250. Then have pupils read the story to find out which horse trader's prophecy came true.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Initiate discussion of the story by encouraging comments on the old horse trader's prophecy and how it came true. Then ask what kind of boy Maning was. Elicit that he was persistent in securing and in training the horse he wanted, he was eager to defeat the boasting horse owners, but he was more interested in Moro Glory's safety than in winning the race.

Then ask, "What did you like best about Maning? Would you like to have him for a neighbor?" Pupils' opinions may vary, and the judgments of all should be respected. Encourage pupils to point out ways in which Maning seemed like boys they know; e.g., he was a member of his school track team, he insisted on his father's carrying out the agreement, he felt guilty about disobeying his mother, he loved his horse, and he was excited about his participation in the race.

Direct attention to the story plot by asking such questions as, "Why was Maning given a horse? What were the opinions about the horse the boy selected? How did Maning train his 'Horse of the Sword'? Why was the horse so named? Why was the boy anxious to enter the *Feria* races? What attempt was made to keep Maning from entering the race?" Ask pupils to explain just how Moro Glory proved himself "'a true mount for a chieftain'" and "'a free man's fighting horse.'"

When reference is made to the illustrations, have pupils tell which parts of the pictures clearly indicate a foreign land. If necessary, have class members refer to the pictures on pages 253 and 256-257. Lead pupils to mention the kind of trees, the houses, the clothing, and the different nationalities shown.

Finally have someone read orally the last two paragraphs on page 259. Conclude the discussion of the story by encouraging comments about the meaning of these paragraphs.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Identifying a story setting . . . To promote awareness of details that aid in determining a story setting, have pupils point out unusual words or phrases in this story that indicate that the action does not take place in the United States; e.g., "Luzon uplands" (page 250), "old Philippine horse traders" (page 250), "pesos" (page 251), "language of the Tinggians" (page 252), "'Kip'h'" (page 253), "'Moro Glorioso'" (page 254), "'the *Feria* races'" (page 254), and "barrio" (page 254). List the words and phrases on the blackboard as they are suggested.

Recognizing figurative language . . . Pupils' understanding and appreciation of the author's use of figurative language may be strengthened by asking them to cite examples of Mr. Buaken's numerous descriptive phrases referring to horses in the story. Ask pupils also to indicate the

name of the horse described and write their suggestions on the blackboard. Pupils may suggest some of the following. Page numbers have been indicated for the convenience of the teacher:

- "this outlaw colt" (Moro Glory) (page 251)
- "untamable outlaw" (Moro Glory) (page 252)
- "a raging outlaw" (Moro Glory) (page 252)
- "a miracle of glossy horseflesh" (Moro Glory) (pages 252-253)
- "The Horse of the Sword" (Moro Glory) (page 254)
- "a gleaming sorrel" (Allahsan) (page 255)
- "a silver-white horse" (Purao) (page 255)
- "the black satin horse" (Katarman) (page 255)
- "the black thunder horse" (Katarman) (page 258)

Next ask pupils to select from the list on the board the phrases that represent the use of figurative language, that is, that contain words not used in their exact or literal meanings. In cases where members of the class disagree with the following choice of phrases, allow time for pupils to interpret different viewpoints: "a silver-white horse," "the black satin horse," "this outlaw colt," "untamable outlaw," "a raging outlaw," "The Horse of the Sword," and "the black thunder horse."

Using pronunciation keys . . . To promote the ability to use pronunciation keys, write on the blackboard the keys and lists of words given below. Compare the two keys, leading pupils to note that the keys present the same seven vowel sounds. Then have pupils say the pronunciations given below each key.

let, bē, tērm; cup, püt, rüle, üse

hed	blud	fūz	fēld	sē	chērn
lāk	hük	gruf	büt	belt	spün
gērl	lüp	lüs	bērn	küb	kük
		ēve, čnd; cübe, bürn, üp; fōod, fōot ¹			
lēf	lūrn	pōot	yōoth	twūrl	tūrn
lěft	püp	tōoth	skwūrm	pür	stěp
üz	rōom	trük	tēm	blüd	tē

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 60, 61, and 62.

¹ By permission. From Webster's *Elementary Dictionary*, A Dictionary for Boys and Girls, copyright, 1935, 1941, 1945, by G. & C. Merriam Company.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Creative art . . . Pupils interested in art might be encouraged to draw or paint pictures to illustrate the story or to sketch other famous horses about which they have read. A collection of the pupils' creative work might be used as an exhibit for the classroom.

Extension reading . . . Pupils who enjoy stories about horses might like *Smoky, the Cow Horse* and *Scorpion*, by Will James; *Big Red*, by C. W. Anderson; *My Friend Flicka* and *Thunderhead*, by Mary O'Hara; and *The Black Stallion*, by Walter Farley. *Ocean Outposts*, by Helen Follett, gives interesting information about the Philippine Islands. Better readers might read *They Were Expendable*, by William Lindsay White, and *Call It Courage*, by Armstrong Sperry.

◀ PAGES 260-269 ▶

A Borneo Boy Explores America

PREPARING FOR READING

Have pupils turn to page 260 and read the title of the next selection. Ask, "What do you think we might explore in America?" Elicit that many persons spend their vacations exploring places unfamiliar to them; people sometimes explore cities by taking streetcar and bus rides; and people often explore new neighborhoods by going on bicycle trips or walks. Explain that to someone from another country and a very different environment, exploring America is even more fascinating than to those of us who live here. Suggest that the Borneo boy found this to be true.

Next have a pupil locate Borneo on a wall map of the world and allow members of the class to tell anything of interest that they may know about the island. Explain that Saudin, the Borneo boy, was a native of a small village in the interior of Borneo and that on his arrival in America his first adventures were in New York City.

Ask members of the class to mention what things in New York City might surprise a native of Borneo. Write pupils' suggestions on the black-

board and tell them that after reading the selection they can compare their list with the incidents in "A Borneo Boy Explores America."

Suggest that the class read the background note on page 485 before reading to find out about Saudin's experiences in New York City.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading guide the discussion of Saudin's experiences in New York City and compare the surprising things he saw with those written on the blackboard. Give pupils an opportunity to tell what most surprised them in Saudin's report of his visit. Ask, "How did Saudin's idea of the size of cities change?" If necessary, have the first paragraph of the story reread. Direct attention to the route which Saudin and his party took to America by having pupils skim the first three pages of the story to find the names of the places Saudin mentioned. As these places are named, the teacher should list them in order on the blackboard. Have a pupil use this list to trace the route on a wall map of the world. Encourage other members of the class to mention things of interest that Saudin told about these various places.

To check comprehension further, ask such questions as: "Why did Saudin go to America? How was he able to pass his entrance test in reading? What was Saudin's explanation of why there were so many names in lights? What is their real purpose? What was his explanation for riding on trains? Why was he surprised at women's winter clothing? Why did he prefer flying in Borneo to flying in the United States?"

There are many unusual ideas and expressions in this story. To make pupils more aware of these, write the following words on the blackboard, omitting the page numbers included here to indicate for the teacher where Saudin's descriptions may be found: *fog* (page 260), *ice* (page 261), *New York City* (page 263), *elevator* (page 263), *neon lights* (page 265), *applause* (page 266), *Automat* (page 266), and *silverware* (page 267). Ask pupils to skim the story to find the sentence which Saudin uses to express his reaction to each. Have the sentences read aloud.

Lead pupils to reflect on Saudin's character by asking, "What qualities did the Borneo boy possess that you would like a friend of yours to have?" Ask, "Why do you think Saudin said, 'never will I forget America'? Do you think life in Borneo would seem as strange to you as life in America seemed to Saudin? Why?"

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Justifying statements . . . To extend ability to justify statements on the basis of ideas gained from reading, ask pupils to find and read aloud sentences in the story to justify each of the statements below. Page numbers in parentheses indicate for the teacher the pages which pupils may use in justifying the statements.

Martin Johnson was sincerely interested in Saudin's welfare. (pages 262, 264, 266, 268)

Saudin had learned that cleanliness is a part of a sound health program. (page 263)

The Borneo boy found New York City entertaining. (pages 263, 264, 265, 266, 268)

Sometimes Saudin did not enjoy his American meals. (page 267)

Saudin will always remember Mr. Johnson. (page 269)

Using pronunciation keys . . . Suggestions for presenting the pronunciation keys used in three different dictionaries are given below. The teacher should present all three keys.

With the *Thorndike-Century Junior Dictionary* (Revised Edition), have pupils turn to page 3 and find the pronunciation key. Have them compare this key with the one in the Glossary in *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS*. When pupils note that the two keys use the same symbols for the same vowel sounds, have them turn to another page in the dictionary, find the key, and work out the pronunciation of a few words on the page.

With *Webster's Elementary Dictionary* have pupils turn to page 1 and find the pronunciation key. First call attention to the sounds of *a* that are used in accented syllables; i.e., *āle*, *cāre*, *ādd*, *ārm*, and *āsk*.¹ Then explain that if long *a* is used in an unaccented syllable, it is marked as it is in *chāotic*. A chart¹ showing paired symbols and their relation to accented and unaccented syllables will help pupils use this key; for example:

Accented	Unaccented	Accented	Unaccented
āle	chāotic	ill	charīty
ādd	āccount	ōld	ōbey
āsk	sofā	ōdd	cōnnect
ēve	ēvent	cūbe	ūnite
ěnd	silēnt	üp	circūs

¹ By permission. From *Webster's Elementary Dictionary, A Dictionary for Boys and Girls*, copyright, 1935, 1941, 1945, by G. & C. Merriam Company.

Lead pupils to observe that the symbol - is used for a long vowel sound in an accented syllable and - in an unaccented syllable. Also point out that if a short vowel sound is used in an unaccented syllable, the letter is printed in italics.

Discuss with the pupils the other symbols listed in the pronunciation key. Then see if they can derive the pronunciation of *absolute*, *absorbent*, and *abstain* through the use of the pronunciation key. Have them turn to another page and derive the pronunciation of several words.

With *Winston Simplified Dictionary for Schools*, follow the general procedure suggested above, comparing the symbols generally used for accented and unaccented syllables; e.g., ā, ā; ā, ā.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 63, 64, and 65.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Using reference materials . . . A committee of volunteers from the class might try to solve this problem: As Saudin traveled from one city to another, each seemed larger than the one before. Was this actually true, according to population figures, or was this merely Saudin's impression? The teacher may suggest that the pupils use a world almanac and an encyclopedia, first reviewing the story and making a list of the cities in the order in which Saudin visited them. The teacher may find the committee's report similar to the following list:

City	Population
Kampong Ambual	30
Sandakan	13,826
Singapore	769,216
Columbo	284,155
Capetown	173,412
Dakar	76,100
New York City	7,454,995

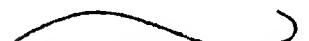
Extension reading . . . Pupils who have found Saudin's account entertaining might enjoy *Golden Gate*, by Valenti Angelo, the adventures of an Italian boy who comes to make a new home in America; and *Paradise Valley*, by the same author. For contrast, pupils might read *Wonderful Voyage*, by Ruth Holberg, in which some children go on a whaling expedition with their father.

Roadways

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

In this poem as in numerous others, John Masefield voices his intense love of the sea. All poetry carries sound, but in "Roadways" the reader's problem is to express the tone color. The teacher should analyze her own reactions as she reads the poem aloud. She may need to read it several times, asking herself how strongly she can feel the smooth roll of the waves and the constant rhythm of the sea. She must feel the pulse of the waves, as, for example, in such lines as: "Leads me, lures me, calls me" and "My road calls me, lures me."

If a line could be used to show the rolling rhythm of the first two stanzas, it might be drawn like this:



One road leads to London,
One road runs to Wales;
My road leads me seawards

The almost staccato pulse of the waves in each of the last lines of the first two stanzas might be shown by:



To the white dipping sails. and Where the bronzed sailors go.

The third stanza returns to the easy, rolling cadence that flows from one line to the next. In the fourth stanza the accented pulse of the waves is felt again in "The salt spray in my eyes." The remainder of the poem repeats the smooth movement of the fluid rhythm.

The teacher may find after she has read the poem several times that her interpretation differs from the one given here. Several interpretations are possible, of course, and the teacher is ready to present the poem to her class when she is confident of her ability to convey to her listeners her own reaction to the poem.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Have pupils turn to page 486 of *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS* and read the background note for "Roadways." Tell pupils that throughout the poem Masefield has presented first the rolling rhythm of the waves and then the rise of the waves, as in the lines "To the white dipping sails." The teacher might read the first two stanzas aloud so that pupils can recognize these two variations in rhythm.

After the class has read the poem silently, call attention to the fourth stanza, whose rhythm is like that of the first two, while the third, fifth, and sixth stanzas are presented entirely in the smooth, rolling rhythm used in the first line.

Ask, "How has Masefield drawn a strong contrast between *his* roadway and the roadways of other men?" Elicit that he describes other roads in such matter-of-fact statements as, "One road leads to London, One road runs to Wales" and "One road leads to the river"; but for *his* roadway he uses descriptive words that are colorful and exciting. Have pupils mention the word pictures that the poet portrays; e.g., "white dipping sails," "bronzed sailors," "green tossing sea," and the "mad salt sea-wind."

Then ask, "What lines in the poem prove that Masefield loves the sea?" Pupils may suggest, "Leads me, lures me, calls me"; "A road without earth's road-dust Is the right road for me"; etc.

Ask pupils why they think this poem was selected to conclude the unit based on the theme "Neighbors Around the World." Bring out in the discussion that John Masefield implies that distant places are interesting and attractive and that the poem conveys the spirit of adventure that has always led some people to far parts of the world.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

The teacher should read the whole poem aloud to establish the different examples of rhythmic flow and tone color. Be sure pupils feel this rhythm before asking them to read the poem orally.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Creative expression . . . The teacher may wish to use the ideas presented in answer to the question "Where does your road lead?" as an

incentive to creative writing. Some pupils may wish to write their answers in poetry while others will prefer prose. Allow time for pupils to share the results of their writing with the class.

Enjoying poetry . . . Pupils might like to hear and compare the ideas of "Cargoes," by John Masefield, in *Silver Pennies*, with those in the poem "A Sea Song," by Allan Cunningham, in *Rainbow in the Sky*. The teacher of mature groups may find that her class would like to hear a part of Masefield's famous "Dauber," referred to in the background notes. An excerpt of this, which is called "Rounding the Horn," may be found in *Modern American and British Poetry*. "Neighbors" and "Other Children," by Helen Wing, from *The Golden Flute*, are other poems the children may enjoy reading.

There are many poems that can be read to music with great effectiveness. For example, "Fingal's Cave," by Felix Mendelssohn, has the same rhythm as the opening lines of "Dover Beach," by Matthew Arnold. In both, the listener hears the wave as it gathers, rises slowly, and breaks tremendously; retreats, gathers, breaks; retreats, gathers, breaks. Have a group of pupils try the poem and music together—they will readily see how the rhythms harmonize. Encourage pupils to find other music that makes an appropriate background for a poem they know and let them try fitting the two together.

EXTENDING THE UNIT THEME

A World Neighbor Fair . . . Give pupils an opportunity at the close of the unit to talk over informally the ideas that they have for a "World Neighbor Fair." (See page 178 of this GUIDEBOOK.) This discussion should culminate with definite decisions about the various ways in which individuals or groups in the class can participate in the Fair.

After making definite plans for their World Neighbor Fair, pupils should be allowed time for final preparations. A planning committee might be appointed to arrange a time and a place for the Fair. Subcommittees might handle details of decorations for individual booths, the production of skits, and the planning of folk dances, native songs, and a parade of nations with participants dressed in the holiday costumes of countries they represent.



Nature Adventures

THROUGH THE AGES . . . man has received inspiration from the beauties and wonders of nature; he has found helpful workers, companionship, and an opportunity for study in the fascinating world of animal life. Some of the stories in this unit reveal glimpses of animals and men as they fight to exist in the menacing and picturesque outdoors. The settings of the stories vary from the Antarctic region of cold and silence to the South African veld of heat, strange animals, and weird sounds. In "A Dog Named Spike" pupils can readily admire the loyalty and courage that Spike showed in his fight to survive and to save his masters in the Antarctic. The beauty, terror, and drama of animal life pulses through the stories "Blue Duiker" and "Ungor Guards the Flock," both of which describe the struggle for survival among wild creatures. Also included in this unit, "Nature Adventures," are appealing first-hand accounts by Osa

Johnson, Agnes Atkinson, and Raymond Ditmars, describing their experiences with animals as pets and as objects for study.

Love of the outdoor world coupled with awe at its mystical beauty are reflected in the poems of this unit. In brief lines about the sea, the stars, and the trees, the poets express the universal feelings of man as he contemplates the wonders of nature.

There is much accurate information about the world of nature in the episodes presented, and the readers will undoubtedly wish to follow up some of the many leads that are given into the field of informational reading. The breath-taking adventures and intriguing descriptions in the selections in this unit will also encourage pupils to read some of the many fine books about animals and the wonders of nature that line the shelves of most libraries.

INTRODUCING THE UNIT THEME

To introduce the unit encourage members of the class to talk about experiences they have had with pets or wild animals. Guide the discussion in such a way that pupils emphasize the usefulness of animals, the qualities of devotion, courage, and intelligence that they sometimes display, and the never-ending interest they hold for human beings.

Then enlarge the discussion to include nature-study interests and hobbies that various boys and girls in the class may have. Some, as members of nature groups, may have gone on long hikes in woods or parks to identify and become familiar with birds, flowers, and trees. Whatever the pupils' nature hobby, exhibit, or collection, they should be encouraged to tell others about the information and pleasure they have received as a result of the activity.

Before initiating the reading of this unit, the teacher should make a survey of slides, movies, or pictures that will be useful in helping pupils visualize the settings of the various stories. She should make available copies of such magazines as: *Audubon Magazine*, *Nature Magazine*, *Natural History*, and *The Junior Natural History Magazine*. Pupils have probably become familiar with *The National Geographic Magazine* during the reading of the last unit. In addition to magazines, books suitable for extension reading should be assembled. For a list of such books see pages 265-283 of this GUIDEBOOK and page 506 of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS.

A Dog Named Spike

PREPARING FOR READING

To establish background for the story have pupils read the notes for this story in the Help Yourself section on page 486 and encourage discussion of Admiral Byrd's expeditions to the Antarctic. Perhaps some members of the class have read *Alone*, by Richard E. Byrd, *Boy Scout with Byrd*, by Paul Siple, or some other account of life at the South Pole. If so, they may be able to contribute interesting information about the Antarctic Continent and its climate, the reason why more knowledge of this area is sought, the dangers Antarctic explorers face, the supplies needed for exploratory expeditions, and the importance of sledge dogs in transporting supplies. If pupils have a limited knowledge of the Antarctic, they may speculate on some of these points and be on the alert for information as they read the selection "A Dog Named Spike."

For further background material the teacher might read aloud parts or all of Chapter V in *A Dog Sled for Byrd*, by John S. O'Brien. She should also give the class an opportunity to look at the photographs which illustrate this book. Pupils will probably be interested in seeing the photographs of the author and of Larry Gould, the geologist in charge of the party whose experiences are told in "A Dog Named Spike." Explain that the author, who writes under both the names of John S. O'Brien and Jack O'Brien, was the surveyor for the first Byrd Antarctic Expedition.

Mention that on the very first page of the story "A Dog Named Spike," Mr. O'Brien describes Spike as "the bravest, finest dog that I have ever known." Then say, "As you read this story, you will see how Spike lived up to the author's description."

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading begin the discussion of the story by asking, "How did Spike prove himself to be one of the bravest and finest of dogs? How did the explorers feel toward their sledge dogs and toward Spike in particular? How do you account for the great affection that these men

had for their dogs? [Being so far from civilization they felt that the dogs were companions—friends that would see them through any danger.] What incident in the story showed Admiral Byrd's affection toward Spike? What do you imagine were the feelings of the men at the base camp when they suddenly discovered that Spike had set out across the ice toward the south?"

Ask one pupil to turn to page 279 and read aloud to the class from the paragraph that begins "Our job over, . . ." to the bottom of page 280. After the oral reading, lead pupils to comment on the significance of the statement "Something had to be done" and to justify the decision that the men finally made. Next have someone read aloud the first paragraph on page 281. Ask, "Why did silence seem to fill the tent? Why didn't the men look at one another?" Then direct pupils' attention to the picture at the bottom of the two pages and ask, "What do you think were the thoughts of these men as they sat there staring at the revolver? How do you think they felt when Spike suddenly appeared? What was the effect of Spike's appearance on the decision the men had previously made?"

Following the discussion of the story plot have pupils find the paragraph in which the author describes the *bigness* of the Antarctic (pages 273-274) and the one describing the *silence* that pervades this land (page 274). Bring out the idea that in these paragraphs the author has described the two things about this land that most impressed the explorers.

Encourage class members to recall any additional information given about the Antarctic in this story. Inquire how long the winter darkness lasts in the Antarctic region and suggest that pupils cite passages in the story to verify their statements.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Locating sources of information . . . This lesson is designed to promote the ability to locate sources of information and to record those sources in simple bibliographic form.

Remind pupils that all the members of Byrd's party had read everything they could find about the Antarctic before the expedition began. Ask, "What values do you think the men derived from reading about the Antarctic before they went there? What Antarctic explorers did Mr. O'Brien mention that he and the other men had read about? Do you think

that they read about any other explorers? If you wanted to find out more about Antarctic expeditions other than Byrd's trip, what would be the first thing that you would need to know? [Who led the expeditions?] Then what else might you like to know?" Pupils' responses will probably include: "From what country did the explorers come? What did these explorers find out about the region?" Then ask, "Where do you think you would find information about these expeditions?" Pupils will probably first mention encyclopedias. If *The World Almanac and Book of Facts* is not mentioned, it should be suggested as another source.

The teacher should continue the discussion by explaining, "There are other places where we might find interesting material about Antarctic expeditions. If you wanted to find articles, stories, or books about Antarctic expeditions, where would you look?" Lead pupils to suggest the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and the card catalogue of a library.

Then the teacher might divide the class into three groups—one group to find and record references found in encyclopedias and *The World Almanac*; the second group, references found in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*; and the third group, references found in the card catalogue in the library. Ask each group to make up its own bibliography of sources of information that can be found about Antarctic expeditions. So that pupils will know how to record these references correctly, place the following sample references from each group on the blackboard in three separate lists and explain each briefly.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. Chicago, F. E. Compton and Company, 1941. Vol. 1. "Antarctic Continent," pp. 216-217.

The World Almanac and Book of Facts for 1946. N. Y., New York World-Telegram, 1946. "Antarctic Exploration," p. 218.

Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. July 1941-Junc 1943 edition (material is found under the heading "Antarctic exploration" and the subheading "Byrd expedition, 1939-1941")

Wings over the Antarctic: Admiral Byrd's plan. il map Pop Mech 76:28-31 + 0 '41

Card Catalogue (material is found under the heading "Antarctic")

Fox, Lorenz K. *Antarctic Icebreakers*. Garden City, N. Y., Doubleday, 1937.

After the pupils in the three groups have made their bibliographies, suggest that they be compiled into one list. Post this complete list on the class bulletin board. Then encourage class members to find and read some of the references in which they are most interested. Provide time later for pupils to share with the class some of the information, stories, and books they have found about Antarctic expeditions. This may be done in an informal class discussion with one pupil acting as discussion leader.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 66, 67, and 68.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Collecting true animal stories . . . During the reading of this unit members of the class might make a collection of true stories telling of the bravery and loyalty of animals. Pupils may gather much of their information from newspaper and magazine accounts.

Extension reading . . . Members of the class who enjoyed "A Dog Named Spike" might like to read *Igloo*, by Jane Brevoort Walden, the true story of a dog-adventurer who accompanied Byrd on both his North and South Pole expeditions. *Call of the Wild* or *White Fangs*, by Jack London, and *Juneau, the Sleigh Dog*, by West Lathrop, are all adventure stories of huskies.

Wide reading of books about the world of nature may be stimulated by letting pupils make a class scrapbook in which they place book reviews, pictures, jokes, original sketches, or magazine articles about nature adventures.

◀ PAGE 283 ▶

Sea-Fever

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

In "Sea-Fever" as in "Roadways," Masefield expresses his love for the sea in lines which sing along in time with the rolling waves. As the teacher reads the poem aloud during her own preparation, she will sense in the

rhythm the motion of the sea. The rhythm involves a silent beat at the ends of the first two lines of each stanza. The teacher should try "timing" the rhythm by waving her hands in a swinging motion until she feels this silent beat. The poem should be read smoothly, so that it flows and breaks—without choppiness and without over-phrasing. The roll of the rhythm comes from the roll of the open vowel sounds in the long notes in each line. The long notes and the silent beats might be represented in this way: — /

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, /
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by, /
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

Note the poet's lovely play on adjectives—colorful adjectives with open, round vowel sounds—that help set the tone color of the poem. Actually, Masefield compels correct emphasis by his use of long vowels. Notice the sound in lines three and four of:

wheel's kick—wind's song—white sail's shaking
gray mist—sea's face—gray dawn breaking

and in the second stanza of:

wild call—clear call
windy day—white clouds
flung spray—blown spume—sea gulls

In each stanza these colorful adjectives are items in a sustained description—each held in suspension until the conclusion of an idea.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Have pupils recall the poem "Roadways" and ask them where Masefield's road led. Encourage comment as to the meaning of the title "Sea-Fever" and elicit that it suggests the poet's yearning for the sea. Then call attention to the background note given on page 487. Demonstrate how the rhythm of the poet's verses matches that of the sea by reading aloud the first stanza and swinging the hand to show the roll of the lines. As children begin to feel the rhythm, they will naturally join in and make the waves

with their hands. Call attention to the silent beat at the end of the first two lines and read these lines aloud again so that pupils can hear it. (The idea of the silent beat is not new because pupils have had it in music.)

Before the class reads "Sea-Fever," clarify the meanings of the words *spume*, *vagrant*, *whetted*, and *trick* as they are used in the poem (*trick* means *watch*).

Suggest that pupils say the poem to themselves as they read it. (Lip movements may help them feel the rhythm of the sea.) After the class has read the poem silently, ask, "What is a vagabond?" Elicit that a vagabond is a wanderer and then ask, "Do you think Masefield was a vagabond at heart? What makes you think so? What lines in the poem suggest things that are calling him back to the sea?"

The teacher or a pupil should read aloud the last stanza; then other members of the class should be given an opportunity to explain what the poet means.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

Various pupils may read the entire poem while the rest of the class, by waving their hands, show the motion of the sea. After the first oral reading, the teacher may, if she desires, point out the poet's use of adjectives. Then she may ask a pupil to read "Roadways" to the class so that pupils may, in their own minds, compare Masefield's poetic mood, rhythm, or use of words in the two poems.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Enjoying poetry . . . Pupils may enjoy hearing "A Vagabond Song," by Bliss Carman, and comparing his type of wanderlust with that of Masefield's. This poem is included in *Modern American and British Poetry*. Another Masefield poem which seventh-graders might like is "A Ballad of John Silver," in *My Poetry Book*.

Extension reading . . . Members of the class who share Masefield's love of the sea might read such famous sea stories as: *Captains Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling; *Moby Dick*, by Herman Melville; *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson; *Two Years Before the Mast*, by Richard Henry Dana; and *The Bird of Dawning*, by John Masefield.

Blue Duiker

PREPARING FOR READING

The teacher may arouse interest in the story by asking pupils what they think a blue duiker is. If they do not know, refer the class to the Glossary for the definition and have them identify the little duiker in the picture on page 291 of the text. Emphasize the smallness of the duiker family by mentioning that the father of the little blue duiker of this story stood hardly a foot high. Then suggest that the class read the first Help Yourself note for this story on page 487 and stimulate discussion on the situation that the story might portray—a tiny antelope in the midst of the wild, uninhabited regions of South Africa.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the class has read the story, provide time for the pupils to give their reactions to the story of the antelopes' narrow escape. The tension and excitement of the tale will doubtless result in varied reactions; e.g., some children will find the escape thrilling; others, harrowing; etc. Lead the class to see that even though the river saved the two antelopes from the wild dogs, it was only by chance that the crocodiles were not in the section of the river at the moment the duiker and his friend had to cross. Stress the theme of the story—the stern necessity for small animals to be ever-alert if they are to survive—by helping pupils see that although the antelopes escaped death this time, there would be an ever-present danger and that many duikers would not "live out their days." Then call attention to the last sentence in the story, encouraging pupils to discuss the implication—that even though the duiker had narrowly escaped death, he twitched his tail in defiance and went on to find new feeding grounds.

Continue by having various pupils prepare to describe the duiker's adventure in detail. Suggest that they include in the retelling how the protective training the blue duiker's mother gave him and how his friendship with the bushbuck ram helped him.

To help pupils visualize the story setting more vividly, have them skim the story, noting the plants, animals, noises, and other details that the author mentions to highlight the setting and action of the story. For example, the very first sentence of the story describes the locality; the black-haired kima monkeys and the sinking sun lend color to the scene; the clicking noise of the curled pods of the myombo trees and the mournful farewell of the monkeys set an eerie mood.

Expand pupils' understanding of wild life by stressing the protective devices with which nature has equipped most animals. Say, "We know that the duiker outwitted the dogs because he was fleet of foot, because instinct told him to cross the river, and because the old dogs would not follow him there." Next ask pupils to mention protective devices with which nature has provided other animals; e.g., protective coloring, poisonous fluids, fangs, claws, acute senses of hearing and smelling, and powerful bodies. Ask pupils how Spike, the Eskimo dog in the first story of the unit, was equipped for life in the Antarctic. Then suggest that members of the class skim "Blue Duiker" to find out how the duiker and the other animals described can protect themselves against their enemies; e.g., the duiker lies still, knows that the grass is full of runways, and knows the wiles and ways of his enemies; monkeys climb trees and make long jumps; birds fly; lizards have tough scaly skins; anteaters have scaled overlapping plates of horn and can roll up into tight balls.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Promoting vivid imagery . . . The story "Blue Duiker" is outstanding for its use of words that help the reader visualize colors and sounds. To help pupils appreciate such descriptive language, mention that the author of this story has described much of the color of the Sabi bush country and the wild creatures that inhabit it. Suggest that pupils skim the story first to find descriptions that highlight the colorfulness of the Sabi Bush. For example: "the grape-purple of a tropical night" (page 284), "white and purple flowers" (page 287), "masses of rosy quartz against a pistachio-green sky" (page 288), "the red sand" (page 290), "he saw . . . the Sabi River gleam like a golden ribbon" (pages 290-291), and "the orange-copper water" (page 293). Next ask pupils to find phrases which describe the colors of the wild creatures of the veld.

Next mention that the story has many words that help describe sounds. Call attention to the clause "curled pods keep up a continual clicking" (page 284). Then ask pupils to find other descriptions of this kind.

Classifying . . . To promote the ability to distinguish between general and specific classifications, write on the blackboard the following columns of words:

mimosa	kima	lynx	hornbill
tree	spider-monkey	serval	cockatoo
myombo	monkey	tiger	bird
locust	capuchin	cat	magpie

Tell pupils there is one word in each list that might be used to mean any of the three other words. Lead pupils to decide that *tree* is the general term in the first column. Proceed in like manner with the other lists, underlining the general term. Allow pupils to use the Glossary and the dictionary if they need help.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 69 and 70.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Collecting pictures and clippings . . . Pupils may be encouraged to collect for a bulletin-board display pictures, newspaper articles, or magazine clippings about strange or little-known animals.

Preparing a biography . . . A committee from the class or an individual might prepare a biography of Samuel Scoville, Jr., using *Who's Who in America*, *Who's Who Among North American Authors*, or *The Junior Book of Authors*. Time should be allowed for a subsequent report to the class.

Extension reading . . . Pupils who enjoyed Scoville's story "Blue Duiker" might like to read his *Boy Scouts in the Wilderness*. Members of the class who are interested in animals should have an opportunity to become familiar with the selections in *Animals Nobody Knows*, by Ivan T. Sanderson; *Treks Across the Veldt* and *White Panther*, by Theodore Waldeck; and *Strange Animals I Have Known*, by Raymond L. Ditmars. Pupils who have not read *Bambi*, by Felix Salten, might like to read it at this time.

Four Little Foxes

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

In this poem Lew Sarett tells about finding four little foxes without a mother. He speaks to Spring and March as if they were persons and asks them to be gentle with the little foxes—to “speak gently” and to “walk softly.” The teacher should “speak gently” and “walk softly” when she reads it, for the imagery and tender emotion of this poem make it an unusually moving and appealing one.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

To set the mood for the poem tell the class that in “Four Little Foxes,” the poet, Lew Sarett, tells of finding four orphaned baby foxes and that he asks nature to be kind to them. Explain that he speaks to Spring and March as if they were people. Then ask pupils to read the poem silently. When they have finished, call attention to the pattern of presentation Mr. Sarett uses. Ask, “What does the poet say in the first line of each stanza?” Elicit that he asks Spring and March to be careful and gentle, using such entreaties as “Speak gently,” “Walk softly,” “Go lightly,” and “Step softly.” Then ask, “What do the second and third lines in each stanza tell?” Pupils may mention that the second and third lines tell what happens and that the fourth line is always a repetition of the plea in each stanza.

Explain that the words *gently*, *softly*, and *lightly* express the mood of the poem and ask, “What does this tell you about the way to read the poem aloud?”

ORAL INTERPRETATION

One pupil may be asked to read the entire poem aloud. Suggest that he read the whole poem quietly—gently and evenly, but not too tragically. Then choose a different pupil to read each of the four stanzas.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Enjoying poetry . . . Members of the class might enjoy hearing the teacher read "Wonder," a poem by Bernard Raymund about a litter of puppies, and "Brother Beasts," written by Cale Young Rice in much the same mood as "Four Little Foxes." These poems are in *A Magic World*.

Extension reading . . . Pupils who are interested in foxes and other animals of the forest may read *Wild Animals I Have Known*, by Ernest Thompson Seton; *The Sprite, the Story of a Red Fox*, by Ernest H. Baynes; and *Smoky Ridge*, by Fredric Clyde Doyle.

◀ PAGES 295 - 302 ▶

Wild Animals Come to Dine

PREPARING FOR READING

Encourage members of the class to tell of any experiences they have had in trying to make friends with birds, squirrels, chipmunks, or other wild creatures and ask boys and girls to suggest some of the difficulties encountered in taming animals.

If a copy of *We Took to the Woods*, by Louise Dickinson Rich, is available, the teacher might read to the class the incident about a baby skunk in Chapter VIII, "'Aren't You Ever Frightened?'" She should read the selection first and decide upon the passages to be presented. The account begins with line five on page 225 and ends with the first paragraph on page 231.

Have pupils read the Help Yourself note for this story on page 488 and then ask them to read "Wild Animals Come to Dine" to find out how Mrs. Atkinson and her family became acquainted with the wild animals in their neighborhood.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading lead pupils to discuss what kind of people they think the Atkinsons were and why they were successful in getting the

animals to come to their feeding station. Then ask, "What qualities are needed by people who want to make friends with wild animals?"

Direct attention to important details of the account by saying, "We can tell from the selection that the Atkinsons were observant. What did they learn about the animals as a result of their careful observations?" Remind pupils that Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson made friends with the small wild animals and studied and photographed them without capturing or caging them. Then ask, "What do you think are the advantages of this type of nature study?"

Broaden the discussion of the account by asking to what incident Mrs. Atkinson referred when she said, "Perhaps this is the law of the forest." In this connection, pupils should mention that animals seemed by habit to eat alone, except in the case of a mother and her babies.

Have a pupil read aloud the last paragraph on page 302 and ask members of the class to explain what a wild-animal and game sanctuary is. If necessary, have a member of the class look up the word *sanctuary* in the dictionary. Then ask, "How does a sanctuary differ from a zoo? Which would you rather visit? Why?"

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Using an index . . . In using an index to find information about skunks or other wild animals, pupils may frequently encounter an index entry that has many subheadings under it. The following exercise will give pupils help in interpreting an index of this kind.

Place this entry from an index on the blackboard:

Skunk, appearance of, 257-258; benefits to farmers, 273-274; in Canada, 262; distribution of, 291; farms, 266; food of, 263; fur of, 267; habitat of, 260-261; means of defense, 254-265; member of weasel family, 293; pictures of, 255, 264, 279, 288; related to European polecat, 294; scientific names of, 256; size of litters, 259; species of in Canada and the United States, 291-292; See also Weasel, Fur Trade.

Tell pupils that in looking in an index of a book for the topic *skunk*, they might find subheadings like these under the heading *skunk*. Then ask members of the class on what pages of the book they might find information about each of the questions given at the top of the next page.

In what parts of the world are skunks found?
How does the skunk protect itself?
Upon what does the skunk feed?
How many species are found in North America?
Of what value to man is the skunk?

Distribute copies of reference books that have multiple entries after the various topics in the index and give pupils practice in locating information listed in the book under the subheadings of a topic.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use page 71.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Seeing movies . . . Pupils will enjoy seeing movies or slides about interesting wild animals of our own or other countries. Almost all film distributing centers have films of this kind listed in their catalogues under such titles as "Animals" or "Natural Science."

Nature-study trips . . . Encourage pupils to suggest places in their own community that they might visit on nature-study trips—bird or animal sanctuaries, zoos, areas set aside specifically for the preservation of wild life, state or city parks, or just wooded areas. Children might plan a trip to one or several such places, depending upon the community.

Sharing information . . . Ask pupils to watch for clippings, stories, poems, and articles of various kinds that give interesting information about plants, animals, or some other aspect of natural science. Explain that at the close of the unit time will be set aside for them to share the best of this material with their classmates through oral reading.

Extension reading . . . For easy reading pupils might enjoy *Perkey, a Biography of a Skunk*, by Agnes Akin Atkinson. *Rooster Club*, by Valenti Angelo, tells how a group of Boy Scouts on a camping trip to the mountains outwitted a skunk. Good readers should have an opportunity to become acquainted with the writing of another naturalist, Samuel Arthur Campbell. Pupils may be very entertained by his *How's Inky?* the story of a pet porcupine, and *Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Mo—and Still-Mo*, the adventures of a family of squirrels. If some pupils have not read *Homer Price*, by Robert McCloskey, they might enjoy reading the first chapter, "The Case of the Sensational Scent," at this time.

Trees

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

The music for "Trees" is almost as well known as the poem itself. In the song the listener may forget the words because the music is so absorbing, but upon listening to the poem one can "feel" the music of the words. Before presenting the poem the teacher should feel confident that she knows not only the tune of the song but also the music of the words.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Have pupils read the background note on page 489. Then play a recording of the poem set to music. If a record of the song is not available, the teacher might sing it or play the music on the piano.

Call attention to the description of a tree that the poet has given in the first five stanzas. Then have a pupil read the last two lines to the group. Bring out the idea that in these lines Kilmer expresses the universal feeling of humbleness that man has when he compares his own accomplishments with the wonders of nature.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

Pupils should be encouraged to read this poem in a simple, sincere manner. Call attention to the fact that in this poem a number of ideas are not completed at the end of the lines.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Enjoying poetry . . . The teacher might read to the class "Song to a Tree," by Edwin Markham; "Parenthood," by John Farrar; and "What Do We Plant?" by Henry Abbey, in *My Poetry Book*.

Art appreciation . . . If possible, the teacher should secure and display prints of such well-known paintings of trees as "Harp of the Winds," by Homer Martin, and "The Silence of Night," by William Wendt.



Ungor Guards the Flock

PREPARING FOR READING

Have pupils read the title of the next selection in *PATHS AND PATHFINDERS* and tell what they think this story will be about. Initiate discussion about wild animals that live in herds or flocks and inject into the conversation the following background information: There is generally one animal in the group that has proved his right to leadership by his strength and courage, and other animals in turn accept and depend upon the protection of his leadership; on this leader rests the responsibility for protecting the herd or flock when danger threatens, for finding suitable feeding grounds, and for being on constant guard at all times. After pupils have considered this aspect of animal life, ask, "What other qualities do you think would be necessary for the leader of a herd? What stories have you read that tell of the leadership of one animal? What qualities did these animals display?" Pupils may suggest the leaders told about in such books as *Thunderhead*, by Mary O'Hara; *Bambi*, by Felix Salten; and *Sentinel of the Snow Peaks*, by Harold McCraeken.

Then ask pupils to turn to pages 306 and 310 and study the pictures shown there. Identify Ungor and explain that he is a mountain ram. Then suggest that pupils read the story to find out what kind of leader Ungor proved to be.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading of the story ask, "How did Ungor prove himself to be a real leader of his flock? Who was his life-long enemy? What were the qualities of leadership that Ungor displayed in this story?"

Then lead the pupils to see how the author has used description to set the mood for this battle of survival high up among the mountain peaks. Such descriptive phrases as "a leaden sky," "the bleak wind," "the strident, savage note" of the wolf's howl, and "a bleak, quivering silence" all add to the feeling of tension and desperation that marks this battle of life

and death. Ask pupils to skim the story and find other bits of description that Mr. Carter uses to set the stage for the coming struggle, to describe the fight itself and its final outcome, and to portray for us the calm leader who had done well in protecting the flock.

Comment on the fact that the author has given names to the wild goat and the wolf and ask, "How does this aid in making the story more interesting to the reader? Would you say that this was an actual account or a fictional account of a struggle between two animals? What makes you think as you do?"

Ask, "What characteristics of a leader does Ungor show at the very beginning of the story? Have pupils skim the first two paragraphs on page 304 to find the answer. Make sure children note the animal's watchful, patient waiting and his ability to sense danger, though it may be far away at the moment. Then have pupils reread the second paragraph on page 305 as preparation for considering the question, "What makes you think that Ungor may have had to prove his ability as a leader many times?"

Lead pupils to discuss the fight in detail and then ask, "What characteristics did Lupe display throughout the story?" Next have boys and girls turn to the last page of the story and reread the three final paragraphs. Ask, "How does the author picture the triumphant Ungor?" Stress the fact that even though Ungor has won this battle he will need to be constantly alert, for the battle of survival goes on with each new hour.

Invite comparison of this story with "Blue Duiker" by asking, "In the story about the blue duiker what was the animal learning?" (The blue duiker was learning to protect himself—learning the rules of survival.) Then ask, "How does that theme compare with the problem in 'Ungor Guards the Flock'?" (Ungor had already learned to protect himself but now he had the responsibility of guarding the ewes and lambs as well.)

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Locating entries in the dictionary . . . This lesson is designed to strengthen understanding of the differences between spellings and pronunciations of words and to show how silent consonants and consonant sounds are clues in locating words in the dictionary. The teacher may say, "It would be easy to locate words in a dictionary if every beginning

letter of a word stood for the same sound. But, as you know, in some words we see one letter and we say the sound of another; in many words we see letters that we do not say at all."

Write the following words on the blackboard in pairs: *knee, knife; citrous, cigar; write, wrong; cart, cattle; general, gem; who, whom*. Pronounce the words *knee* and *knife*. Ask pupils, "What letter usually stands for the first sound you say in these words? Now look at the two words. Under which letter in the dictionary would you find these words listed?" Continue in the same manner with the other words.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use page 72.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Using reference materials . . . Some pupils might like to learn more about mountain sheep or about the land of the northern lights. Suggest that they can find additional information on these subjects in an encyclopedia. Other members of the class should be given an opportunity to hear a discussion of this material.

Extension reading . . . Pupils who enjoyed "Ungor Guards the Flock" might like to read *Horns and Antlers*, by Wilfrid Bronson, and *Wilderness Champion*, by Joseph Wharton Lippincott.

◀ PAGE 311 ▶

The Falling Star AND The Night Will Never Stay

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEMS

In preparing to present these poems the teacher should read other poems by the same authors to become familiar with the style of each. In each of the poems on page 311 the author expresses her reaction to the beauty of the starlit sky. The teacher should make sure that she can reflect the poets' feel for beauty in her own oral interpretation.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEMS

Have pupils turn to page 311 and read the titles of the two poems, noticing that they are by different authors. Ask pupils how they like the artist's setting for the two poems on the page. Explain that Sara Teasdale has written many poems about stars and night. Then say, "We have all wished on stars—but here the author gives us more than a wish. She has given us a picture of the beauty of a star falling across a summer sky." Then ask the pupils to read the poem silently.

Explain that in "The Night Will Never Stay" Miss Farjeon (far'jon) is giving us a poem not only of the stars, but also of the night; and add, "We have a feeling that the poet is looking up at a starlit sky and wishing it could last for a long, long time, but realizing that no matter how beautiful it is, she can't stop it from fading. The night will pass into day, and the day will pass into night; but we all wish we could hold fast the hours before they slip away. It is just like a tune—much as we would like to hold the melody, after it is finished, it is gone."

Then ask the pupils to read this poem silently.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

Both poems should be interpreted orally either by the teacher or by individual pupils. Make sure that the oral interpretation helps pupils enjoy and feel the beauty in the word pictures the authors have presented.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Enjoying poetry . . . Those pupils who are interested in other poems about stars by Sara Teasdale might enjoy her *Stars Tonight*, from which "The Falling Star" was taken. They might also enjoy hearing again at this time the old favorites "The Star," by Jane Taylor, and "Star Wish," author unknown. "The Star" may be found in *My Poetry Book*, and both are in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*. Other poems they may like to hear are "Stars," author unknown, from *The Golden Flute*; and "Questions at Night," by Louis Untermeyer, in *Rainbow in the Sky*.

Extension reading . . . Pupils who want to know the stories and legends connected with the constellations might read *Introducing the Constellations*, by Robert H. Baker.

Polka-Dot Pets

PREPARING FOR READING

Lead pupils to recall that in "A Borneo Boy Explores America" Saudin tells of traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. Ask the class to turn to page 268 and have a pupil read the last sentence on the page. Refer to the note given on page 486 for the story "A Borneo Boy Explores America," which mentions that Martin Johnson was killed in a plane crash in 1937. Then have pupils turn to the background note for "Polka-Dot Pets," noting that this story was written by his wife. Explain that it tells of an experience she had while on an expedition into Africa with her husband.

Have the boys and girls tell what they know about the Johnsons and their hunting trips. If pupils are unfamiliar with the work of the Johnsons, tell them that they worked mostly with cameras, "capturing" wild beasts with a lens instead of a gun. As an additional point of interest, mention that Mrs. Johnson worked with her husband for twenty-seven years and that after his death in 1937, she dedicated her life to carrying on their work. Then suggest that pupils read Mrs. Johnson's own account of her "Polka-Dot Pets."

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After a discussion of the methods the Johnsons used to "capture" the golden lion, direct attention to the way Mrs. Johnson felt about animals. Ask the class members why they think she was so well-suited for the life she led and lead them to note how her kindness, understanding, intelligence, and sense of humor helped her control the animals and allowed her to appreciate their affectionate ways.

Ask pupils to give examples to illustrate Mrs. Johnson's belief that "animals in the same family differ as much as human brothers and sisters." In this connection, have them recall the dispositions of the cheetahs when they were first found and compare their characteristics as they grew older.

Next turn the discussion to how Mrs. Johnson took care of her pets, bringing out the idea that the cheetahs caused her much work and trouble but that she felt repaid by the fun and amusement they contributed to her life in the jungle. Have individual pupils relate some of the funny incidents in the story; e.g., the taking of the slippers, the animals' game of leapfrog, and the cheetahs' experience with the gibbon. Then stimulate conversation about pets that members of the class have or have had. Let pupils compare the way their pets play with the way the cheetahs played and the kinds of food, habits, and appearance of their pets as compared with those of the cheetahs.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Discriminating between types of material . . . To promote the ability to discriminate between types of material, have pupils turn to page 482 of the Help Yourself section of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS. Suggest that boys and girls read the background note about Kate Seredy, the author of "Cousin Kate from Budapest." Lead them to see that although Miss Seredy is also Cousin Kate and that she has used the experiences of her childhood as the foundation for her stories, she does not tell the story exactly as the incident happened to her in her own youth. Then have pupils read the background note for "Lofoten Adventure," and they will discover that Miss James writes a factual account of what happened when she visited the Lofoten Islands.

Suggest that the class continue reading the background notes to find the information that is given about the authors or about the authenticity of the stories. For example, the note for "Farmer of Paimpol" says that it is a fiction story even though to the reader its descriptive passages seem as authentic as those in "Lofoten Adventure"; the background note for "The Horse of the Sword" compares its author to Kate Seredy because he, too, has woven some of his childhood experiences into a story; the note for "A Borneo Boy Explores America" says that it is an exact account of the travels of the young author, and thus this story could be classed with "Lofoten Adventure."

As the class continues to read through the background notes for the stories in Unit Six, have the pupils again notice that although Jack O'Brien was actually with an expedition to the South Pole, he chose Spike as the

hero for a dramatic story about his journey to Antarctica; "Wild Animals Come to Dine," by Agnes Akin Atkinson, is noted as a true story; and "Polka-Dot Pets," by Osa Martin Johnson, is related as a part of her real experiences.

The pupils should be able to infer that the two stories about animals, "Blue Duiker," by Samuel Scoville, Jr., and "Ungor Guards the Flock," by Russell Gordon Carter, are fiction. The teacher should make clear to the class that even though these two authors never really lived in South Africa or the Yukon, through research and extensive reading they were able to give authentic descriptions of the regions they used as settings for fascinating accounts of nature adventures.

To conclude this exercise have the class skim the background notes again and lead them to make generalizations on the type of selections that are included. Elicit that some are factual accounts of the authors' own experiences, some are fictional stories based on the authors' true experiences, and some are fictional stories based on general knowledge and facts gained from research. Finally, suggest that when there is no indication given about the authenticity of the selections, the reader can judge it by finding out something about the author's familiarity with the setting and topic and his experiences and background.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 73 and 74.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Extension reading . . . Other accounts of Mrs. Johnson's experiences in the jungle are given in her books *Osa Johnson's Jungle Friends* and *I Married Adventure*. Pupils will also be interested in reading the chapter "Bong, the Pet Chacal," in *Jungle Pets*, by Osa Johnson. With seventh-graders who like easy reading, *Whiskers*, by Joel Stolper, might be very popular. *Whiskers* is a story of a leopard cat in the jungle. If some members of the class have not already read *Three Boy Scouts in Africa*, by Robert Douglas, David Martin, and Douglas Oliver, they will enjoy the thrilling experiences of three boys who traveled with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. *The Way of a Lion*, by Alden G. Stevens, and *Lions on the Hunt*, by Theodore J. Waldeck, are other books that hold a great deal of interest for children.

The Sandhill Crane

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

Those who have seen a long-legged, slow-moving sandhill crane stalking its prey will have no difficulty in spotting the slow but graceful stalking motion in the rhythm of Mary Austin's poem. The teacher who has never seen a crane or a heron "go walking" must first get the mental image and then read the poem until she feels the rhythm and can express it to the class. As the teacher reads "The Sandhill Crane," she might use her index and middle finger to "step" out the "stalking" rhythm;

Whenever the days are cool and clear,
The sandhill crane goes walking

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Read the first few lines of the poem to the class so that they can feel the movement of the crane, "Slowly, solemnly stalking." Explain that the first four lines of each stanza set the pace of the crane. The last four lines of each stanza express the fears and describe the wild scampering of "little creatures" to a place of safety, but the rhythm remains that of the steady, ominous, stalking of the crane. Explain that the "flashing weir" (wēr) refers to the water flowing over a milldam and the "tules" (tü'ləz) are marshy places like a mud puddle or frog pond.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

As members of the class read the poem aloud, their classmates may emphasize the stalking movement of the crane by "stepping" with their fingers. Be sure that the reader reflects the quietness and solemnness of the poem—the old crane is stalking his prey as noiselessly as a cat.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Creative writing . . . Point out that in this poem Miss Austin has given a fine description of a bird which she has undoubtedly watched very carefully. Encourage pupils to write in prose or poetry a description of an animal they have observed in detail.

Extension reading . . . If the story *Wagtail*, by Alice C. Gall and F. H. Crew, is available, the teacher should read it aloud to the class to give a picture of the law of the pond—to jump first and look afterward. Pupils who are interested in the crane might enjoy *Eben, the Crane*, by Alma Savage. They may also like to read the poem "The Sandpiper," by Celia Thaxter, in *The Home Book of Modern Verse*.

◀ PAGES 322 - 329 ▶

My Strange Hobby

PREPARING FOR READING

Have pupils read the background note on page 490 and lead them to comment that Mr. Ditmars' childhood hobby which later developed into his life work was indeed an unusual one. Pupils will be interested in hearing that he was once described as "probably knowing more about reptiles than any man alive" and that even as a young child he was intensely interested in natural history. He started his snake collection with some he found in a New York City park. As the fame of his collection spread even people in foreign countries made gifts to it. Finally the collection grew to such size that his parents gave him permission to use the entire upper floor of their home to house it.

Encourage pupils to recall other people of whom they have read or known whose hobbies or interests might have influenced their choice of a lifetime profession. If pupils do not suggest it, remind them that the Johnsons' hobby also led them into their choice of a life work.

Lead the class to mention the dangers which they think would be connected with the job of snake collecting. Then suggest that pupils read this factual but lively account of Ditmars' strange hobby.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After pupils have completed the silent reading of the account, ask, "What important qualities made it possible for Mr. Ditmars to engage in his unusual and often dangerous work?" Lead the class to suggest that his interest in snakes, his knowledge of them, his coolness in times of danger, and his patience and persistence made him a successful collector.

Have pupils tell how Mr. Ditmars obtained the first big snake for his collection and then ask, "In what different ways did he add to his collection?" Then during the discussion have children mention the three different words meaning *snake* that the author used in his account.

From reading this account lead pupils to suggest things the author did that prove his humane attitude in handling the snakes; e.g., he harmed them in no way, he saw that they had good care, and he did everything he could to make them comfortable in their new home. Have the class turn to the last sentence on page 322 and point this out as an example. To emphasize that all of us write best about the things we know and like, ask, "Why do you think Mr. Ditmars could write about snakes in such an interesting, entertaining way?"

As a final point of interest tell pupils that the author not only collected snakes and wrote about them, but also designed a method for extracting venom from snakes without injuring them in any way.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Discriminating between types of material . . . To promote the ability to discriminate between types of material, have pupils recall the three types discussed in the preceding lesson plan. (Factual accounts, fictional stories based on actual experience, and fictional stories based on research.) Write the three headings on the blackboard and have pupils tell under which classification they think each of the first five stories in Unit VI should be listed. Then ask, "Under which type of material would you classify 'My Strange Hobby'? What would be your reasons for doing so?" Give various members of the class opportunity to discuss the probable classification and then have pupils turn to the background note on page 490 to verify their choice.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 75 and 76.

Poem of Praise

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

This is a poem with contrasts—swift things, slow things. The tempo of the poem itself does not change, for the quiet, reflective mood of the author rather than the words or the things described sets the tempo. The first stanza should be read at a normal rate, and the second, a bit more slowly.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

"Poem of Praise" may be read and appreciated by most seventh-graders without preliminary discussion, but the meaning of "strong-withered horse" should be cleared up before the reading. After pupils have read the two stanzas silently, point up the contrast and then the poet's generalization—"Swift things are beautiful . . . and slow things are beautiful." Then lead pupils to mention other swift and slow things in which they have noted beauty.

Suggest that the class think of other contrasts—smooth, rough; soft, hard; big, little; sunshine, rain. Pupils may make lists of things that might be contrasted under each pair of words. This discussion might be used to set the stage for the creative writing of poetry suggested in the Extending Interests section.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

Suggest the tempo for oral reading and then ask one pupil to read the whole poem aloud. The poem may then be read "line-a-child" fashion—using seven pupils for each stanza—each reading one line with the exception of the third reader, who reads both line three and line four. Remind the readers that they must be ready to "come in on time" with their lines so that the tempo and rhythm of the poem will not be interrupted.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Creative writing . . . The teacher may wish to use the contrasting ideas suggested in the interpretation of this poem as an incentive to creative writing. Pupils who are interested should be encouraged to write their own poems of contrast. Allow time for them to share the results of their writing with the rest of the class.

Enjoying poetry . . . Pupils may enjoy hearing the poem "Miracles," by Walt Whitman, found in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*.

EXTENDING THE UNIT THEME

Discussing new interests gained . . . Encourage pupils to discuss new interests and new ideas that they have gained during the reading of this unit and in related extension reading. Members of the class may mention that they became interested in reading about explorers who have conducted scientific expeditions, in making picture collections of animals native to various parts of the world, in keeping records of the habits of a pet, in reading about how various animals protect themselves from their enemies, in making collections of anecdotes about animals, or in learning about how a zoo is run. Lead pupils to discuss the qualities necessary to the successful pursuit of a nature hobby; e.g., patience, persistence, alertness.

Promote pupils' awareness of places of interest in their own community by having them tell where in the community they might go to follow up curiosities about the outdoor world.

Sharing reading experiences . . . At this time several periods might be devoted to discussion and oral reading of portions of books, stories, magazine articles, or newspaper materials about natural science that members of the class have read and particularly liked. Since there may not be time for the reading of entire stories or articles, pupils should be encouraged to select carefully and to prepare to read effectively passages that convey interesting information, answer questions raised during the unit, or give an effective sampling of the spirit, style, or interest-provoking plot of a given selection. Pupils should also be encouraged to prepare a few introductory remarks to explain why they have chosen certain passages to read aloud.

Pages 225-244 of this GUIDEBOOK
Unit VII of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS . . .



Heroes of Service

THE BIOGRAPHICAL SELECTIONS . . . in this unit offer a sampling of the fine biographical literature now available for young adolescents. Among people in all walks of life there have appeared men and women who have distinguished themselves by their contributions to the welfare of mankind. The selections in this unit of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS can give only a glimpse into the lives and characters of a few of these heroes of service, but they convey the thrill of achievement which is the essence of good biography, and they can stimulate wide reading interests in an area of literature that may have a tremendous influence on the ideals and characters of young adolescents.

In all the selections in this unit, the reader will be impressed by the services which the hero performed, often at great personal sacrifice, and by the depth of character displayed. However, pupils will

find that these people differ widely in the manner in which they made their contributions. Nathan Hale was too young to have achieved much, but he was not too young to give his life in genuine patriotism. The reader will sense the rigorous self-discipline of Louis Braille in overcoming the handicap of blindness and in helping others similarly afflicted and the patience of Thomas Edison in perfecting his inventions. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the "doctor of Labrador," expressed his deep love of humanity by bringing medical care to people in a remote region, while Jane Addams showed a similar feeling by easing the burdens of poverty-stricken people, by bringing about industrial reforms, and by working for sympathetic understanding among different nationalities and races. The hero who alleviated human suffering by conquering yellow fever is dramatized in the poem "Walter Reed."

INTRODUCING THE UNIT THEME

Ask pupils to turn to the table of contents and read the titles of the stories in this unit. Lead members of the class to tell briefly what they know about the people mentioned in the story titles by asking such questions as, "What do you associate with the name *Braille*? What do you think *Braille's 'Golden Key'* might be?" Continue with similar questions about the other people mentioned, bringing out any significant details of their lives and work with which pupils are familiar. Then ask if anyone knows who the "Doctor of Labrador" was. If the appropriate response is not given, mention that he was Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, who spent most of his life bringing medical care to the people of Labrador.

Encourage speculation by class members on the qualities a hero of service must possess. Lead the class to mention others who might be called heroes of service. From this discussion pupils should gradually evolve the concept that a hero of service is one who works to help mankind.

To arouse interest in reading in the field of biography, arrange a bulletin-board display of pictures and clippings about famous men and women of contemporary and past times. Pupils may also be interested in a display of attractive book covers and book reviews of interesting biographies available in the class, school, or public library.

Nathan Hale

PREPARING FOR READING

To develop background for the story, ask pupils who are familiar with Nathan Hale to tell the rest of the class briefly what he did. After they have read the background note on page 490, suggest that they read Nancy Hale's story and see why they think Nathan Hale deserves a place of honor among our heroes.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Most pupils will be inspired and touched by the story of Nathan Hale. His youth and his commonplace life up to the time of his death will make his sacrifice doubly poignant to seventh-graders. Many members of the class will visualize him as an older brother or a favorite friend. The teacher should be sensitive to the keen personal reaction which the story will probably arouse, and she should avoid too much detailed discussion.

She might open the discussion by asking, "Why do you think the author felt that Nathan Hale was 'a hero you could take along with you into the cellar of a New England farmhouse'? What was there about him that gave her courage?"

Encourage pupils to comment on why they think Nathan Hale stands out as a hero of service among men who have served their country. Then ask, "How does the author explain the place in history which he occupies?" Lead the class to point out that on page 336 Miss Hale says, "His special gift to his country, and to us who love that country, was the manner of his death." Encourage comment on the significance of that sentence. If pupils do not point out the two paragraphs on the last page of the story, suggest that they reread them silently.

Bring out how the author says that Nathan Hale is the symbol of many heroic but unsung young Americans who in time of stress make supreme sacrifices for their country.

Suggest that a member of the class read the last few sentences aloud, beginning with "Don't think he proclaimed. He wasn't that kind." Lead pupils to note how the author makes the reader feel that young Hale's last words came naturally and sincerely from his thoughts, "like a remark, 'I only regret. . . .'"

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Identifying the author's purpose . . . To increase pupils' sensitivity to the author's purpose and mood, ask the class how the author's background prepares her for telling this story. Then ask, "Do you think Miss Hale is trying to give us a historical account of the death of Nathan Hale? How does the author's purpose compare with that in 'Abe Lincoln at Gettysburg'? How is it the same, and how does it differ?" Lead pupils to see that each is a recalling story about a famous man. In each case, the author succeeds in evoking a definite, personal reaction from the reader—to the sense of failure experienced by Lincoln after his speech and to the youth and courage of Hale. Bring out the difference in manner of telling the story by asking pupils to describe the author's style in "Nathan Hale." Ask, "How does she connect the story with her own life?" They should note that Miss Hale seems to be reminiscing about what she heard and felt about Nathan Hale in her childhood, telling the tale as she might have heard it told. Then ask how the Abraham Lincoln story is told. Elicit that it is told in a less conversational, more formal style; that the author is not reminiscing, but is retelling an incident in history as she thinks it occurred. Conclude by asking pupils to compare the endings of the two stories. Bring out the idea that the final paragraphs of "Nathan Hale" tell what his story means to Nancy Hale. In "Abe Lincoln at Gettysburg," on the other hand, the author does not discuss the personal significance of the story to her.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 77 and 78.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Enjoying poetry . . . After discussion the teacher might read to the class the poem "Nathan Hale," by Francis Miles Finch, in *American History in Verse*. Encourage pupils to compare the poem with the selec-

tion in PATHS AND PATHFINDERS. Lead them to note the differences in mood—how the martial air of the poem contrasts with the reflective tone of the story. Point out that this difference is apparent in the interpretation given to Hale's famous words. To Nancy Hale they were in the nature of a remark, while to Finch they were "A soldier's battle-cry."

Extension reading . . . Pupils will enjoy reading *Nathan Hale, Patriot*, by Martha Mann, and *One Life to Lose*, by Amy Hogeboom. The book *Brave Men*, by Ernie Pyle, will be particularly appropriate at this time. For other suggestions refer to the Bibliography on page 507 of the book.

◀ PAGES 338 - 341 ▶

Braille's Golden Key

PREPARING FOR READING

The teacher might introduce this selection by writing her own name on the blackboard in Braille symbols, using the alphabet on page 492 of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS. Then the class might try to determine what the symbols are and what they stand for. If no one guesses correctly, the teacher should let the group consider the symbols again at the end of the lesson.

Explain that "Braille's Golden Key" is a very brief factual account of the life and work of Louis Braille. Ask pupils to tell any interesting facts they may know about this French hero of service. Mention that this selection not only tells of the work of Braille but also implies that there is a story behind the story of Braille's service to mankind. Have pupils read this story of Braille and see if they can find a hint of another type of story that might well be written about him.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading, encourage discussion by asking, "What is the main story told? What is the story behind the story?" Elicit that while

the main theme tells how Braille helped the blind, there is also the suggestion of his own struggles in adjusting himself to a world of darkness. Explain that another author might have written a story about Braille, emphasizing his personal failures, triumphs, disappointments, struggles, and feelings during a sightless life.

Next ask, "Which seems more like a hero in the ordinary sense of the word, Hale or Braille? What was there in Braille's own life that would make him a hero?" Mention that frequently a handicapped person contributes much to the happiness of others and lead pupils to comment on why such a person is often peculiarly adapted to making such contributions; e.g., like Braille, they know the difficulties to be surmounted and the obstacles to be overcome far better than those without such handicaps. Ask what famous blind person was quoted in the selection. Then ask, "Do you know any ways in which Helen Keller has been able to help other handicapped persons? In what ways was she like Braille?" Members of the class who have read her autobiography, *The Story of My Life*, may mention, or the teacher may tell, that she, too, was a normal baby, but that she was left both blind and dumb by an early illness; she learned to read in spite of great difficulties; and, like Braille, she learned to read raised letters before she learned the Braille alphabet. Tell the class that page 79 of the THINK-AND-DO Book gives a brief account of Helen Keller's struggle to learn to talk.

Encourage members of the class to tell about handicapped persons who have been a real inspiration to others or to the pupils themselves.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Noting cause-effect relationships . . . Place on the blackboard the following unfinished sentences and lead pupils to complete each sentence by giving one effect of the cause stated.

Because Braille heard other children talk about reading, he _____.

Because few blind persons read "raised" letters well, Braille _____.

Because Braille also wanted to help the blind to write, he _____.

Because the cost of printing books in Braille is so high, most governments _____.

Because Helen Keller admired Braille's work, she _____.

Promote discussion about the various suggestions offered for completing each sentence and be sure that each is an effect of the cause stated.

Noting details and using a chart . . . Suggest that each member of the class write a short sentence in Braille, using the Braille alphabet on page 492 of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS. Then let pupils exchange papers and read the sentences they have received.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use page 79.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Making comparisons . . . To encourage pupils to distinguish between the types of heroes of service they have encountered in this unit, ask them to mention a Frenchman who was a military hero in the service of America. Some members of the class may recall Lafayette from "Lafayette Meets His Hero" in PEOPLE AND PROGRESS. Then have the class turn to the table of contents for Unit II, "Pathfinders of America," and review the contributions of the men in these stories. Have the class consider whether these pathfinders might also be called heroes of service.

Extending concepts . . . Some members of the class might be encouraged to learn what provisions their own communities make for blind people. As a guide in collecting information pupils might try to find the answers to these questions: "Are there books in Braille available in the local public library? If so, is there a special room in the library where books in Braille are kept? Is there any organization whose purpose it is to help the blind? What provision does the school district make for blind children? Are there any talking records in the public library?" If possible, a member of the class or the teacher should secure a page in Braille so that other pupils can see and feel it.

A committee might be interested in finding out about the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind. This, the first school for blind students in America, was founded in 1829, the year Braille perfected his alphabet.

Other pupils might like to investigate the work of the organization that trains seeing-eye dogs. All groups should be allowed time to report their findings to the rest of the class.

Extension reading . . . Suggest that pupils read *The Story of My Life*, by Helen Keller, and *Franka, a Guide Dog*, by Walter Edward Johnson.

Working with Edison

PREPARING FOR READING

Introduce the story by asking members of the class to name the man they consider the greatest American inventor and to be prepared to support their choices by enumerating some of this man's inventions. The ensuing discussion will undoubtedly center on Thomas A. Edison. During the discussion mention that Edison is one hero of service whose achievements were recognized and honored during his lifetime and that once he jokingly remarked that he could "count his medals by the quart." Encourage members of the class to describe Thomas Edison's various inventions and to tell briefly anything they may know about his life and work.

Explain that this story tells how fifteen-year-old Francis Jehl came to work in the Edison laboratory at Menlo Park. Suggest that pupils read the story to find out what Francis Jehl learned about Edison as an individual and as an inventor.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Guide discussion after the reading of the story by asking, "How do the incidents that are told about give us insight into Edison's personality? What characteristics of Edison were apparent in his actions around the laboratory?" Pupils might mention that Edison was a man of few words, as shown by the office boy's comments and Jehl's first conversation with the inventor; that Edison was a keen observer, as indicated by what he noticed about the tape on the automatic telegraph; that he had unlimited patience, as shown by the fact that he kept working on an idea until he succeeded, unmindful of time or effort; that he was absorbed in his work, as indicated when he worked long hours himself and forgot about the lunch hour for Martin and Francis; that he had a sense of humor, as shown in his recording and when experiments were not going satisfactorily; and that he was never discouraged, as indicated by Will

Carman's observations and Edison's own belief that "nothing was 'too hard to do.'"

Then ask, "What was Edison's attitude toward failure? How did he define *genius*? What is your opinion of his statement?" Explain to pupils that another version of this remark is, "Genius is 2 per cent inspiration and 98 per cent perspiration." Ask, "When he started working on the electric light, what was the first job that required '98 per cent perspiration'?" (He read everything that he could find about how gas lights worked.)

Have the class find the paragraph in which Martin describes inventing and let a pupil read it aloud (page 349, third paragraph). Then ask, "Are there any other jobs like this?" Pupils may mention the work done in medical research laboratories and other types of scientific exploration.

Call attention to Edison's recitation for the phonograph as told on page 352 and let several different pupils read the material aloud for fun, interpreting it as they think Edison may have done.

Tell pupils that Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim, father of Hiram Percy Maxim, author of "Springfield or Bust," worked on the incandescent lamp and developed one about the same time Edison invented his. In a patent suit Thomas A. Edison proved priority by only a few days. Then ask, "How do you think Edison's fame would have been affected if Maxim had won the case?"

In the discussion bring out that Edison's incandescent lamp was only one achievement and that probably more persons have profited from his achievements than from the work of any other single inventor. Ask, "How did Edison's invention of the phonograph help the blind?" Be sure that pupils know or learn of the recent development of "talking records" on which complete books may be recorded.

Tell the class that when Edison was 21, he invented a stock ticker useful in brokers' offices; he sold this for \$40,000 and started a laboratory and a factory. Also mention that George Westinghouse, another great American, invented the air brake when he was only 22. Have pupils recall the achievements of Hale and Braille at the same age.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Discriminating between shades of meaning . . . To check pupils' understanding of some of the words used in this story, ask, "What

is a *ludicrous* story?" They should reply that it is a funny, ridiculous story. Then ask, "Is a *ludicrous* story always an *amusing* story? Is an *amusing* story always a *ludicrous* story? How do *ludicrous* and *amusing* differ in meaning?"

Continue with the following pairs of words, having members of the class explain or illustrate through use in sentences the differences in meaning between the words of each pair. Pupils may refer to the Glossary or a dictionary to check the meaning of the words.

abstractedly—*inattentively*
mechanism—*machine*
dearth—*need*

reminisce—*remember*
musty—*stale*
wry—*twisted*

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use page 80.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Collecting information . . . Some members of the class might collect pictures and additional information about Edison, his inventions, Menlo Park, or the Edison Museum at Dearborn, Michigan. If any pupil has visited the Museum or Henry Ford's Greenfield Village, a reconstruction of an early American town, also at Dearborn, time should be allowed for the pupil to tell the class about what he saw. The teacher should be sure that the class knows that Edison's original Menlo Park laboratory is now a part of Greenfield Village. Pupils who have been to the village may have stood in the room where Francis Jehl first met Edison and may have seen Mrs. Jordan's boarding house where Jehl stayed.

A few pupils might be interested in compiling a list of some of Edison's better known inventions. Some of this information may be found in such encyclopedias as *Britannica Junior*, Volume 5; *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, Volume 4; *The World Book*, Volume 5; and *The Encyclopedia Americana*, Volume 9.

Sharing a hobby with others . . . Pupils who have a stamp collection should be encouraged to look for interesting stamps printed in honor of heroes and heroines of service. These stamps might be brought to school for other members of the class to see. Among those persons mentioned in this unit, the following have been honored by the issuance of United States stamps: Nathan Hale ($\frac{1}{2}$ cent, 1926), Jane Addams

(10 cent, 1940), Walter Reed (5 cent, 1940), and Thomas Edison (2 cent, 1929). At this time the class also might like to see the Byrd Antarctic issue (3 cent, 1933) and such French stamps as the 1923-26 series of Pasteur, the 1936-38 series of Pasteur, the 1938 commemorative of Pierre and Marie Curie, and the 1938 stamp, Blind Man and Radio.

Extending concepts . . . If *A Pictorial History of the Movies*, by Deems Taylor, Marceline Peterson, and Bryant Hale, is available, the teacher should show the class the illustrations on pages 2 and 3 of the first successful film shot by Edison, the first movie studio built by Edison, and the Edison Kinetoscope, which was the first important movie exhibitor.

To give pupils a sense of the endless progress in mechanical achievement ask, "What improvements in Edison's inventions can you think of that have been made in recent years?" This question should start a lively discussion of more or less recent scientific progress in perfecting such devices as fluorescent and neon lighting, automatic record changers for phonographs, combination radio and phonograph machines, sound tracks added to motion pictures, and television. From this discussion pupils should gain an understanding of the characteristics of scientific investigation itself and of the spirit that motivates it. Help them recall the viewpoint expressed in "Life Raft," that "the latest improvement . . . is not the *last* improvement, by any means."

Creative writing . . . Pupils might be interested in writing short accounts of how Edison's inventions play a part in their own daily lives or how their own communities have benefited from his contributions to humanity. Members of the class who write original material should be given an opportunity to read it aloud to the group.

Extension reading . . . Pupils who enjoyed this story may want to read *Boy with Edison*, by William A. Simonds, and *Edison: His Life, His Work, His Genius*, by the same author, from which "Working with Edison" was taken. Another book which boys might like is *The Boy's Life of Edison*, by William Henry Meadowcroft, who was Edison's life-long secretary. Those members of the class who are interested in scientists as heroes of service might be referred to *Madame Curie*, by Eve Curie (for mature readers); *Dr. George Washington Carver, Scientist*, by Shirley Graham and George Lipscomb; and *America's Greatest Inventors*, by John C. Patterson.

Walter Reed

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

After reading "Walter Reed" the teacher should refer to the background note on pages 494-495 and to suggestions for extending concepts given in the last part of this lesson plan for the facts behind the event which is dramatized here.

Reread the poem, noting that while the style and rhythm appear similar to those in "Lewis and Clark," by the same authors, in Unit II, the tone is much more serious, in keeping with the dangerous and important experiments of Walter Reed.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Let pupils discuss what they know about Walter Reed as a hero of service and read the background note before they read the poem. After the poem has been read, ask, "What is the spirit of the first two stanzas? What picture of Dr. Reed as a man do the poets give in the third stanza?" Then call attention to the heroic challenge in the last two stanzas in which the Benétts express appreciation for the type of hero Walter Reed represents.

To help pupils understand the great relief from terror and suffering that Reed's discovery made possible, the teacher may want to present some of the information given in Extending Concepts. Then ask, "How did the poets show they were aware of the great loss of life in various parts of the world?"

Tell the class that Reed has been called a "Hero of Peace" and stimulate comments as to the appropriateness of such a title. Continue discussion by asking whether any other selections in this unit are about persons who could be called heroes of peace.

Mention that Walter Reed once said, "The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering, has been granted."

Conclude the discussion by asking members of the class to explain what this quotation tells them about Walter Reed.

If a copy of *Poems for Modern Youth*, edited by Adolph Gillis and William Rose Benét, is available, the teacher might at this time read the poem "Lines Written after the Discovery by the Author of the Germ of Yellow Fever," by Ronald Ross.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

Tell pupils that the poem "Walter Reed" should be read in a serious manner. While the first two stanzas express fear and despair, the poem rapidly gains a hopeful note, beginning in the third stanza. The last stanza should be read with the conviction which the poets feel about the importance of Reed's work.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 81 of the THINK-AND-DO Book gives the story of the doctor who found a means of preventing smallpox, a disease as dangerous as yellow fever.

Extending concepts . . . Additional information such as the following may be brought out to help pupils understand the dreadfulness of yellow fever and the human struggles involved in conquering the disease. During the eighteenth century yellow fever swept across the United States in 35 epidemics. In one year 10 per cent of the population of Philadelphia was wiped out. During another year forty thousand deaths from the disease were reported in Brazil. In a period of three years twenty-five million Europeans died from this plague.

The first persons in the Reed experiment to be bitten by mosquitoes which had previously bitten yellow fever patients were two young doctors, James Carroll and Jesse Lazear. Dr. Lazear died. Then Walter Reed called for other volunteers. This time two young soldiers, John R. Kissinger and John J. Moran, were the first to offer themselves. Dr. Reed warned them of the grave risks and told them each would receive a sum of money for the experimentation. Both men agreed to the experiment, but only upon the condition that there be no reward. Dr. Reed, touched by their generosity and heroism, rose and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you!"

Memorials to Reed . . . Members of the class may know some of the ways Walter Reed has been honored for his work in reducing human suffering. Among these are: building of the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C.; restoration of his birthplace near Gloucester, Virginia; publication of the five-cent commemorative stamp issued in 1940 in his honor; and burial in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C., where his monument is inscribed: "He gave to man control over that dreadful scourge, yellow fever."

Developing historical interest . . . Encourage pupils who are interested in history to look up the story of the Panama Canal in an encyclopedia or some other reference book. Have them report their findings to the class, noting in particular the importance of controlling yellow fever and the precautions that were taken to do so. Lead them to speculate on the significance to America and to the world of Reed's fight against Yellow Jack.

◀ PAGES 360-372 ▶

The Doctor of Labrador

PREPARING FOR READING

To prepare pupils for reading this selection, have them note the title of the story. Encourage them to recall another story about a doctor which they have already read in *PATRIOTS AND PATHFINDERS*. They should mention "Saviors of Oregon" in Unit II. Stimulate discussion of Oregon's need for a doctor at that time and of Marcus Whitman's reception there. Point out that although Oregon was a remote region, badly lacking in medical care, the Indians and even some of the settlers resented the doctor's work.

Then tell the class that "The Doctor of Labrador" is a story about a medical missionary of more recent times who also risked his life to help people in an isolated community. Suggest that they read the background note on page 495 and then read the story for an exciting account of a dangerous incident in Dr. Grenfell's career.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

When pupils have read the story, ask, "How did the Labrador fishermen feel about the arrival of Dr. Grenfell? How did their attitude differ from that of the Indians, trappers, and hunters in 'Saviors of Oregon'?" Pupils should point out that in place of hostility, the doctor was met with curiosity and an eagerness for any kind of medical aid.

Have a member of the class locate Labrador on a map of North America. Lead pupils to compare its climate with the climate where they live. Ask the class why this region is out of touch with other parts of the world. (The climate is so cold and ice is so abundant that few people venture to visit Labrador.)

Then ask, "What does this tell you about the character of Dr. Grenfell?" Pupils should note that he was a man of real courage and high purpose. Then center attention on how the story brings out these qualities by asking, "How did he react when he realized the difficulties of the trip to the little boy's home? Why do you think he made his decision to attempt to cross the bay on the ice?" Lead pupils to consider the significance of Grenfell's actions when he was faced with a choice between his personal safety and that of the sick child; then ask what other persons described in this unit exhibited similar qualities. They should point out that Nathan Hale valued his country's welfare above his own and that Walter Reed endangered his own life to find a cure that would save the lives of thousands of others.

Continue discussion by asking how the doctor showed ingenuity in keeping himself alive in the bitter cold. Pupils should recall that he used his sealskin boots to shield his back from the wind, that he used the thick fur of the dogs to keep from freezing, and that he protected his feet with rope from the dogs' harnesses. Other examples that might be cited are: using the cocker spaniel to make the other dogs move to a larger piece of ice and rigging up a flag to wave.

Ask, "Do you think Grenfell was justified in killing Moody, Watch, and Spy?" The teacher should respect pupils' feelings, since there will probably be a highly personal reaction to this question. However, she might point out that the doctor said he would freeze within an hour if he did not have their skins. Encourage pupils to recall another story in the book in which men thought they would have to choose between their

own lives and the lives of their dogs ("A Dog Named Spike"). Ask how the men on Byrd's expedition felt about killing the huskies and bring out how they dreaded it, feeling, as they did, that the dogs were among their finest friends. Then see if boys and girls can cite any other cases in which animals' lives were spent to save the lives of men or where one life was lost to save others.

Next ask, "What were Dr. Grenfell's reflections about his life when he thought he was in danger of losing it? What do they tell you about him as a person?" Lead the boys and girls to note that he never thought of himself, but rather of the work that was still undone in making life better for the people of Labrador. Then ask how, on the other hand, the people of Labrador felt about him. Pupils should point out that the men who found him were deeply concerned over his safety, braving the treacherous ice to rescue him, and that their relief at finding the doctor alive was as sincere as his relief at being found.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Recognizing the effect of accent . . . To extend ability to understand the effect of accent on the pronunciations and the meanings of words, have pupils turn to page 513 in the Glossary and notice the two pronunciations and the two meanings for the word *escort*. Then write the following sentences on the blackboard:

An *escort* of officials accompanied Lincoln to Gettysburg.
Seeing-eye dogs learn to *escort* their masters.

Have pupils read the sentences, pronounce the boldface words, and explain the meaning of each. Write the next two pairs of sentences on the blackboard and follow the same procedure, having pupils use the Glossary or a dictionary.

The modern world feels the *imprint* of Edison's achievements.
His devotion to his work seems to *imprint* itself on the mind of the reader.
It wasn't easy to *convert* McHale to the use of the airplane in his business.
Lobdell seemed to be Maxim's only *convert* as to the usefulness of the motor-tricycle.

Then write these words on the blackboard: *desert*, *conduct*, *incense*, *incline*, and *convict*. Ask pupils to write their own pairs of sentences for each word, mark the accent in each of the underlined words, and be

ready to explain the meaning of these words to the class. Suggest that pupils refer freely to the dictionary to check their ideas.

If the group has studied parts of speech, some members of the class may point out that in the underlined words used in these sentences the accent is on the first syllable when the word is a noun, on the second syllable when it is used as a verb.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 82 and 83.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Preparing reports . . . Pupils who are interested in learning more about Dr. Grenfell might look him up in an encyclopedia or other reference book. If a copy of *The National Geographic Magazine* for July 1941 is available, they may wish to use the article "Newfoundland, North Atlantic Rampart" for pictures of the Grenfell Mission wharf, Hospital, and Children's Home. Pupils may report their findings to the class.

Extension reading . . . The following books are recommended: *Adrift on an Ice-Pan*, by Sir Wilfred Grenfell; *Story of Grenfell of the Labrador; a Boys' Life of Wilfred T. Grenfell*, by Dillon Wallace; *Clara Barton*, by Mildred Pace; and *The First Woman Doctor*, by Rachel Baker.

◀ PAGES 373 - 384 ▶

Jane Addams

PREPARING FOR READING

Interest in reading this story and readiness to enter into the spirit of it may be developed by directing attention to the title and to the pictures on pages 373, 377, and 381. Ask, "What kind of work did you think Jane Addams did?" If pupils do not know the term "social worker," introduce it at this time.

Have the class read the background note on page 497 to find out how Jane Addams and Dr. Grenfell were alike. Then suggest that pupils read the story to learn how Jane Addams made her life one of service to others.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

In the discussion of how Jane Addams made her life one of service to humanity ask, "In what four ways was Miss Addams a pioneer in helping people?" In response, pupils may point out that she pioneered by opening Hull House as a social center for the neighborhood, by beginning the day nursery, by working for the passage of child labor laws, and by fostering the belief that nations could achieve world peace. Then encourage pupils to recount the interesting aspects of each of her four efforts to improve the opportunities of others. Comments might center around the advantages and disadvantages she encountered because she came from a wealthy family, the influences that led her to decide upon her lifework, the effect of her background of reading upon her viewpoints, and the manner in which she met criticism at the time of World War I.

Have a member of the class compute Jane Addams' age in 1882 when she decided upon her career (she was born in 1860) and let pupils compare her age with the ages of Nathan Hale and Louis Braille when they made contributions to the world. Let the group discuss the question, "Do you think young people in their early twenties today do or should feel responsible for improving the world? Why or why not?"

Then ask, "What is the distinction made between 'service of beauty' and 'beauty of service' in the selection?"

To encourage personal reactions to this story, ask, "Why do you think Jane Addams was afraid when she began her new work? If she were our contemporary, in what cause or causes do you suppose she would be interested? What do you consider the highest tribute ever paid to Jane Addams? Which type of hero of service does the world need most now? Why?"

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Adapting definitions to context . . . In interpreting sentence meanings the reader often mentally rephrases in his own words what the author has said. This may involve mentally substituting one word for another, changing words and transposing the order of others to simplify the language, or completely paraphrasing a sentence to express the ideas in familiar language patterns. This type of thinking involves the same

general skills that have been introduced in this GUIDEBOOK in specific exercises based on the dictionary. (See pages 137 and 143-144.) This lesson is designed, therefore, to make practical application of these same skills in reading and to check on the pupil's ability to express clearly in his own words the ideas set forth by the author.

First ask pupils to turn to page 373 of the text and reread silently the paragraph beginning "Just beyond the omnibus . . ." and ending on page 374 with ". . . already unfit to eat." Then say, "As we read, we often mentally rephrase in our own words what the author has said. We may just substitute one word for another or we may reword an entire sentence. For example, let's look at the first sentence, 'Just beyond the omnibus, a huckster's truck had stopped at the curbstone.' How might you say this sentence, using other words for *omnibus*, *huckster's*, *curbstone*, and still keep the meaning of the author's original sentence?" Pupils may respond with something similar to "Just beyond the bus, a peddler's truck had stopped along the side of the street." Continue with the other sentences in the paragraph, asking children to restate the sentence without using such words as: *rabble*, *tattered*, *haggard*, *haggling*, *decayed*, *auctioning*, *bidder*, *possessor*, *devour*, *filthy*, *fortunate*, *companions*, etc. Various members of the class should be given an opportunity to reword each sentence, and the Glossary and a dictionary may be consulted if there is any doubt as to word meanings.

Have pupils turn to page 376 and continue in the same manner with the paragraph beginning "In order to put her ideas into practice. . . ."

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 84, 85, and 86.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Extending concepts . . . Discuss with pupils some of the reasons why the sources for biographical material about men and women of today are much richer than ever before; e.g., moving pictures with sound effects are preserving more accurately for us the personality, the voice, and the general appearance of famous people; radio broadcasts of their speeches are being recorded and preserved.

Sharing information . . . If some pupils in the class are especially interested in how Jane Addams' work has been carried on since her death,

encourage them to gather information about Hull House as it is today. Other pupils might like to find out how the Nobel prizes originated, the achievements for which prizes are awarded, and how the winners are selected. Time should be allowed for both groups to share their information with their classmates.

Extension reading . . . To those pupils who would like to know more about Jane Addams the following books might be suggested: *Jane Addams of Hull House*, by Winifred Esther Wise; *Twenty Years at Hull House*, by Jane Addams (for mature readers); and for those whose reading ability is at fourth- or fifth-grade level *Jane Addams, Little Lame Girl*, by Jean Wagoner. Books which contain chapters about Miss Addams are: *Twenty Modern Americans*, by Alice Cecilia Cooper and Charles A. Palmer; *Heroines of Modern Progress*, by Elmer C. Adams and W. D. Foster; and *When I Was a Girl*, edited by Helen Ferris. Girls might enjoy reading *Living Biographies of Famous Women*, by Henry Thomas and Dana Lee Thomas, from which the selection "Jane Addams" was taken. Biographical sketches of workers for mankind of other nationalities may be found in *Saints and Rebels*, by Eloise Lownsbery.

EXTENDING THE UNIT THEME

Discussing biographies . . . Encourage pupils to discuss some of the interesting biographies they have been reading. As the various books are discussed, the teacher might write the titles and the names of the authors on the blackboard. Informal discussion of these biographies may be supplemented by having volunteers give brief book reviews. Preferably, any review should consist of a pupil's honest appraisal of a book together with a few sentences indicating why the subject of the biography was an interesting and important person. The teacher may then suggest making a list of good biographies to be posted on the bulletin board.

Extending concepts . . . Give pupils opportunity to discuss the qualities common to all the heroes of service mentioned in this unit; i.e., courage, tenacity of purpose, unselfishness, etc.

Then ask, "Have you ever known personally someone whom you consider a hero of service?" Encourage members of the class to discuss the contributions of such people.

Pages 245-264 of this GUIDEBOOK
Unit VIII of PATHS AND PATHFINDERS . . .



Famous Book Friends

FAVORITE BOOK CHARACTERS . . . that no youngster should fail to meet—Tom Sawyer, Rip Van Winkle, John Gilpin, Gulliver, and others—are included in this unit. These book friends will be a source of pleasure to boys and girls of today just as they have been to countless others who have met them in years gone by.

Pervading all the stories, regardless of author or period in which written, is a rich and often rollicking vein of humor that cannot fail to delight young readers. They will be as amused by the legend of the wife who was worth her weight in silver in "The Pine-Tree Shillings" as were the children to whom the story was first told. The good-natured mischief of Tom Sawyer in "Tom and the Pain-Killer" will be readily understood and thoroughly enjoyed! And, as always, children will be intrigued and amused by the exaggerations and the imaginary situations embodied in "Rip Van Winkle" and "A Voyage to Lilliput."

The poems in the unit, too, are those that have given pleasure to generations of readers. The whimsy in the poem "A Tragic Story," the madcap ride of a dignified citizen in "John Gilpin," and the servant's hilarious reaction in Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Height of the Ridiculous" should further convince boys and girls that poems can indeed be fun!

INTRODUCING THE UNIT THEME

Have pupils turn to the table of contents and read the titles of the stories in this unit. Then point out the names of the authors and tell pupils that these tales of fun and fancy are well-known selections by famous authors. Members of the class should be encouraged to mention any of the authors with whom they are familiar and to tell anything they may know about the authors or their writings. Ask pupils if any of the names are familiar to them in some other way than as an author. (While they may not have heard of Oliver Wendell Holmes as a writer, they may have heard of his son and namesake, one of our best known justices of the Supreme Court.)

Before initiating the unit, the teacher should make available copies of other stories by the same or other well-known authors. These may include such books as *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Prince and the Pauper*, by Mark Twain, or any of the works of Louisa May Alcott. Copies of biographies of the authors should be available for reference.

◀ PAGES 386-391 ▶

The Pine-Tree Shillings

PREPARING FOR READING

Ask pupils to turn to page 386 and look at the picture at the top of the page. Ask, "What does the man in the picture appear to be doing?" Elicit that he is telling a story and that "The Pine-Tree Shillings" is doubtless the story that Grandfather—the white-haired man—is telling the children.

Suggest to the pupils that they may have enjoyed hearing their own grandfathers, or other relatives, tell stories, both true and imaginary, about their lives or about people they knew. Encourage members of the class to recount some of their favorite family tales and perhaps tell something about the person who told the story. Other pupils may discuss whether they think the incidents related really happened or whether the storyteller elaborated on the truth for the sake of a good yarn.

Next ask the class to turn to page 499 and read the background note. Then suggest that they read this story to find out what Grandfather had to tell about the pine-tree shillings.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the pupils have read the story, ask them whether or not they think Grandfather made up the story. Ask one or two members of the class to look up Samuel Sewell in an encyclopedia or some other reference book, suggesting that the more common spelling of his name is Sewall. Others may look up Captain John Hull. The necessary reference books should be readily available so that pupils may quickly locate the material. Have them read their findings aloud and then ask pupils if they have changed their opinions on whether the story is true or fanciful. Lead them to conclude that the story is about real people and that some of the facts are true, but that Grandfather probably wove most of the yarn from his imagination for the amusement of the children.

Stimulate discussion of the story plot by asking, "Why was Captain John Hull to have one shilling out of every twenty manufactured? Did the court feel that this would be too large a sum? Why or why not?" Bring out that the story takes place when the American colonies were just beginning to trade with money instead of with goods and that the court did not anticipate how much money would eventually be needed. Ask the class to point out other details which show that the story took place in early colonial America. They might mention that English names were still used for coins made in America (shillings, sixpences, threepences); the settlers bartered with the Indians; people brought silver buckles and silver sword hilts to be coined; the settlers were Puritans; Captain Hull kept his money in a chest instead of in a bank.

Next ask members of the class what incident in the story seemed funniest to them. Then lead them to note the manner in which Hawthorne

described Betsey; e.g., "a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days" (page 388); "you'll find her a heavy burden enough," "looked like a full-blown peony" (page 389). Ask, "In these phrases what is the author implying about Betsey that he does not definitely state?" (She is exceedingly plump!) Direct attention to the last paragraph on page 391 and ask pupils if they agree with Clara.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Discriminating between shades of meaning . . . To check pupils' understanding of words used in this story, ask, "What is a *venerable* friend?" They should reply that it is a friend who is highly reverenced. Then ask, "Is a *venerable* friend always a *respected* friend? Is a *respected* friend always a *venerable* friend? How do the words *venerable* and *respected* differ in meaning?"

Continue with the following pairs of words, having members of the class explain or illustrate through use in sentences the differences in meaning between the words of each pair. Pupils may refer to the Glossary or dictionary, if necessary, to check the meaning of words.

authentic—accurate	buccaneer—robber
specie—money	Puritan—pilgrim
quintal—one hundred pounds	receptacle—chest

Making comparisons . . . Remind pupils that "The Three Golden Apples" was also written by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Ask, "In what ways are these stories similar?" Pupils should mention that both stories are light-hearted and humorous. Then ask, "How do they differ?" Elicit that the story of Hercules is one of pure fancy, but that the story of the pine-tree shillings is about real people and may be partly true.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use page 87.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Sharing hobbies with others . . . Pupils who collect coins may be interested in bringing to class those which would be particularly appropriate to this story. They may have such English coins as the shilling, threepence, or sixpence; or possibly American coins of an early date.

Creative writing . . . The stories related by pupils in preparing for reading may serve as the basis for writing anecdotes.

Extension reading . . . Suggest that pupils who liked this story may want to read more of the book *Grandfather's Chair and Biographical Stories*, from which it was taken. They will also find other stories by Hawthorne in his *Tanglewood Tales*. A biography of Hawthorne that seventh-graders will like is *Romantic Rebel: The Story of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Hildegarde Hawthorne, his granddaughter. For other suggestions refer to page 507 of the Bibliography.

◀ PAGES 392-393 ▶

A Tragic Story

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

The type of humor found in this poem is mainly satirical, although slightly slapstick, and the teacher should keep this in mind as she reads the poem in preparation for presenting it to the class.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Ask pupils to turn to pages 392 and 393 and look at the pictures to establish the oriental setting. Explain that the picture shows "a sage in days of yore" and clarify the meanings of the words *sage* and *yore*.

After the silent reading, ask pupils whether they think the author has chosen an appropriate title for the poem. Ask, "Is this story tragic in the usual meaning of the word?" Lead pupils to conclude that the author means the opposite of what he says when he calls this "A Tragic Story." Then tell the pupils that this type of humor is called *satire*. Ask them if they think the author means that the man in this poem is wise. Elicit that he is not wise but rather very foolish and that this is another example of satire.

Next point out to the class that the first three lines of each stanza rhyme with each other, but that the last line is always different. Lead the class

to note that the first three lines tell the story of the sage's problem and how he tried to solve it and that in the last line the poet always emphasizes the fact that the pigtail still hung behind, in spite of all the sage's efforts.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

"A Tragic Story" merits a lively and somewhat dramatic oral interpretation. Boys and girls will have fun fitting the lively movement of the rhythm to the mock-tragic tone of the poem. Each stanza might be read in the manner of telling an exciting story, with the fourth line furnishing the dramatic climax.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Preparing a biography . . . Remind pupils that William Thackeray is a famous satirical writer and novelist and suggest that members of the class might look up his biography in an encyclopedia or some other reference book and make a brief report.

Enjoying poetry . . . Pupils may enjoy such other poems by Thackeray as "The King of Yvetot," which he adapted from a French poem by Pierre Jean de Béranger, and "The Minaret Bells," both of which may be found in *Rainbow in the Sky*. They may also like to hear "Little Billee," a nonsense poem written by Thackeray in the same vein as "A Tragic Story" and found in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*.

◀ PAGES 394-399 ▶

Tom and the Pain-Killer

PREPARING FOR READING

Many of the pupils will probably consider Tom Sawyer an old friend. Those who particularly like Mark Twain's story about him might tell other members of the class briefly what kind of boy he was and why they like him. They might also mention who Becky Thatcher was and how Tom felt about her.

Next ask the class if they know about any other Mark Twain characters. Elicit that Huckleberry Finn and his scrapes are as well known and well-liked as the stories of Tom Sawyer. Pupils will probably be interested to know that the author, whose real name was Samuel Clemens, based many of his stories on incidents from his own boyhood.

Then have the class read the background note on page 500 and suggest that they read the story to find out what trouble Tom was in this time and how he got out of it.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

Initiate discussion by asking, "What brought on all of Tom's troubles in 'Tom and the Pain-Killer'?" Elicit that he had become so dejected over Becky Thatcher's illness that his aunt thought he was sick and that something should be done about it. Next ask, "How did Tom finally escape his troubles? How did you feel toward Aunt Polly? Do you think she meant to hurt Tom?" A member of the class might read aloud the characterization of her on page 395 to show how she was "infatuated with patent medicines." Then ask pupils how Aunt Polly felt when she saw what the pain-killer did to the cat. Lead them to point out that she felt a "pang of remorse" (page 399) and that in the end she relented and let Tom stop taking the medicine.

Ask, "What was Tom doing when Peter the cat happened to come along? Why do you think Tom fed the pain-killer to the cat?"

Continue discussion by asking, "How does the author show that Tom was not really sick?" Lead them to point out his quick recovery when exposed to the pain-killer. Then ask, "On the other hand, how does Mark Twain let the reader know that Tom was in great mental distress?" Elicit that the author says on page 394 that "He no longer took an interest in war, nor even in piracy"—the two things which ordinarily interested Tom the most.

Mention that, as in Hawthorne's works, much of the sparkle of Mark Twain's stories results from his way of expressing his ideas. Ask, "How does the author describe Tom's reaction to the pain-killer?" ("The boy could not have shown a wilder, heartier interest if she had built a fire under him.") Then ask, "How do you think the medicine made Tom feel?" Pupils should mention that he probably felt as though he were

on fire inside. Suggest that Mark Twain, however, used a more humorous way to tell the reader how the pain-killer tasted.

Then say, "How does the author describe Peter's reaction to the medicine?" ("Peter . . . delivered a war whoop . . . pranced around, in a frenzy of enjoyment . . . his voice proclaiming his unappeasable happiness," page 397). Ask the class if they think Peter was jumping around from enjoyment of the pain-killer. Elicit that he was prancing not from joy, but from pain. Suggest that this is a type of humor in which the author means the opposite of what he says and pretends to be serious about something that is funny.

Lead pupils to mention other passages or phrases which especially amused them. In each case, they should tell why they think the passage or phrase is funny.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Interpreting illustrative sentences . . . To increase pupils' awareness of how the illustrative sentences in a glossary or dictionary can aid them in getting the meaning of an unfamiliar word, write the following sentences from the story on the blackboard, underlining the words printed in boldface. The page numbers are included for the convenience of the teacher.

"The old lady was bending down, Tom watching with interest *emphasized* by anxiety." (page 399)

"Tom *winked*, and dropped his eyes." (page 399)

"Tom looked up in her face with just a *perceptible* twinkle peeping through his gravity." (page 399)

Ask pupils to find in the Glossary each of the underlined words. After each word has been located, encourage discussion about the meaning that is appropriate to the context above and about how the illustrative sentence in the Glossary enriches this meaning.

Then write the following words on the blackboard: *distraction*, *windfall*, *apprehensive*, *telltale*, *valance*. Ask pupils to look up each word in the Glossary and then write an explanatory sentence to enrich further one of the meanings given there. When pupils finish, ask them to read aloud their illustrative sentences and to evaluate the contributions of their classmates.

Noting illustrations . . . To further pupils' appreciation of the illustrations of this story have them turn to the picture on page 394. Ask for volunteers to describe briefly what incident this picture portrays. Then ask, "How does the illustration add to the reader's enjoyment of this incident?" Pupils should note Aunt Polly's determined expression and Tom's dejected air. Continue with the picture on page 396, centering attention on how pleased Aunt Polly looks and how startled Tom is.

Then have the pupils turn to the picture on page 398 and ask them to point out details which add to the fun of the story. This time they should see Aunt Polly's expression of consternation and Tom's glee. Ask them, "How can you tell that the cat is almost bouncing in reaction to the pain-killer?" Lead them to note how the artist has shown the cat's wild prancings around the room. Ask pupils to enumerate other details which add to the story. Encourage them to note the large portrait hanging on the wall in the background and lead them to comment on the expression on the man's face, bringing out the fact that the artist has humorously made him look astonished.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use page 88.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Making a bibliography . . . A committee might be appointed to compile a bibliography of available stories about Mark Twain's life. The pupils might follow this simple form:

Bolton, Mrs. S. K. *Famous American Authors*, pp. 270-285.

Paine, A. B. *Boys' Life of Mark Twain*.

Proudfoot, Mrs. I. B. *River-Boy*.

Raymond, C. H. *Story-Lives of Master Writers*, pp. 296-314.

The completed bibliography should be placed on the bulletin board, and some of the books listed should be arranged on the reading table.

Extension reading . . . Many pupils may be interested in reading such Mark Twain books as *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, and *The Prince and the Pauper*. Superior readers who like short stories may read "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," also by Mark Twain, which may be found in *Representative American Short Stories*.

John Gilpin

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

This selection is a merry one—and the teacher or pupil needs only to read it to catch the spirit of fun and be amused and entertained by the ridiculousness of the madcap ride. The subtle characterization of John Gilpin and of his wife is a point which should be noted in preparing to teach this poem. The humor of the situation lies in their personalities as well as in the good citizen's wild ride. The teacher should read the poem aloud to herself until she is sure that in her own oral presentation the singsong rhythm does not gallop away with the story.

The pupils may find some of the words and phrases difficult to understand. The teacher should be prepared to explain those which are important to the story, but the fun of the poem should never be lost in minor details.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Tell pupils that this poem is about how a respectable citizen was made to look very ridiculous by a horse. Mention that it was written in the eighteenth century and that some of the words may be unfamiliar to us. Explain that *eke* in the first stanza means *likewise* and that on page 403 it means *also*. Clarify the meaning of such other words and phrases as: *trainband* (citizen-soldier outfit), *spouse* (wife or husband), *chaise* (carriage), *calender* (person who is in the business of pressing cloth or paper), *saddletree* (the frame of a saddle), *curling ear* (handle of jug), *galled* (chafed), *reeking* (steaming), *tarry* (dclay), *bootless* (useless).

Then suggest that the poem tells about a holiday which John Gilpin and his family took and ask pupils to read to find out how the head of the household spent his day.

After the silent reading ask, "What sort of man was John Gilpin?" Elicit that he was a rather stout individual who considered himself a respectable and dignified businessman but that he was certainly not a good horseman. Encourage pupils to comment on how ridiculous he

looked when he was helplessly clutching the horse as it ran faster and faster. Ask, "How did John Gilpin react to this treatment by the horse? Was he ill-tempered?" Pupils should note that he had a sense of humor and that he could still make a joke about the ride when he arrived at his friend's house in Edmonton. Mention that John Gilpin's wife was an enjoyable character, too, and ask pupils to describe the kind of person she was. Point out that she had the chaise brought up three doors away so that the neighbors wouldn't think her proud.

To promote recall of the details of the ride, ask members of the class to mention the incidents which they thought were the most fun. They will probably bring out such things as the gradual speeding up of the horse to a gallop, the blowing away of John's hat and wig, the mistake of the tollmen in thinking John was in a race, the breaking of the wine bottles, and the scattering of the wash at Edmonton.

Point out the inverted order of the words in the last stanza on page 403 and ask pupils to state the main idea here, rearranging the order of words to do it. Their responses should be somewhat like this:

*His horse, which had never been
Hauled in that way before,
Wondered more and more
What thing had gotten on his back.*

Lead pupils to note that a number of stanzas are written in this fashion so that the rhythm will not be broken.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

To make the rhythm enhance the story without running away with it, warn pupils that the horse may run away with them just as it did with John Gilpin. Then read the following stanza aloud and beat out the galloping, singsong rhythm.

*"So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried;
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein."*

Tell the pupils that they should avoid emphasizing the rigid regularity of the rhythm. Suggest that they read the poem instead in a conversational tone and make the lines tell a story in spite of the hoofbeats. Illustrate by rereading the above stanza to them aloud, bringing out the meaning rather than the rhythm. Pupils may read the poem aloud in round-robin style—each reading one or two stanzas. Remind them that they can add to the humor and fun of hearing the story by avoiding a too monotonous rhythm and by noting runover lines.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . Page 89 of the THINK-AND-DO Book serves to highlight words and expressions found in the poem "John Gilpin" but not commonly used in everyday conversation or writing.

Extension reading . . . Pupils may read the following poems by William Cowper: "The Nightingale and the Glow-Worm," from *Rainbow in the Sky*; "Epitaph on a Hare," "The Snail," "The Cricket," and "The Jackdaw," all from *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*. Boys and girls should read these poems "just for fun" rather than for purposes of analysis.

◀ PAGES 410-432 ▶

Rip Van Winkle

PREPARING FOR READING

Most pupils will be familiar with the story of Rip Van Winkle in one version or another. They may not realize, however, that the Catskill Mountains really do exist. Have a pupil point out their location on a map of the United States. Mention that at the time of the story they were rather remote and inaccessible; point out that this part of the country was first settled by the Dutch and that all the story characters are Dutch.

Ask the class to read the note on page 501 to find out how the author acquired his background for this story.

To set the mood for interpreting this legend, tell pupils that in his book *The Sketch Book*, Washington Irving used the fictitious character of Diedrich Knickerbocker to tell the tale of Rip Van Winkle. Then say, "The locale of the story is the Catskill Mountains, and the inhabitants of that region seemed to readily believe the tales that were told about the strange happenings that occurred in the mountains. Knickerbocker says in a note that follows the story that he himself once met Rip and found the old man so rational that no honest person could refuse to believe him." Suggest that as the boys and girls read the story, they decide whether they believe the tale of Rip Van Winkle.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

After the silent reading of the story ask, "When you read this story, did you find yourself almost believing it? Do you think Washington Irving was trying to make you believe it?" Ask pupils to give reasons for their answers. As the details of the story are discussed, bring out how the author creates an illusion of reality and implies that the story is and should be accepted as the truth.

To develop this point, ask, "How does the author make Rip seem like a real person? Do you think it logical that of all the men in the village he should be the one to sleep for twenty years?" Elicit that Washington Irving characterized Rip very clearly as a simple, good-natured fellow, amiable and popular, but with an aversion to work. Point out how Rip would let the children play all kinds of tricks on him, that he would fish all day for nothing, and that he found it impossible to keep his farm in order. Then ask, "How was Rip provoked into wandering off?" Pupils should point out that Dame Van Winkle was both sharp-tempered and sharp-tongued and that she never ceased berating Rip for his idleness. Ask, "Why does this particular village seem an appropriate setting for the story?" Pupils should mention that the village was a very sleepy little town, out of touch with the affairs of the world.

Continue discussion by mentioning that the author knew the Hudson River country very well and that he pictured it vividly in "Rip Van Winkle." Ask pupils to recall the setting of the story. Elicit that the author describes the scene as one of rich woodlands and lovely, rugged glens, with the majestic Hudson River in the distance. They may also

point out that the mountains had a magic quality, seeming to vary in color and shape with every change in the weather.

Next ask, "What is the supernatural element of the story?" Pupils should mention the little men in the mountains. Ask for descriptions of these creatures, bringing out that they were somewhat like elves, but silent and grave and peculiar in their expressions and actions. Recall Rip's personality by asking, "If you had been in Rip's place, would you have followed the dwarfs and drunk their beverage?" Allow for differences of opinion in the answers, but elicit that Rip was too easy-going to be wary.

Encourage comment on the ending of the story by asking, "How do you suppose Rip felt when he realized that he had been gone twenty years? What did the people think when he told about the strange men on the mountain?" Bring out that at first the villagers did not believe Rip, but later they learned from an old inhabitant that the mountains had always been haunted. Then ask members of the class to tell whether or not they think the old man was right.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Identifying figurative language . . . To strengthen pupils' understanding and appreciation of figurative language, give them the literal meaning of an expression and have them find "how the author said it." For example, mention that Rip was often scolded by his wife and then have them find the expression the author used on page 411 to tell that he was dominated by his wife ("an obedient, henpecked husband"). Then have them find the expressions used to convey the ideas listed in the left-hand column below. The teacher may write these ideas on the blackboard, together with the page numbers on which they appear. The pupils should find the expression the author used to convey each of these ideas. For the convenience of the teacher the correct responses are given in parentheses.

easy-going, happy natures	(page 413) ("well-oiled dispositions")
meek and guilty manner	(page 414) ("gallows air")
small, round eyes, close together	(page 419) ("piggish eyes")
high, glistening white hat	(page 419) ("sugar-loaf hat")
bounding, rushing water	(page 422) ("feathery foam")
sleepy, peaceful quiet	(page 425) ("drowsy tranquillity")
a woman's ruling of the home	(page 432) ("petticoat government")

Noting cause-effect relationships . . . Place on the blackboard the following unfinished sentences and ask pupils to complete each sentence by giving an effect of the cause stated. Pupils may have more than one suggestion for each sentence.

Because Rip Van Winkle was meek and agreeable, he _____.

Because the village was hard to reach, people _____.

After Rip drank the beverage, he _____.

When Rip awoke to find his limbs stiff, he thought _____.

Because Rip had been gone so long, he did not know that _____.

When Rip disappeared so suddenly from the village, people thought that he _____.

Encourage discussion about the various suggestions offered for completing each sentence and be sure that in the light of the story, each might be an effect of the cause stated.

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 90 and 91.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Preparing dramatizations . . . The class might be divided into groups to plan and prepare dramatizations of some of the stories in this unit. Pupils should understand that time for presenting these dramatizations will be set aside at the close of the unit.

An interesting way of presenting "Rip Van Winkle" on the stage is in a puppet play. There is an excellent adaptation of the story for a puppet show in *Little Plays for Everybody*, by Anne Sanford.

Creative art . . . To help pupils further visualize the setting, characters, and action of this story, ask, "If you were going to draw or paint a picture based on this story, what would you show in it?" The answers to this should be both varied and interesting. Some pupils will want to describe humorous sketches that could be made of Rip, his wife, or the "funny little men." Others may wish to describe pictures they might make of the story setting—the sleepy village, the small inn, Rip's favorite spots up in the Catskills, etc.

Extension reading . . . Other tales by Washington Irving are *Alhambra: Palace of Mystery and Splendor*, selected by Mabel Williams, and *Bold Dragoon, and Other Ghostly Tales*, edited by A. C. Moore.

The Height of the Ridiculous

PREPARING TO PRESENT THE POEM

As the title of this poem indicates, "The Height of the Ridiculous" was written in the spirit of pure fun. The teacher should put herself in the author's place and share his merry mood in preparing to present the poem.

PRESENTING AND INTERPRETING THE POEM

Tell pupils that the author, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was a witty poet and essayist and also that he was a physician. Then mention that he had a delightful sense of humor and wrote a number of charming poems. Ask the class to read "The Height of the Ridiculous" to see what happened when a poet wrote some lines so funny he at first "laughed as I would die," to quote him directly.

In discussion bring out the idea that in the first four stanzas the poet is talking about his own experience with the poem; the next three stanzas describe the servant and his reaction to the poem; and the last stanza tells how the servant's reaction affected the poet.

ORAL INTERPRETATION

Suggest that in reading this poem aloud the reader should pretend that he is Mr. Holmes. He should read the first four or five stanzas in a casual tone of voice, as if he were telling about an incident in his daily life. When the servant begins to grin and gradually breaks into a roar, the reader should express amazement. The final stanza might be read in a tone of humorous despair.

EXTENDING INTERESTS

Think-and-Do Book . . . On page 92 of the THINK-AND-DO Book pupils will find examples of different types of humor that never grow old.

on pupils will find the work witty and humorous. They will be hear about the carriage that would not break down in "The Masterpiece, or the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," found in *Rain-Sky*. "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," from *A Book of Poems*, will appeal to them for its fun-loving mood.

; 435 - 457 ▶

A Voyage to Lilliput

PREPARING FOR READING

Pupils, Dr. Gulliver will seem to be as old a friend as Rip Van Tom Sawyer. Some will have read parts or all of *Gulliver's Travels* in which this story was taken, and others may only have something about the strange adventures of the Englishman. Tell what the story is about what happened to Gulliver in the land of Lilliput, an imaginary place and an imaginary people. Then ask who are familiar with Jonathan Swift's book to tell what it is about. Ask them to describe briefly some of the places Gulliver visited in the land of the Lilliputs and what happened to him there. Ask pupils if they know why the book was written. After a few questions have been made, ask them to read the note on page 503. Then let them read the story to see what the land of Lilliput was like.

EXTENDING INTERPRETATION

In discussion ask, "Why do you think this story appealed not only to people of Swift's time but also to the readers of today?"

Ask the humor of the story by asking pupils just how kingly the Emperor appeared beside Gulliver. Next ask, "What do you think the Emperor would have done if Gulliver had disobeyed him? What do you think the people have done if Gulliver had fought to break loose from his bonds?" If the pupils do not do so, point out that the Lilliputians had reached the point of being funny in thinking that all of them

together were stronger than Gulliver. Encourage boys and girls to note the illustrations and to comment on the clues they give to Gulliver's power in comparison with that of the Lilliputians. Then ask members of the class if they can think of a specific incident in which the self-importance of the Lilliputians amused them. Lead pupils to note the seriousness with which the inventory of Gulliver's belongings was made, even though the Emperor's men had no idea what the items were.

Bring out the fact that the land of the Lilliputians was a land in miniature by asking, "How big were the people of Lilliput? [about six inches high] Were they like ordinary humans in other ways? Did they live, work, and eat like other people?" Elicit that they worked as carpenters, engineers, locksmiths, farmers, etc.; that they had cows, sheep, horses, and other animals, but all of them were tiny; that they were like normal humans in every way except their size and the size of the objects in their world.

Next ask the class how they think the Lilliputians treated Gulliver. Ask, "Did they trust him? Were they kind and just to him?" The teacher should allow for varying opinions on this point. However, she should encourage them to note that while they fed him well and provided him with a place to sleep, they shot him with arrows, they kept him in chains for several months, and they made him agree to help in their war with the Blefuscudians until finally he had to leave Lilliput because, although he had done that land a great favor, he was to be tried for treason.

Then ask pupils if they can see how Jonathan Swift meant this story to ridicule and criticize human beings. They should point out the undesirable qualities of the Lilliputians as shown in the incidents mentioned above. Pupils may note in particular the example of the admiral who resented Gulliver's easy triumph over the enemy navy and who consequently turned the Emperor against him.

EXTENDING SKILLS AND ABILITIES

Making inferences . . . Recall for the pupils that when the Emperor's officers searched Gulliver, they made a careful inventory in which they described each item they found as it looked to them. To give practice in making inferences and visualizing from unusual descriptions, ask pupils to turn to page 445 and have one of them read aloud the inventory beginning in the middle of the page. Then list on the blackboard a brief

résumé of the descriptions given. This list might be somewhat like that which follows. For the convenience of the teacher the names of the items are included in parentheses.

1. large piece of coarse cloth (*handkerchief*)
2. huge silver chest full of dust (*silver snuffbox*)
3. bundle of thin white substances, marked with large black figures (*journal book*)
4. engine with twenty long poles extending from the back (*comb*)
5. hollow pillar of iron, fastened to strong piece of timber (*pistol*)
6. round, flat pieces of white and red metal (*coins*)
7. two black pillars, each enclosing a huge plate of steel (*knife and razor*)
8. a globe, the lower half of silver, the upper half transparent with figures underneath, which made an incessant noise (*watch*)

After all the items have been listed, ask the class to tell what each is, keeping in mind that everything Gulliver had seemed huge to the tiny Lilliputians. After each object in the list on the blackboard write the name of the article that pupils think the description fits. Then ask them to turn to pages 447 and 448 and check their answers with the articles Gulliver mentioned.

Making comparisons . . . Both "Rip Van Winkle" and "A Voyage to Lilliput" are stories in which strange beings play an important part. To develop the ability to make comparisons, write the following sentences on the blackboard. Have pupils fill in the blank spaces to complete the sentences and show the contrast between the Lilliputians and the little men in "Rip Van Winkle." Probable answers are given in parentheses.

1. The men who haunted the Catskills could talk but were strangely silent. The Lilliputians _____.
(could talk and talked freely)
2. The little men in "Rip Van Winkle" had peculiarly shaped faces and lackluster expressions. The Lilliputians _____.
(looked like humans and expressed emotions and ideas in their faces)
3. The Lilliputians were concerned about who Gulliver was and took great interest in him during his visit. The men in the Catskills _____.
(showed little interest in Rip)
4. The little men Rip met were short and stocky but not tiny. The Lilliputians _____. (were only six inches tall)

5. The little men in the Catskills were supernatural beings. The Lilliputians were _____.
(humans in miniature)
6. The people of the mountains in "Rip Van Winkle" were all men. The Lilliputians _____.
(were women, children, and animals as well as men)

Think-and-Do Book . . . Use pages 93 and 94.

EXTENDING THE UNIT THEME

Extension reading . . . Pupils will enjoy reading more of *Gulliver's Travels*, by Jonathan Swift, from which this story was taken. Another tale of fantastic adventures which they may like is the story of Ulysses, as told by Alfred J. Church, in *Odyssey for Boys and Girls*.

Discussing authors . . . Encourage boys and girls to discuss what they have discovered about the authors in this unit. As the various men are discussed, suggest that they mention which ones they think had the most interesting lives and why. Pupils might point out whether each author's background helps explain why he wrote the particular story in this unit. For example, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving were both familiar with old tales about their own sections of the country. In contrast, William Cowper lived an unhappy life, but no trace of that fact can be found in the poem "John Gilpin."

Informal discussion of these men might be supplemented by having volunteers give brief reviews of the authors' lives. They may also suggest biographies which they have discovered and which they think other members of the class would find interesting.

Preparing a book exhibit . . . The teacher might encourage pupils to make an exhibit of books both old and new which contain different versions and illustrations of the stories in "Famous Book Friends." They might also include other stories by the same authors. Opportunity should be provided for pupils to browse through the books in this exhibit and to note the ways in which versions of a given story vary.

Giving dramatizations . . . Several periods might be set aside for pupils to present the dramatizations that they have been preparing as groups within the class. Each dramatization should be preceded by a few introductory remarks which will explain the setting of the play.

Bibliography

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER READERS¹

Unit One—Young Americans Today

- "Hobbies for All of Us" and "The Hobby Show," pp. 162-175, *Tales and Travel* (V), Houghton, 1938.
- "Stunt Saturday," pp. 150-161, *Fun and Frolic* (III), Heath, 1942.
- "Danger on the Docks," pp. 17-23, and "It Rained for a Week," pp. 24-33, *Luck and Pluck* (IV), Heath, 1942.
- "Adventures in a Garden," pp. 3-23, and "Signals and Messages," pp. 27-54, *Then and Now* (IV), Lyons, 1940.
- "The Track Star," pp. 109-119, "The New Outfielder," pp. 120-127, "Making a Garden," pp. 357-367, "A Pet Rabbit," pp. 371-379, and "Stamp Collecting," pp. 382-390, *Days to Remember* (V), Rand, 1939.
- "The Soap Box Derby," pp. 387-398, "Having Fun with Puppets," pp. 399-406, and "Building Model Airplanes," pp. 408-423, *Pages of Adventure* (VI), Rand, 1941.
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- "Fun Gardening Indoors," pp. 50-64, *All Aboard for Storyland* (III), Sanborn, 1941.
- "Fun Gardening Outdoors," pp. 233-262, *Sails Set for Treasure Land* (IV), Sanborn, 1941.
- "Brown Bear Camp," pp. 24-32, *From Sea to Sea* (III), Silver, 1945.
- "Up the Hill," pp. 376-395, and "Thanksgiving Day," pp. 407-414, *Looking Forward* (V), Winston, 1944.
- *"East River Adventure," pp. 23-28, *Doorways* (VII), American, 1941.
- *"A Hobby for Everyone," pp. 157-165, *Reaching Our Goals* (VI), Ginn, 1940.
- *"Race on Ice," pp. 267-276, "The Winner Who Did Not Play," pp. 276-289, "Little Susie's Uppercut," pp. 293-300, and "Party Puppets," pp. 474-478, *Invitation to Reading*, Book One (VII), Harcourt, 1945.
- *"Quarry Girl," pp. 35-46, "Racing a Thunderstorm," pp. 96-107, "By Hook or Crook," pp. 108-116, "Whitey's First Roundup," pp. 117-124, "Christmas Present Race," pp. 125-136, and "The Junior Team," pp. 167-181, *The Brave and Free* (VI), Heath, 1942.
- *"The Runt Comes Through," pp. 9-19, *The World Around Us* (V), Laidlaw, 1941.

¹The difficulty of the selections from other readers is indicated clearly for the teacher. Easy selections that can be read by even the very slow reader are not starred. A single star is used to indicate selections of average difficulty which can presumably be read by any pupil who can read *PATRIOTS AND PATRIOTFOUNDERS*. Double stars are used to mark selections intended for the superior readers only.

- *“Strings and Things,” pp. 83-87, “Making Your Own Play,” pp. 88-89, “The Science Club,” pp. 183-200, “Citizens’ Park,” pp. 417-432, “Jed’s Turkey,” pp. 434-447, “The A. B. C. Club,” pp. 450-457, and “Helen Learns One Way to Be a Good Citizen,” pp. 477-489, *Highways and Byways* (VI), Houghton, 1938.
- *“The Andover Game,” pp. 19-30, *Excursions in Fact and Fancy* (VII), Laidlaw, 1942.
- *“Another Home Run,” pp. 59-62, “The Sphere of Swat,” pp. 67-72, and “The Iron Man of Baseball,” pp. 78-83, *Traveling New Trails* (VI), Lyons, 1942.
- *“A New Star Runner,” pp. 127-135, *Pages of Adventure* (VI), Rand, 1941.
- *“Left-Half Hero,” pp. 271-280, “Always the Wind,” pp. 282-293, “Victory by Acclaim,” pp. 298-306, “The Hobbies of Hilary,” pp. 308-318, and “Skate in Your Own Back Yard,” pp. 323-324, *Discovery* (VII), Winston, 1946.
- ***“Games and Pastimes,” pp. 8-14, “The Kid Hangs Up His Stocking,” pp. 28-32, “The King of Boyville,” pp. 312-318, and “Don’t Die on Third,” pp. 456-458, *Doorways* (VII), American, 1941.
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- ***“The Red Pool,” pp. 25-42, “Hit or Error,” pp. 211-238, “Bunkie’s Finish,” pp. 239-256, “Fighter’s Courage,” pp. 260-264, “Play It Yourself,” pp. 293-297, “The Amateur,” pp. 298-299, and “Bird-Houses for Rent,” pp. 300-303, *Quest* (VII), Houghton, 1940.
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- ***“The Substitute Pitcher,” pp. 50-58, “Klute Rockne’s Boyhood Games,” pp. 59-63, and “The Uniform Invisible,” pp. 130-140, *Excursions in Fact and Fancy* (VII), Laidlaw, 1942.
- ***“My Start in a Museum,” pp. 123-128, and “Baker, Manager,” pp. 54-65, *Exploring New Fields* (VIII), Rand, 1942.
- ***“The Duster,” pp. 541-553, *Prose and Poetry Adventures* (VIII), Singer, 1945.

Unit Two—Pathfinders of America

- “Daniel Boone, a Brave Pioneer,” pp. 144-159, *More Adventures* (IV), Ginn, 1940.
- “The Home on Wheels,” pp. 11-20, and “The Cattle Kingdom,” pp. 341-356, *Following New Trails* (V), Ginn, 1940.
- Unit: “Americans Long Ago,” pp. 257-306, *Luck and Pluck* (IV), Heath, 1942.
- “The Making of a Sailor,” pp. 372-378, *Merry Hearts and Bold* (V), Heath, 1942.
- “West in a Covered Wagon,” pp. 96-112, *Children Everywhere* (III), Laidlaw, 1940.
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- “Brave Polly Hopkins,” pp. 185-193, *Sails Set for Treasure Land* (IV), Sanborn, 1941.
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- *“Across,” pp. 215-222; “The Spirit of the Night Air Mail,” pp. 222-227; “The Biggest Airport in the World,” pp. 227-232; “A Narrow Escape,” pp. 232-245; “Paldi Pays,” pp. 337-341; “Cowboys of the Skies,” pp. 341-350; and “Semaphore,” pp. 351-355, *Doorways* (VII), American, 1941.
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- "The Three Wishes," pp. 124-129, *Finding New Trails* (IV), Lyons, 1942.
- "Fairy Foot," pp. 282-299, and "Boots and His Brothers," pp. 300-310, *On Longer Trails* (III), Macmillan, 1945.
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- "Piper," p. 362, and "Twenty Foolish Fairies," p. 363, *All Aboard for Storyland* (III), Sanborn, 1941.
- *"Robin Hood and Little John," pp. 238-242, *Trails* (VIII), American, 1941.
- *"Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox," pp. 58-62, *Highways and Byways* (VI), Houghton, 1943.

- *“The Owl and the Pussy-Cat,” p. 23, *Pages of Adventure* (VI), Rand, 1941.
- *“Sympathy for Monday,” pp. 267-268, *Setting the Sails* (VII), Rand, 1942.
- ***“Forty Singing Seamen,” pp. 418-420, and “A Song of Sherwood,” pp. 484-485, *Excursions in Fact and Fancy* (VII), Laidlaw, 1942.
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- “The Snowbaby’s Own Story,” pp. 45-60; “Nazar, the Shepherd,” pp. 126-140; “A Jungle Boy Gets Lost,” pp. 196-220; “Down the Congo,” pp. 242-268; and “Gunning for Seals,” pp. 294-314, *More Adventures* (VI), Ginn, 1940.
- Unit: “The World So Wide,” pp. 74-128, *Luck and Pluck* (IV), Heath, 1942.
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- “A Deseret Oasis,” pp. 337-343, and “An ‘Arabian Nights’ City,” pp. 345-353, *Finding New Trails* (IV), Lyons, 1942.
- Unit: “Friends in Other Lands,” pp. 210-280, *On Longer Trails* (III), Macmillan, 1945.
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- “The Little Boy with the Big Apples,” pp. 245-250, and “Zebedee, Fisherman,” pp. 264-270, *All Aboard for Storyland* (III), Sanborn, 1941.
- Unit: “About Mexico,” pp. 197-232; “The Painted House,” pp. 279-285; “Little Pear’s Adventure,” pp. 302-310; “Yen-foh,” pp. 315-319; “The Great Sweeping Day,” pp. 324-329; “Princess Cocoon,” pp. 333-340; and “Han’s Bravery,” pp. 349-358, *Sails Set for Treasure Land* (IV), Sanborn, 1941.
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- *Unit: “People in Far Places,” pp. 303-351, *Invitation to Reading*, Book One (VII), Harcourt, 1945.
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- *“Our Neighbors in South America,” pp. 261-267; “Lake Titicaca,” pp. 268-271; “Rio de Janeiro,” pp. 291-295; “Some Useful Plants in South America,” pp. 309-314; “A Rubber Collector of the Amazon,” pp. 315-320; and “Some Animals of South America,” 322-326, *Tales and Travel* (V), Houghton, 1943.
- *Unit: “In Hawaii,” pp. 260-336, *Highways and Byways* (VI), Houghton, 1943.
- *“The Way to School,” pp. 77-85, and “When the Circus Came,” pp. 90-104, *From Every Land* (VI), Laidlaw, 1941.

- *Unit: "Our Canadian Neighbors," pp. 281-327, *Exploring New Trails* (V), Lyons, 1945.
- *Unit: "In Other Lands," pp. 263-316, *Pages of Adventure* (VI), Rand, 1941.
- **"Little Trader of the Congo," pp. 13-26; "Jack and June in Congoland," pp. 27-32; "Explorers of the Congo," pp. 33-34; "Jungle Boy of the Amazon," pp. 35-47; "Life along the Amazon," pp. 48-51; "Two Little Shepherds," pp. 71-87; "Ned Digs in Iraq," pp. 88-100; "Nazli Goes to Market," pp. 101-111; "The Strawberry Goat," pp. 141-152; "Janet's Present," pp. 153-162; "Kings of the Mountains," pp. 163-175; and "Swiss Sports," pp. 176-178, *Distant Doorways* (IV), Silver, 1940.
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- "Your Own Dog," pp. 49-56; "Mighty Becomes Patsy," pp. 57-62; "Mocky," pp. 63-69; "Jimmy Wiggles Becomes a Hero," pp. 116-123; "Our Greatest Travelers," pp. 373-383; "Birds and Birdhouses," pp. 387-398; "Misunderstood Friends," pp. 403-408; and "King of the Birds," pp. 411-416, *Finding New Trails* (IV), Lyons, 1942.
- Unit: "Look Around Outdoors," pp. 168-208, *On Longer Trails* (III), Macmillan, 1945.
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- *Unit: "Our Friends the Animals," pp. 377-432, *Doorways* (VII), American, 1941.
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- *"The Rescue," pp. 1-11; "Ship's Dog," pp. 23-30; and "When Freedom Calls," pp. 32-41, *Discovery* (VII), Winston, 1946.
- **Unit: "Animals Know a Thing or Two," pp. 327-386, *Invitation to Reading*, Book Two (VIII), Harcourt, 1944.
- ***"King Cobra," pp. 23-26, and Unit: "Nature Adventures," pp. 381-408, *Invitation to Reading*, Book Three (IX), Harcourt, 1945.
- ***"As a Dog Should," pp. 231-247, *Rewards* (IX), Houghton, 1940.
- ***"Bringing Back a Live Elephant," pp. 155-166; "Rose Marie," pp. 166-171; "An Antelope Mother Faces Danger," pp. 183-185; "An Adventure with a Giant Squid," pp. 207-211; "Mux," pp. 211-216; and "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse," pp. 216-223, *Excursions in Fact and Fancy* (VII), Laidlaw, 1942.
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POETRY FOR UNIT SIX

- "Cat," pp. 27-28, and "The Mouse," pp. 47-48, *Let's Look Around* (IV), Macmillan, 1940.
- "Mice," p. 117, and "Little Charlie Chipmunk," p. 119 (also p. 2, *Let's Look Around* (IV), Macmillan, 1940), *All Aboard for Storyland* (III), Sanborn, 1941.
- *"The Eagle," p. 147, *Quest* (VII), Houghton, 1940.
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- *"Long Dog," pp. 276-277 (also p. 173, *Appreciating Literature* (VII), Macmillan, 1943); "I Meant to Do My Work Today," pp. 247-248 (also p. 486, *Appreciating Literature* (VII), Macmillan, 1943); and "A Day," pp. 248-249, *Setting the Sails* (VII), Rand, 1942.
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- *"Velvet Shoes," pp. 414-415; "Salute to the Trees," pp. 415-416; "The Mountains Are a Lonely Folk," p. 416; and "October Snow," pp. 416-417, *Prose and Poetry Adventures* (VIII), Singer, 1945.
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- ***"Ol' Man Mule," p. 316; "I Am the Mule," p. 316; "Horse," p. 318; "Lamb," p. 320; "The Blacktail Deer," p. 329; "The Snake," p. 336; and "Swift Things Are Beautiful," p. 388, *Understanding Literature* (VIII), Macmillan, 1944.

Unit Seven—Heroes of Service

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- *"Captain Colin Kelly," pp. 207-217; "Will Rogers," pp. 218-229; "MacDowell, Master of Music," pp. 231-246; "A Capable Man," pp. 250-254; and "George W. Goethals," pp. 426-430, *Exploring New Trails* (V), Lyons, 1945.

- *“The Liberator,” pp. 308-316; “Right Arm of the Liberator,” pp. 317-323; and “Patriot of Chile,” pp. 324-329, *Traveling New Trails* (VI), Lyons, 1942.
- *“Bell, the Inventor,” pp. 220-228, and “Byrd, the Explorer,” pp. 229-243, *Days to Remember* (V), Rand, 1940.
- *“Leonardo, a Great Painter,” pp. 321-331; “A Famous Sculptor,” pp. 332-340; “A Master Musician,” pp. 342-356; and “The Story of a Potter,” pp. 377-386, *Pages of Adventure* (VI), Rand, 1941.
- *“Clara Barton of the Red Cross,” pp. 381-391, *Prose and Poetry Journeys* (VII), Singer, 1945.
- *Unit: “Intimate Glimpses of Famous People,” pp. 359-368, *Discovery* (VII), Winston, 1946.
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Extending and clarifying word meanings

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Using phonetic understandings and skills

- AWARENESS OF CONSONANT "BLENDERS," pages 69-70 (*l, r, and s*)
- PRINCIPLES THAT AID IN DETERMINING VOWEL SOUNDS (see list of principles below), pages 73-74, 88-89, 110-111 (*Think-and-Do, page 32*)
 - POSITION: If there is only one vowel letter in a word or syllable, that letter usually has its short sound unless it comes at the end of the word or syllable.
 - SILENT VOWELS: If there are two vowel letters together in a word or syllable, usually the first has its long sound and the second is silent.
 - If there are two vowel letters in a word or syllable, one of which is final *e*, usually the first vowel letter has its long sound and the final *e* is silent.

CONSONANT CONTROLLERS: If the only vowel letter in a word or syllable is followed by *r*, the sound of the vowel is usually controlled by the *r*.

If the only vowel letter in a word or syllable is *a* followed by *l* or *w*, the *a* usually has neither the long nor the short sound.

CLUES THAT AID IN DETERMINING ACCENT (see below), pages 133-134

Prefixes and suffixes are usually unaccented

If a word ends in *le*, the final syllable is usually unaccented

EFFECT OF ACCENT ON PRONUNCIATION AND MEANING, pages 240-241

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**IDENTIFYING ROOT WORDS IN VARIANTS AND DERIVATIVES, pages 62-63,
88, 88-89, 109, 138-139 (*Think-and-Do, pages 18, 40*)**

**IDENTIFYING PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES, pages 62-63 (*dis-, en-, -ous, -ment,
-ful, -able*), 88(-*less, -ion, -ment, -er*), 109(-*able, -ous, -ly, -ful*),
138-139(-*al, -ist, -ant, -ance, -ty*) (*Think-and-Do, pages 18, 40*)**

**APPLYING PRINCIPLES OF SYLLABICATION (see list of principles below),
pages 110-111 (*Think-and-Do, page 32*)**

If the first vowel letter in a word is followed by two consonants, the first syllable usually ends with the first of the two consonants.

If the first vowel letter in a word is followed by a single consonant, that consonant usually begins the second syllable.

If the last syllable of a word ends in *le*, the consonant preceding the *le* begins the last syllable.

Combining structural and phonetic analysis to attack unknown word forms

**IDENTIFYING AND ATTACKING ROOT WORDS IN VARIANTS AND DERIVATIVES,
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**IDENTIFYING AND ATTACKING THE SYLLABLES IN A WORD, pages 110-111,
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**INFERRING MEANING FROM ILLUSTRATIVE PHRASES OR SENTENCES, pages 55-56,
252 (*Think-and-Do, page 25*)**

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A letter symbol stands for its most common sound.

Each symbol stands for a given sound.

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Paths and Pathfinders

by WILLIAM S. GRAY

ROBERT C. POOLEY and FRED G. WALCOTT

BASIC READERS: CURRICULUM FOUNDATION PROGRAM

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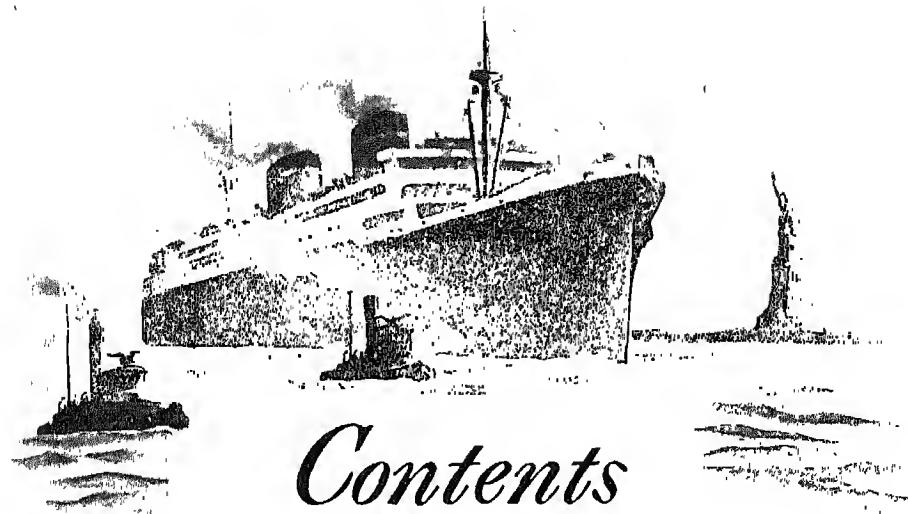
ATLANTA

DALLAS

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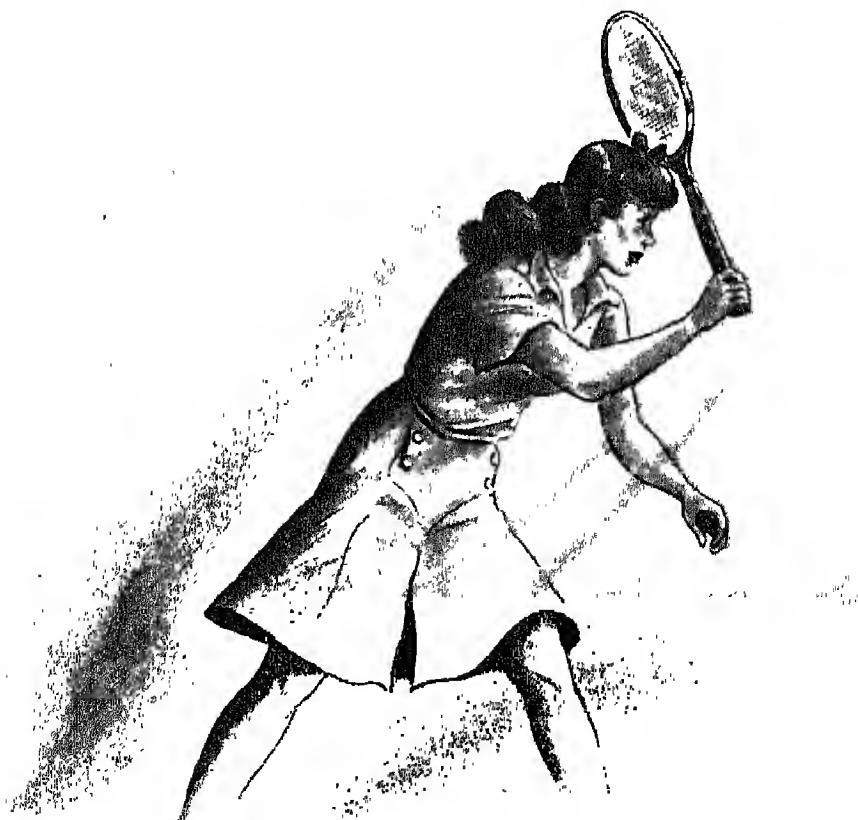
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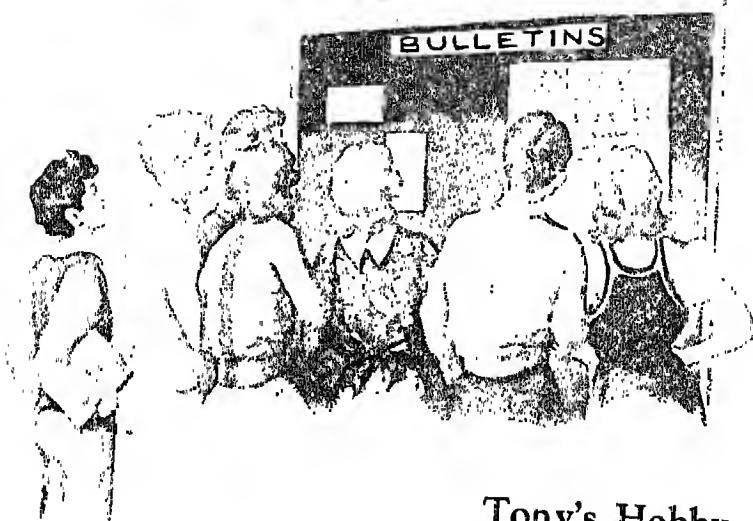
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Young Americans Today





Tony's Hobby

by MABEL HUBBARD FAISON

WHEN Antonio Valerio—Tony for short—entered Home Room 105 in Ross Junior High School that morning, he knew that something unusual was in the air. Miss Marshall, the home-room teacher, had not yet arrived, and the noise in 7B-1 was getting louder every minute. The cause of the loud talking seemed to be a notice that was posted on the large bulletin board on the back wall. Tony, standing on tiptoe, was able to make out the two largest words only: "Hobby Fair." He could not see the smaller print on account of the crowd. So Tony shrugged his shoulders, sank down into his seat, and began to work his arithmetic problems.

As usual, he had not done his homework—a serious fault at Ross Junior High School. There was an annoying thing called "detention" for those who failed to hand in homework. Detention meant staying forty-five minutes after school to make up the work.

Those forty-five minutes were precious to Tony, for they were his very own—if he was not detained. This short period of three quarters of an hour, from three-fifteen to four o'clock, was the only time in the whole day when he could do what he really wanted. Tony sold papers from four o'clock until late every night. By the time he reached home—behind his father's fruit store—he was too tired and sleepy to do homework.

Two or three doses of detention had taught Tony to rise early in the morning, open the shutters of his father's store, sweep the floor, and swallow a hasty breakfast. Then he would grab his books and run toward Ross Junior. There he popped into his seat as soon as the doors were opened and eagerly tried to make up his homework.

If the forty-five minutes after school were precious to Tony, they were priceless to his little brother, Carlo. All day long Carlo sat in a wheel chair in a room back of the store. His big brown eyes looked out on a dingy passageway where no sunshine ever came. Carlo was six, and he had not walked since he had been struck by a speeding automobile, three years before. From that time on, Carlo's life had not been easy. His mother, it is true, often took time from her work to gather Carlo into her plump arms and to sing to him; but what delighted Carlo most of all was to have Tony come in after school. Then for a short time, Carlo and Tony lived in a strange land—a land where there were no dark passageways, no loneliness or pain—only laughter and wonder.

Tony and Carlo reached this fairyland by way of a magic box. To be sure, it was just a wooden box in which twelve dozen oranges had come from Florida.

But in this box there lived little people with painted faces and bright clothes made from scraps of gay rags, and decorated with red and green paint. These little marionette people hid at the back of the orange box and came out only when the curtain (a large red hand-kerchief that Tony prized very highly) was drawn back. Then they stepped forward, as Tony, standing over the box, skillfully pulled the black threads that were attached to them.

How Carlo laughed as Tony told the stories that the marionettes were acting! If business in the store was poor at the time the show was being given, Carlo's mother would look in to add her applause to that of Carlo. Some of the stories reminded her of those she had heard in Italy long ago.

Forty-five minutes of joy! No wonder Tony dashed off his homework before the passing bell at Ross Junior rang in the morning. Luckily he was able to solve his problems today by the time the passing bell rang. He drew a long sigh of relief. No detention for him today!

At lunch time Tony gulped down his sausage and rye bread and was the very first of the line awaiting the bell. He walked back to Room 105 and stood before the bulletin board.

"HOBBY FAIR," he read. "The Rotary Club of Charlesville believes that every boy and girl should have a hobby. Therefore, the club is offering awards for the best exhibits of hobbies. Also, a beautiful silver cup will be given for the most original hobby entered by any student, and will be awarded to the school from which that student comes."

Then followed a long list of suggested exhibits: coins, stamps, Indian relics, model airplanes, natural-

history collections, and so on down through twenty-five items or more.

Tony scratched his dark head. Natural-history collections and Indian relics meant little to the boy who had spent most of his time on the streets selling papers or working around a fruit store. What he did understand, however, was that a silver cup was to be awarded to the school of the student who had the most original exhibit of a hobby—whatever that was.

"Going to enter anything, Tony?" It was Elmer Hoffman's pleasant voice that brought Tony out of his dream. Elmer was all that Tony longed to be—big and strong, full of fun, and one of the brightest pupils in 7B-1. "I'm going to enter a radio set—built every bit of it myself. Wouldn't it be great for someone to win that silver cup for Ross Junior?"

"I'm going to put in my collection of beetles and butterflies," spoke up Charley Williamson.

"And I'm going to enter my toy village," said Johnny Uhl. "What's your hobby, Tony? Pushing oranges?" Johnny considered himself a great wit and looked around to see if anyone would laugh at his joke.

"If they gave a prize for a smart aleck, you'd be sure to get it, Johnny Uhl!" exclaimed Amy White, who had seen Tony's cheeks flush.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Tony!" It was Miriam Snow's soft voice that took a little of the sting out of Johnny's words. "He can't speak pieces the way you do—not if he'd try a million years!"

Tony shook his head and went back to his seat. "I've got to work on my English lesson," he muttered. How Johnny loved to poke fun! He meant no harm, to be sure, but sometimes—— Tony's brown eyes looked deeper and more puzzled than ever.

Hobbies! What is a hobby, anyway? Back in the corner of the room was the large dictionary. He'd look there and find out about this thing called a hobby.

English paper in hand, to fool the curious ones, Tony opened the dictionary. Turning the pages to "H," he finally found the word he was seeking. "*Hobby*—a favorite pursuit or object," he read; "an ambling nag; a hobbyhorse." He had no nag or hobbyhorse. Not much help there.

As a last resort he turned the pages of the big book to the P's. "*Pursuit*—the act of pursuing—prosecution—chase—occupation—" Occupation, yes! Selling papers. But that could not win the silver cup. Sometimes the big dictionary was very puzzling.

Sadly he returned to his seat. He had no hobby!

That afternoon Carlo awaited Tony with eager eyes. Tony had promised him a new story. For a whole week the two boys had been whittling out the little people who were to take part in it. Carlo's tiny fingers had become quite skilled at this sort of thing.

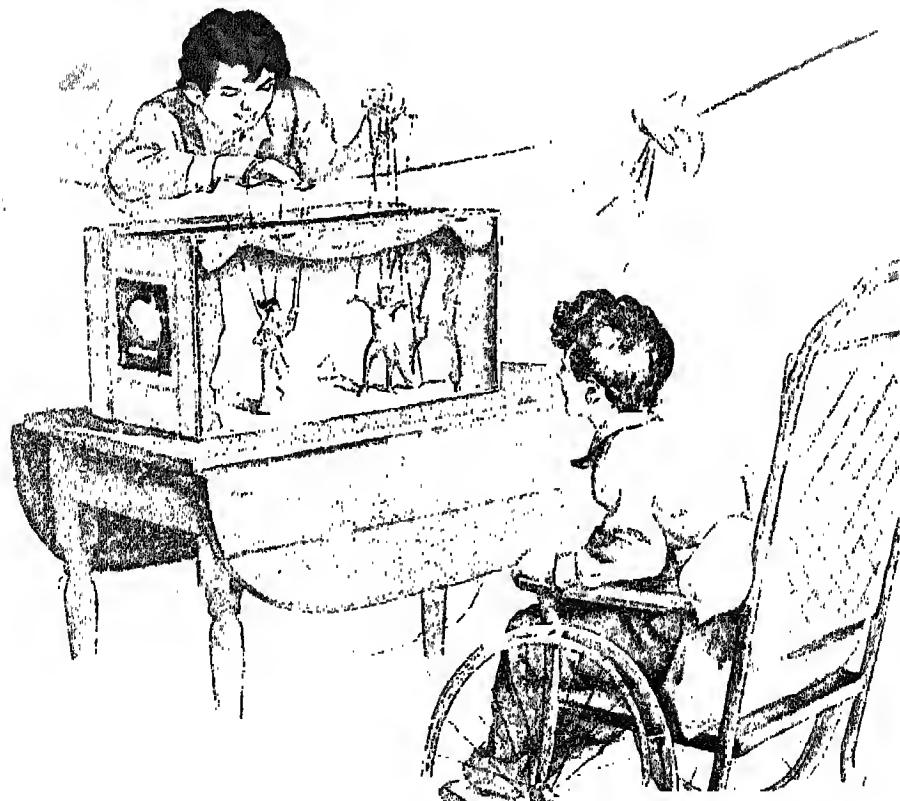
The story was about a lady named Ceres, who had a daughter. This daughter was named Proserpina, and she was stolen by a very bad person named Pluto, who lived in the underworld. And this beautiful maiden was taken down to the black place by the very bad person, who had a long red tail and eyes like the coals in the stove. And Ceres was so sad that she wept many tears, and four ladies in colored gowns came and danced around her while she wept. Finally Pluto gave the beautiful maiden back to her mother for six months of the year. And during these six months the grass grew, and the flowers burst into beautiful blossoms, just like the flowers in the florist's window. And that was "The Spring Fantasy."

The story was not quite clear to Carlo, but he happily dabbed red paint on the long tail of Pluto.

"They are finished, Tony!" Carlo's voice was almost singing as Tony rushed in and flung his books on the table. "See! Ceres and the daughter Proserpina and the bad Pluto!"

"Wonderful!" Tony held up the figures admiringly. "Now we'll dress them up."

Finally, the little people were all dressed. Tony carefully fastened some black thread to their jointed limbs and tied the thread to some sticks. All was skillfully arranged to make the figures move as Tony wished. Then he set them on the stage behind the



red handkerchief and took his place at the back of the little theater. Now slowly he drew open the curtain. "The Spring Fantasy" had begun.

Carlo, Mother, and Father were an eager audience, and the little people performed their best. Pluto lashed his red tail and seized the daughter of poor Ceres, and the screams of that lady were as real as those of any angry mother. The audience shrieked as Pluto carried the fainting maiden off to the underworld. And how the audience clapped when Tony's musical voice behind the orange crate concluded, "So ever afterward Proserpina returned to her mother Ceres for six months of the year, and the flowers burst into bloom, and the birds sang tra-la-la!" Then the red-handkerchief curtain slowly slid into place. The story was ended.

"Say! That's great!"

Carlo turned swiftly in his wheel chair. There, standing in the doorway, was Elmer Hoffman. Tony stepped out from behind the marionette stage and came forward to greet him.

"Hello, Elmer," Tony said.

"Hello, Tony," replied the blond boy. "That certainly is the swellest thing I've seen for a long time! How did you ever happen to think of such a stunt?"

"I do it for him—" Tony pointed to Carlo.
"You like it?"

"Like it? I should say I do!" There was genuine admiration in Elmer's voice. "But say, Tony, what's our English assignment for tomorrow? I came down to the store to get some oranges for my mother, and I just happened to think I didn't get the assignment. Know what it is?"

"Oh, yes, I know." Tony turned the pages of his notebook until he found the place.

"Much obliged," Elmer said. "So long! See you tomorrow." And he was gone.

The next morning Elmer was waiting for Tony as he ran down the street, his books under his arm.

"Say, Tony, why don't you enter that little theater in the Hobby Fair?"

Tony eyed him coldly. "That's no ambling nag," he thought to himself, remembering the dictionary, but aloud he said, "It is for my little brother Carlo! He would cry if I took it away! Nothing doing!"

Two days later, upon his return from school, Tony found his whole family in a state of great excitement. Carlo was red-eyed from crying. Mother walked back and forth. Father's black eyes snapped, and his white teeth gleamed as he muttered Italian words mixed with American slang.

Puzzled, Tony looked from one to another. Then his eye fell upon the place where the magic marionette box usually stood. The whole thing—little people, curtain, even the orange crate—was gone!

They told Tony that Carlo had been asleep and Mother had stepped down to the corner grocery for one minute. When she had returned, the little people and the magic box were gone. Gone! Who could have wanted it? In money it was worth nothing. But to Carlo it was the greatest thing in the world!

Before the explanations were finished, it was time for Tony to get his papers. If he were not at his corner at the usual time, someone else would gather in the precious pennies. Swallowing the lump in his throat, Tony put his arms around Carlo. "Don't cry, Carlo," he soothed. "Tony will make you another

one—a much better one. I know a story that I heard in school today. It is about a lady who knew how to turn men into pigs, Carlo—a beautiful story! See, here is some wood and Tony's own knife! See how many pigs you can make before Tony comes home." Then throwing back his narrow shoulders, he dashed through the store and out into the street.

The next morning Ross Junior was abuzz. The announcement of the awards won at the Hobby Fair was to be made at a special assembly.

Tony, red-eyed from sleeplessness and grief, took no part in the lively discussion as to who the winners might be. He scarcely answered Elmer's greeting, "Hello, Tony!" The Hobby Fair meant nothing to him. He wanted to be sure that he would not get detention today, for he must run home to Carlo and make another magic box with figures of the beautiful lady and the men she turned into pigs.

The assembly bell rang. 7B-1 flocked to the door and toward the auditorium, now filling rapidly with other classes. On the platform a strange gentleman sat beside the principal, Mr. Parker.

Finally Mr. Parker arose. "The Rotary Club," he said, "has offered prizes for the Hobby Exhibit, as you know. Every high school in Charlesville has taken part in the contest. I'm proud to know that so many of you have hobbies—work that you like to do, and do because you like it, not because you have to." He paused and looked over the assembly. "There has been especial interest in this competition because of a silver cup that is to be awarded to the school of that student who exhibited the most original hobby."

Mr. Parker turned to the strange gentleman. "It is my great pleasure to introduce Mr. Robert Sayers,

the president of the Charlesville Rotary Club, who has come to tell you what luck Ross Junior has had in the competition."

Mr. Sayers drew something from his pocket and held it in his hands while he spoke. "It is my privilege to announce to Ross Junior that two of her students have received blue ribbon awards for their exhibits of hobbies. The blue ribbon for a homemade radio set has been awarded to—" he paused—"to Elmer Hoffman." The applause was loud, as Elmer, blushing at such an honor, came forward to receive the ribbon.

"The award for the best collection of stamps has been made to Miriam Snow. Miriam, will you please come forward?" How the students clapped!

During all this hubbub Tony's thoughts were far away in the little room behind the fruit store, where little Carlo was probably whittling pigs out of flimsy fruit-box wood. Tony was repeating to himself the story of the beautiful, but very wicked, lady who ungratefully turned the gentleman admirers into pigs. He would make it funny, for Carlo must not cry any more. What the stranger on the stage was saying made no difference. Suddenly he heard his own name. Tony sat up and rubbed his eyes.



"The silver cup for the most original hobby," the gentleman was saying, "has been awarded to Antonio Valerio for his marionette theater, which the committee thought so clever that they wanted Ross Junior to see it before it is placed in the hobby exhibit. Will Antonio please step to the platform?"

Prodded by his neighbor, Tony rose to his feet. "Tony! Tony! Tony Valerio!" The shouts came from all sides. As if in a dream, he stumbled along the aisle and up the steps to the platform. And there on a table, the red-handkerchief curtain drawn back to reveal Ceres and Pluto, was his magic box! And before he knew it, a shining silver cup was in his hands, and Ross Junior had risen to its feet in a body and was wildly cheering. Tony looked helplessly toward Elmer; but Elmer's blue eyes were turned the other way.

Mr. Parker's hand rested proudly upon Tony's shoulder, and when the cheers ended he said, "Tony made this little theater to amuse his small brother Carlo, who cannot walk." (How did Mr. Parker know that?) "He did not want to enter it himself; so one of his schoolmates entered it for him. If Tony has worried because he thought it was lost, he must try to remember that it was all for Ross Junior." Elmer was looking at Tony now. "And now, if Tony will show us how his theater is operated, I am sure we shall be very grateful. How about it, Tony?"

Tony nodded.

"What will it be?"

Tony whispered in Mr. Parker's ear.

"He says it will be 'The Spring Fantasy,'" announced the principal. "You remember, we gave that play last year."

The audience listened breathlessly as Tony told the sad story of Ceres and Proserpina just as he had for Carlo. Tony did not know how well he had done until he heard the loud applause that ended the performance.

All through it he kept saying to himself, "Carlo will be happy again," and "For Ross Junior I have won the silver cup!"

He did not hold any grudge against Elmer Hoffman when Elmer confessed after school that he had smuggled the magic box out of the room while Carlo was asleep and there was no one around. "I knew you could win the prize, and it was all for the good of Ross Junior, you know!" said Elmer. "Hope you won't hold it against me, Tony!"

"I should say not!" answered Tony. His brown eyes were fastened on the magnificent new silver cup that stood on a shelf of the glass case in the hall of Ross Junior. "I must hurry home to tell Carlo so that he will not feel bad any more."





Joanna Plays the Game

by MARY FANNING WICKHAM

JOANNA THOMAS ran to the tennis net, shook her opponent's hand, murmured, "Thank you," and hastily turned away. As she hurried toward the clubhouse, stinging tears sprang to her eyes, and her lips trembled.

Near the entrance to the clubhouse she almost collided with the last person in the world she wanted to see at this moment—Caroline Lambert, the best junior player at the club.

"Well, did you lose again today?" asked Caroline with a disagreeable little laugh.

"Yes—six-three, six-one," Joanna managed to say. Then she hurried on, not glancing up at the other girls who were standing near by. She did not want

to see them, for she felt as if they, too, took it for granted that she had been beaten again. Hiding in a small dressing room opposite the showers, she sat down on the bench, grasped a towel that was lying there, and broke into sobs.

Suddenly she realized that someone was sitting beside her. She looked up and saw Marian Burns, her best friend.

"Don't take it so hard, Jo!" whispered Marian. "We all have to lose sometimes!"

"*Sometimes!*" Joanna exclaimed. "Oh, Marian, I don't know what's wrong this year. I've simply lost all my confidence. I haven't won a single match!"

"Jo! You know perfectly well this is just a slump." But in her heart Marian knew that Joanna had reason to be discouraged.

"I don't think I'll play any more tennis," Joanna said, drying her eyes. "Maybe I'll take up golf instead!"

"No, you won't," Marian replied firmly. "You're not going to let the game beat you like that, Jo! Next week is the club tournament. You're going to enter it, and you're going to play as you've never played before. Don't let a temporary slump get you down."

"It's Caroline Lambert," Joanna confessed. "She knows I'm no good, and just having her around knocks me off my game completely. I could hardly bear to come in this afternoon and tell her that Betty Collins had beaten me!"

"I know, Jo! I know! Caroline makes everyone feel that way. I saw it, and that's why I came over."

"You're a peach, Marian! I'm an awfully poor sport, I know, but don't let anyone else know it! Let me wash up a little, and I'll be ready." She

managed to laugh, and soon the two girls went out together to get a soda.

Now that school was out for summer vacation, the girls were able to play tennis in the morning, and Joanna was out every day, trying desperately to regain her former skill. It looked like a losing battle. She tried to remember all the things that she had been taught: not to face the net when hitting the ball; to step into her shots; to grasp the racket tightly; to look at the ball each time she hit it. All these points seemed to work out well enough when she was practicing, but the moment she began playing a match with one of her friends, she became nervous and worried and was always beaten.

On the Monday following her defeat at the hands of Betty Collins, Joanna went to the club with Marian. They were eager to see whom they had drawn in the first round of the club championship tournament.

"I drew Betty Collins!" said Marian.

"And I drew Mrs. Manning," said Joanna.

"Oh, too bad, Jo!"

But Joanna smiled. This was better luck than she could possibly have dreamed of! Mrs. Manning was one of the best players at the club, and there was no disgrace in being beaten if you played against *her*. The thought lifted such a burden from Joanna's heart that she was positively gay.

When Mrs. Manning and Joanna walked out on the tennis court together, Joanna was in high spirits. It was a perfect day for tennis. There was no wind; the sky was blue above, and the sun not too hot. It had been a long time since Joanna had felt happy on a tennis court, but it didn't matter today if she were beaten. *It didn't matter!*

Joanna played better than she had all season. For some reason, things were going right again. And although Mrs. Manning was winning most of the points, Joanna was decidedly in the game. She was playing her best, and she knew it. Her whole body thrilled to the satisfying whang as racket met ball in a perfect stroke.

When they came off the courts, Caroline walked toward them. Not bothering to look at Joanna, she smiled at Mrs. Manning.

"I saw only the end of your last game," Caroline said. "What was your score?"

"Six-love, six-two," Mrs. Manning replied.

"Well, Joanna can count herself lucky to win even two games against you," said Caroline gushingly.

"Oh, now don't be too sure about that," replied Mrs. Manning, her blue eyes resting for a moment on the girl. "The score really doesn't show what a fine game Joanna played."

Mrs. Manning turned to Joanna, whose gay spirits had wilted as she listened to the conversation. "Let's wash up and then have a bit to eat, shall we, Joanna?" said the older woman, taking her by the arm and brushing past Caroline.

They chose a table in the corner of the dining room, and when the waiter had brought their sandwiches and iced tea, Mrs. Manning asked:

"You're fond of tennis?"

"Oh, awfully!" Joanna replied. "But——" She paused.

"But what?"

"Well, this year I haven't been any good." She looked embarrassed and miserable. Mrs. Manning was surprised at the sudden change that had come over

the girl who on the court had been gay and full of fun. Had Caroline Lambert something to do with it?

"Tell me about your trouble," she said.

There was something so understanding about her that Joanna found herself telling the whole story. When she had finished, Mrs. Manning leaned forward.

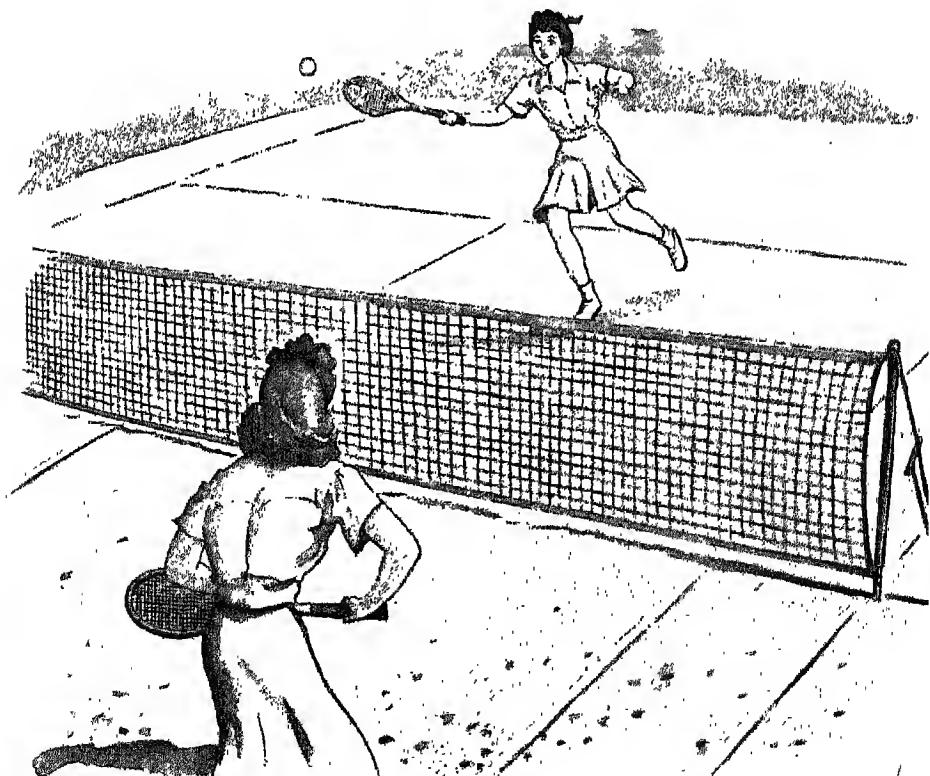
"I'll tell you what's the matter," she said. "Some people play well when they are angry. Then they hit harder and have more fight in them. But there's another kind of player—and I think the *real* player. That's the person who has to enjoy what he's doing. I am like that, and I think you are too, Joanna. You've been thinking too much about *winning*. You got a bad start this spring, and now you've lost confidence in yourself. You've been worrying about what Caroline and the other girls will say. No wonder you haven't been able to play! Why, you haven't been thinking about *tennis* at all! You see what I mean? Tennis is a *game*! We play it for fun, and when we stop playing it for fun, we aren't playing the game."

"Now just think a minute," she went on, "what tennis is. It's hitting a ball, with a racket, over a net. Whoever hits it over, within the lines, more often than his opponent, wins. Winning is a great thing, but fair play is greater, and so is enjoying the game. You know how we feel about players who take the game so seriously that they can't smile or behave like good sports. It isn't winning that counts, half so much as playing the game. And playing the game means liking it, too."

Joanna nodded solemnly. "I guess you're right," she said. "I played well today because I didn't care whether you beat me or not! I knew no one could blame me; so I just went out and enjoyed myself!"

"Of course!" Mrs. Manning replied, as she stood up. "Think about it, Joanna. Don't worry about your opponent. Don't think of her. And don't forget," she added, "there are two kinds of players: *our* kind, who have to be happy when we're playing, and Caroline Lambert's kind, who have to defeat someone else. I enjoyed our match immensely!"

The club tournament was the last one of the summer season for Joanna, because the following week she went with her family to the seashore. Here she found a court which wasn't in very good condition, but she had no difficulty in securing girls to play with. When Marian came to visit her in August, she was delighted to find Joanna's game much improved.



In September both the girls were glad to return to town, for the girls' city tennis championship was to be held at the Cricket Club. They practiced hard, playing regularly every morning, and it was a red-letter day for Joanna when she finally defeated Marian in a fast three-set match! Winning over her friend did more toward restoring Joanna's lost confidence than anything else. But she knew that she had won simply by thinking, as Mrs. Manning had told her, of enjoying herself as she played.

So it was that Joanna and Marian found themselves, one hot September afternoon, standing side by side before the club bulletin board upon which were the seventy-odd names of the junior players. Marian found her name near the very bottom. She was matched against a skillful player, Lucy Bernard.

"Oh, Joanna! I'm afraid the very first match will be the end of *me*!" She laughed.

"Nonsense!" said Joanna. "I see I was lucky enough to draw Sarah Malcolm. If I beat her—"

Joanna looked at the names in the bracket above hers. She gave a start and exclaimed, "If Caroline and I both win our first matches, we will play against each other in the second round!"

"Miss Marian Burns? Is she here?" called the chairman at that moment; and when Marian walked up to her, she asked, "All ready? Your opponent is here. You will play on court eleven."

"Good luck!" Joanna whispered.

"Good luck to *you*," Marian replied. "And don't let the fact that Caroline—"

"I won't!" said Joanna.

The next day Joanna and Caroline, both having won their first matches, faced each other across the net.

Although Joanna had gained a victory, all the old dislike of this girl came back to her. The very way Caroline swaggered about the court made something in Joanna tighten up. How could she play good tennis feeling as she did? How could she take any pleasure in the game and *enjoy* herself with Caroline Lambert on the other side of the net?

She couldn't, and the first set showed it. Caroline won easily, with a score of six games to two.

Caroline felt perfectly confident of winning the second set with as little trouble. But something was happening to Joanna. She began thinking of what Mrs. Manning had told her, and with a sudden start she realized that it was of Caroline's tennis, and not Caroline herself, that she should be thinking!

To her surprise, Joanna suddenly discovered that she could return Caroline's shots easily, if she put her mind on it. When she noticed that Caroline was very weak on her backhand, with rather wicked pleasure Joanna began sending every ball she could into the left-hand corner of her opponent's court. Caroline's return was usually slow, and Joanna was able to fly into these weak shots and do with them pretty much as she pleased. In this way she took the first two games of the second set. This gave her an encouraging lead, and she began to enjoy herself. The thrill of playing the game scattered every trace of worry.

The second set ended with a six-three victory for Joanna. After an intermission they began a third set. It climbed to a tie of seven games each, and by that time had drawn a large gallery of spectators.

Joanna saw Marian on the side lines, and with her, Mrs. Manning. When Joanna waved to them and

smiled, they knew she was enjoying herself. And she was! She had never enjoyed a match more thoroughly. She was no longer afraid, and wondered why Caroline had ever had the power to make her feel miserable. The thing that mattered was the game. Even being beaten did not matter. She had played as she had never played in her life before. And she intended playing to the end as hard as she knew how!

The score of the third set was now seven games to eight in Joanna's favor. Caroline had lost her haughty look and was sulking. In the next game Joanna won the first point, and she felt a thrill of excitement. She needed only one more game to win. Could she do it? Thinking of that, she missed the next ball. Now Joanna became angry with herself for having made that mistake. And *this* cost her the next point!



She pulled herself out of the momentary slump, however, and soon was playing her old sure game again. Caroline, on the other hand, became overanxious and made a careless drive, hoping to win the point by main force. The ball flew high and landed outside the court, giving Joanna the point. Each girl now had two points, and the score was thirty-all. Caroline served. The ball was a swift one and well placed, but Joanna returned it with a beautiful free-swinging drive which sent it into the very corner of Caroline's court. Caroline raced after it, but could not touch it.

The gallery was tense, for the next point might decide the third set and the match. It was evident to all that Caroline was nervous as she prepared to serve. Her first service hit the net, bounced off, and fell into the alley—a fault. Impatiently Caroline tossed a ball for her second serve, came down with a mighty smash—and the ball fell into the net. Caroline's second failure gave Joanna the point needed to win the third set and also the match.

The two players were shaking hands. "Thank you!" Joanna said, flushed and happy. "I certainly did enjoy it! It was a shame about that last point!"

"Oh, I had rotten luck," Caroline snapped, and turned swiftly away.

By this time Marian and Mrs. Manning had rushed forward and were congratulating Joanna.

"I'm awfully proud of you, Joanna!" Mrs. Manning was saying. "You certainly played the game!"

"You'll play Lucy Bernard tomorrow!" Marian added excitedly.

"And she'll probably beat me," Joanna replied, gathering up her sweater. "But I'll be having a terribly good time while she does it."



The Message from the Sun

by J. WALKER MC SPADDEN

SCOUTMASTER Jim Kinsley had the Bear Patrol of Troop Four out on what he termed an "experimental hike." They were to make the first long-distance test of their heliograph, and their hopes were high. From where they now sat on a bold outcrop of rock on Ranger Mountain they could see with field glasses the crest of another, smaller cliff some eighteen miles away. That cliff was just outside their home town of Claremont, and on its summit waited Troop Four's Fox Patrol and the assistant Scoutmaster, ready to receive and answer the Bears' messages. The sky was blue, the sun was bright, and only a low-lying veil of haze or smoke threatened to foil them.

The Bears had just finished their midday meal,

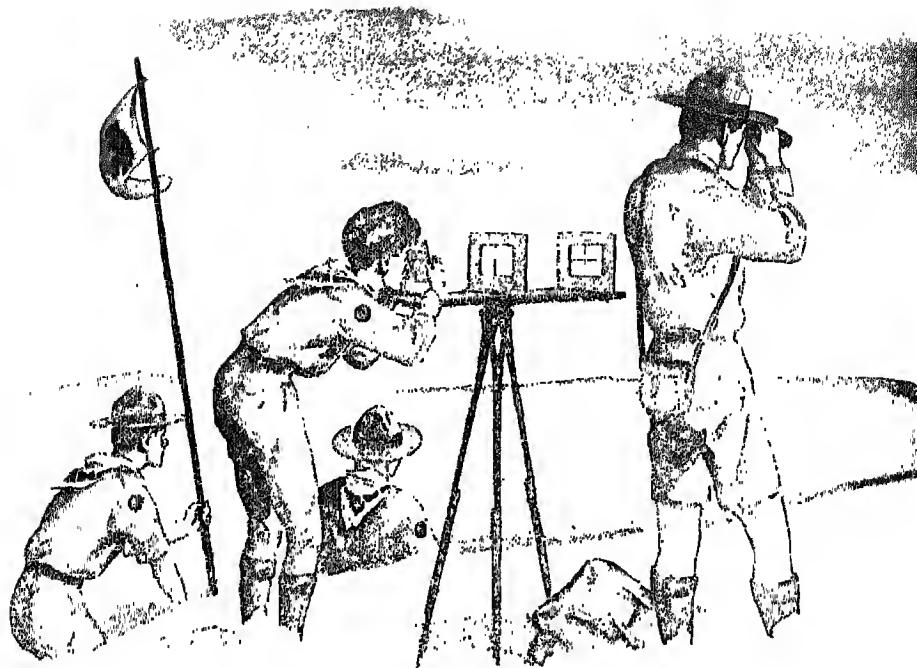
and some of the eager boys were fiddling with the apparatus. There was really not much more to be done before the test. That morning the boys had come up the trail in the woods carrying the outfit, which was remarkably compact. A stout leather bag held a wooden box in which there were a shutter and two mirrors. In a smaller leather case was a mirror bar, and in still another two tripods.

As all the Scouts knew, there were two ways of using the apparatus. The mirrors were of plate glass nearly five inches square. By using only one mirror, the rays of the sun could be reflected directly to the distant station. With two mirrors the rays were reflected first from the sun mirror to the station mirror and thence to the distant observer. Jim and his boys had decided to try both methods, in the event that one of them did not work.

The project set by the two patrols was to attempt sending messages across the intervening eighteen miles by Morse code. "Some stunt!" Scouts of other troops had remarked, perhaps a bit enviously, when news of the proposed trial had filtered out.

The ridge on which Jim and his Bear Patrol now stood was just above their Scout camp, the Glen Claremont Council of twenty troops owned the place, free and clear. It was a finely wooded tract of six hundred acres, lying in a valley and extending up the side of the mountain. In its heart lay a small lake. No farms crowded in upon its solitude—nothing but the far reaches of pine and oak and smaller trees.

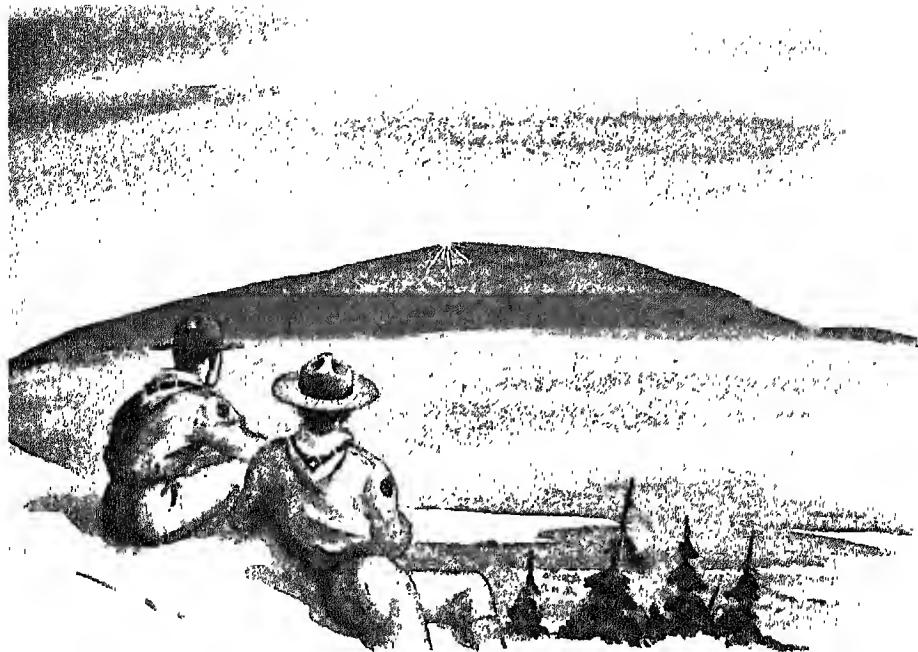
"Do you really think we can flash that far away, Mr. Kinsley?" asked one of the Scouts. The same question had been asked in one form or another at least twenty times that day.



"If luck is with us, we can," replied the Scoutmaster, smiling. "Away back in 1890, when they were first trying out the heliograph in this country, they sent messages in the Arizona mountains across a distance of more than two hundred miles. But then it is very clear out there. The ordinary range in the Army is said to be about thirty miles."

"Well, here goes!" said Bill Rogers, who was an Eagle Scout and the best "sender" in the troop, having attained a speed of ten to twelve words a minute. He adjusted the tripod and squinted knowingly as he began flashing out the message: *Hello, Foxes.*

The others stood by, watching with eager eyes. Kinsley was training his powerful binoculars toward the Claremont hill. The Fox Patrol had been told beforehand the exact time of the sending.



Five minutes went by. They seemed like a half-hour to the anxious Bears. Bill fiddled with his sights and tried again. Five more minutes. More fiddling and adjusting. At the end of a quarter-hour, a sharp exclamation came from the Scoutmaster:

"Hold it! I believe the Foxes are sending!"

They were. Intermittent flickers were followed by a letter of the code. It was the call letter of the Bear Patrol.

But success was not theirs yet. The first trial messages on both sides were sadly garbled and twisted. Bill Rogers gritted his teeth and fiddled some more. At last his patient efforts were rewarded. "O.K., we got you," came back the message from the Foxes.

Then came a serious interruption. One of the younger boys, Frank Manning, a second-class Scout

but already known as a live wire, had been sniffing the air and turning his head uneasily. Now he ran up to Jim and said something to him which made the Scoutmaster turn quickly and scan the woods.

"Frank, you and Ed Weston run out to that point and look for signs of fire. Make it snappy!"

Frank and Ed made a mad dash to a cliff just over the crest, which gave an outlook in the opposite direction. In three minutes they were back again.

"Yes, sir, it's a forest fire," Ed reported breathlessly. "About two miles away, but the wind is bringing it this way pretty fast."

Jim Kinsley thought rapidly. Their camp had had two narrow escapes from fire in the past ten years. The enveloping woods, usually so friendly, could easily become a deadly menace. In summer or fall, with much dead stuff on the ground and a liberal sprinkling of pine needles, the fire could travel fast through the woods. The Glen boasted a fine mess hall, with cabins and tent platforms costing several thousand dollars. And the opening of the summer camp was only two weeks away.

"Bill, can you send a message through?" the Scoutmaster snapped. "This has to go; it's important."

"Yes, sir—shoot!" replied Bill Rogers.

"All right, tell them to clear. Now you two, Frank and Ed, how's your wind for a fast job?"

"O.K.," they answered eagerly.

"Well, we mustn't put all our eggs in one basket. While we're sending on the heliograph, I want you two to beat it as fast as you can down to Midvale, the nearest phone station. That's four or five miles away. Don't break your necks, but get there just

as fast as you can. Tell the firemen there about this blaze and then phone Scout headquarters in Claremont. Got it?"

The boys wasted no time on words. With a quick salute they turned and started on a jog trot through the woods.

"Now, Bill," said the Scoutmaster, "give the distress signal. Then say: 'Forest fire near us. We need help.'"

If the Scouts were anxious before, they were ten times more keyed up while Bill carefully spelled out the fateful words. Then, after a moment of waiting at the other end, came back the incredulous, "What's that? Repeat."

Bill took a little longer this time. He spelled slowly: "This is urgent. Woods afire back of us. Get help in Claremont."

"O.K. Will be with you in an hour," came back.

The flickers in the distant station died away.

"I believe they got it, boys. Good work, Bill. Now let's see what we can do," remarked Jim Kinsley.

While he and the Bear Patrol hustled down to the camp to get out the fire-fighting tools that they always kept on hand, the Chief Executive at Scout headquarters in Claremont was just finishing up a busy day's work and hoping that he could have a round of golf at sundown. His secretary, Miss Orton, was typing the last of his letters and reports. The telephone bell tinkled. Miss Orton picked up the receiver with a quiet "Scout headquarters," but after the first words she stiffened to attention.

"Wait a minute," she instructed. Turning to the Chief Executive, she said, "Trouble at Scout camp; perhaps you'd better take this, Mr. Paret."

The Chief spoke anxiously into the transmitter for several minutes. "What a jam!" he remarked to Miss Orton as he hung up. "The Scouts in Troop Four are sure that they got word over their heliograph of a forest fire near camp. Now if that's right, we've got to get on the job. But if they have made some mistake, we'll be the laughingstock of the whole town."

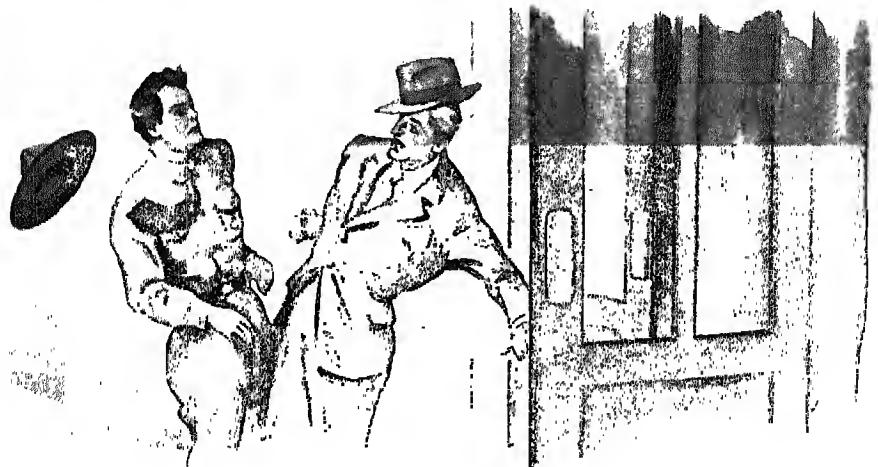
Miss Orton was something more than a typist. She had been in Scout work for ten years.

"I know that Troop Four outfit," she said firmly, "and those boys are always reliable."

"You're right," agreed the Chief, "let's go!"

Miss Orton was ready with her list of telephone numbers of Scouts and Scoutmasters. She took one half of this list and began to call, while the Chief dashed across the street with the other half and began calling from a drug-store booth. To all went the same message: "Bad fire back of the Glen. Get all the help you can to go up there and fight it!"

His calls completed, the Chief started back to the office still a bit worried. Suppose that message had been a hoax? Yet, he could not afford to take the chance. At the door he collided with a *Times* reporter.



"For Pete's sake!" exclaimed that person. "What's the matter with your office phone? It's been tied up in a bowknot for the last half-hour or so. There are a couple of Boy Scouts, up in Midvale, who have been trying to get you. When they couldn't, they used their heads and rang up the *Times*. They say there's a bad forest fire raging just back of your camp, and to send all the help you can."

"Just what we are getting ready to do," said Paret emphatically. But as he turned to go up the stairs, the reporter, sensing a story, said:

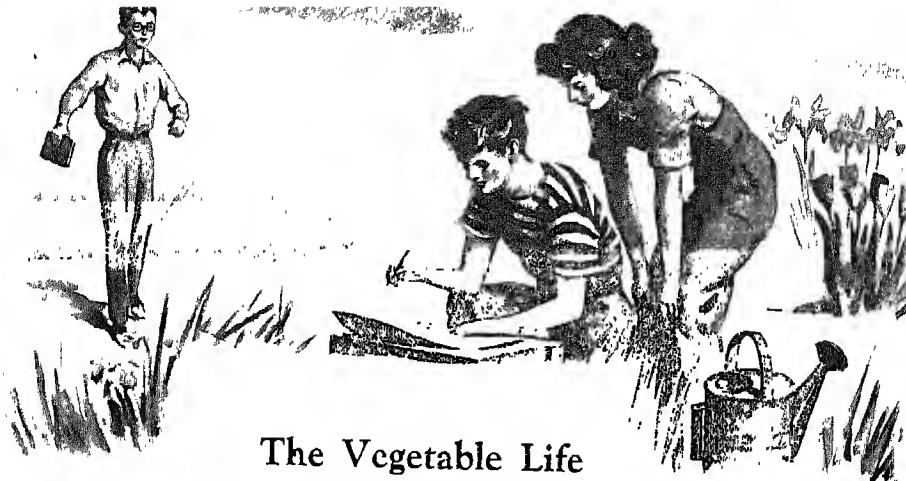
"Hey, wait a split second, will you? What are you planning to do? And how did you get word, if those Midvale Scouts couldn't reach you?"

"The last question first. We got word direct from Troop Four by heliograph, nearly an hour ago—and Scouts are already heading up that way."

"By heliograph? Direct? Why, that's—"

"Eighteen miles as the crow flies—and this was their first distance test. But good-by! I have a lot of things still to do."

"The heliograph—eighteen miles—their first test," said the reporter, gazing after the Chief's departing form. "And in two hours more," he muttered to himself, "they'll be fighting that fire two hundred strong." Already his quick mind was composing a great front-page story.



The Vegetable Life

by B. J. CHUTE

"TWO rows of beans this year?" asked Marjorie Anderson, leaning over her brother's shoulder and examining the careful chart he was making.

"Yes, and sweet corn, cabbage, cauliflower, tomatoes," Billy muttered thoughtfully. "Uh-oh!" he added. "Here comes the professor."

Their friend, Tom Morrow, received this dubious welcome coldly, and flopped down on the ground. "What're you doing?"

"Planning our garden," said Marjorie.

"I did that long ago," Tom exclaimed airily. "I'm growing cucumbers, potatoes, eggplants—"

His two friends exchanged glances.

"What's wrong with it?" Tom inquired.

"Season's really too short for eggplants this far north, for one thing," Billy told him, "unless you start them under glass."

"That's what you think," Tom cut in. "I'll bet I'll grow a better garden this year than you do. It's simply a question of using the scientific approach."

Billy shrugged his shoulders. "Well, all I can say is, you'd better not count your eggplants before they're hatched."

Tom ignored him crossly and turned to Marjorie. "I thought of growing melons, too. The book says they're a close relative of the cucumber, and—"

Billy gave Tom a pitying look. "This isn't a good soil for melons," he said.

"How do you know?"

"We tried it out once, and they were a flop."

"There you are," Tom said triumphantly. "That's the typical attitude of the amateur gardener—the trial-and-error method."

Billy nearly choked. "Amateur?" he gurgled. "Who are you to call me an amateur? Of all the——"

"I'm going," said Tom with dignity. "I want to look up fertilizers. The scientific approach to gardening is the only guarantee of success."

As he disappeared, Billy turned to Marjorie and said, "Who does he think he is, anyhow? Telling *us* how to garden!"

Marjorie looked thoughtful. "There might be something in it, stubborn," she suggested mildly. "Perhaps with the proper fertilizers——"

Billy made a noise like Donald Duck in a temper. "Don't start that, my good sister," he warned. "I'll take my experience sooner than Tom's books any day."

One morning, a few weeks later, Billy was loosening the earth around a tomato plant, while Marjorie examined one of the leaves for signs of aphids. "I doubt if that idiot," said Billy, not referring to an aphid, "with all his fertilizers, has got any better tomato plants than these. Honestly——"

He was interrupted by the idiot, who leaned against

the fence in the irritating manner peculiar to people watching other people work.

"Do you use lime in your soil for your peas?" Tom inquired, examining a straggling pea vine with a professional expression.

"No," said Billy, busily weeding.

"Peas like alkaline soils," Tom said.

"They took you aside and whispered it in your ear, I suppose," Billy muttered.

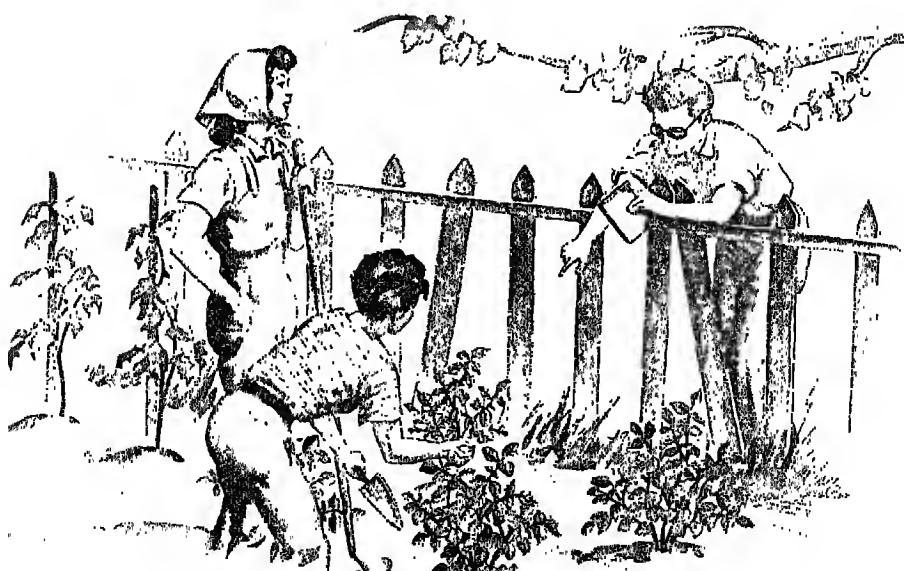
Tom pointed down at a potato plant. "You've got a bug there," he announced.

In chilly silence Billy removed the bug.

"It's more correctly called the Colorado potato beetle, or *Leptinotarsa decimlineata*. You want to do something about it, Billy," Tom went on earnestly. "It's a serious garden pest."

"So are you," Billy told him.

"You should spray with lead arsenate," Tom said. "You can also use it with the Bordeaux mixture to prevent blight. That's what I do for my potatoes."



"Listen——" said Billy, putting down his trowel. Marjorie, having a naturally peaceful nature, hurried to interrupt. "How's your garden, Tom?"

Tom grinned. "It's wonderful," he said modestly.

"When are we going to see all these magnificent specimens?" Billy inquired sarcastically. "So far, all we've had are news bulletins."

"Not till the vegetables are ripe," said Tom. "I want to surprise you."

As the summer progressed, Billy developed a haunted expression. Even the most successful gardeners get sensitive on certain points, and he got very tired of hearing about peas and lime, particularly as his crop of peas was unusually poor.

It was Marjorie, however, who first realized the change in Tom. "'S funny," she mused one day. "We haven't heard much about the scientific methods of gardening lately."

Billy dropped his hoe and stared at her. "Come to think of it," he said, "Tom *has* been rather quiet."

"Do you suppose the potato bugs got mad at being called Whatchacallems, and ate up Tom's garden?"

"The scientific gardener has no bugs in his garden," Billy reminded her. "Just the same——"

Marjorie stopped him. "Here comes Tom now. Get set for a lecture on peas and lime."

Tom came slowly toward them between the tidy green rows, and even Billy's critical eye could see that his face was glum.

"How does our garden look?" asked Billy.

"Grand," said Tom.

Billy rocked on his heels. "Did you say *grand*?"

Tom nodded.

Billy cleared his throat. "Well, the peas aren't so

good," he said cautiously. "I don't know what's wrong with them exactly."

"They look all right to me," said Tom.

This time Marjorie simply sat down upon the ground, collapsed with astonishment.

"Look, Billy," said Tom. "I guess I need some help. I'm pretty much discouraged."

Billy stared in speechless amazement.

"Oh, that's too bad," said Marjorie, doing the honors for her brother. "What's wrong, Tom?"

"Well," said Tom, "maybe you'd better come and see for yourselves."

He led the way in despondent silence, and stood aside when they came to his garden so that the two could conduct their examination.

"Now, take these eggplants, for instance," Tom told them. "They're nice bushy plants, in fine condition, but they haven't developed any fruit."

"What eggplants?" said Billy, looking around him perplexedly.

"Right there. Don't you even know eggplants when you see 'em?" Tom pointed at a thick green growth. "I can't imagine what's wrong with them."

Marjorie and Billy gazed at each other wildly. Billy was the first to recover his voice. "That isn't eggplant," he told Tom. "That's burdock!"

"Why, I never planted any burdock," said Tom.

"Of course not," remarked Billy scornfully. "Burdock's a weed. You've carefully weeded out all the eggplants and left all the burdock in."

Marjorie kindly changed the subject. "What else seems to be wrong?" she asked.

Tom roused himself from the shock the burdock had given him. "Well, take the squash, for instance," he

told her. "They developed fruit all right, but look how small they are."

"You mean these things?" Marjorie demanded. "They are *cucumbers!*"

"What do you mean, cucumbers?" said Tom crossly. "The cucumbers didn't come up at all. I'm talking about the squash."

"But these are cucumbers!" Billy chortled. "What didn't come up was your squash."

Tom gazed at him incredulously. "You mean to tell me," he said slowly, "that these things are cucumbers? Well, no wonder they didn't get as big as the book said they would."

"Oh," said Billy, "the book! Well, you certainly got a good yield."

"Yes, I was pretty careful about the fertilizer and about the planting and—well, look. What's happened to my squash then? They didn't come up at all."

"Plant 'em from seed?"

"Yes."

"When did you sow them?"

"About April 15. That was what the book said."

Marjorie interrupted. "You must have read it wrong, Tom," she objected. "That's much too early."

"The book said——" Tom began stubbornly. He reached into his pocket and produced a small, well-thumbed volume, which Billy appropriated.

"Pumpkins, radishes, spinach—squash. Here we are." There was a moment's silence, then Billy gave a shout. "This book was written for gardens much farther south than we are," he said. "You're in the wrong climate for this author, Tom, old pal. No wonder your squash gave up the ghost."

Tom received this information in unhappy silence.

"Cheer up, Tom," said Marjorie. "Your cucumbers are really good!"

Tom waved a disillusioned hand toward another vegetable patch. "Look at those potatoes," he said. "Fine, healthy plants, and not a potato bug on them." "Well?"

"Well, but there's not a potato either."

Marjorie, suddenly dropping down on her knees, began carefully to dig up a potato plant. In a moment she held it in her hands, exhibiting several fine potatoes with honest admiration.

Billy whistled. "Now, there are potatoes that *are* potatoes," he began, only to be cut short by a funny look from his sister, who pointed at Tom.

For Tom was gazing at the vegetables with open mouth and wide eyes. "Well!" said Tom. "Is that



how they grow? The book never said anything about—”

It was fifteen minutes before the three could stop laughing. As soon as Billy got his breath back, he took a potato and began to examine it.

“You must have planted from eyes,” he said. “Otherwise you’d have known how they grow.”

Tom nodded, and Billy went on, “Did you fertilize them much?”

Tom nodded again. “The book said—”

“Hmmm,” said Billy, thinking of his straggly pea vines. “Was that the same book that talked about lime for peas?”

“No. I read quite a lot of different books,” Tom explained. “This one said that potatoes need a soil rich in nitrogen, with about ten per cent of phosphoric acid. So I got a prepared fertilizer that the book recommended and used quite a lot of it.”

Billy looked once more at the potato and finally gestured at the place where the squashes should have been. “Next time, when you want to know about how to plant things like that,” he suggested, “we’ll be glad to help you. Marjorie and I have had quite a lot of—well—”

“Experience,” said Tom humbly. “I know. Thanks a lot.”

Billy stared again at the potato in his hand, then drew a deep breath. “Look,” he said, “how about letting me borrow your books for a while?” He caught his sister’s eye and looked guilty. “Well,” he defended himself, “a fellow wants to keep up with the latest scientific developments. I mean to say—”

“You mean to say that that’s a very, very handsome potato,” Marjorie told him.

The Haunted Desert

by JACK BECHDOLT

TOMMY HAMLIN watched Baldy Murray throw a diamond hitch that would fasten their pack outfit to the back of a small, aged gray mule. Like the mule, the old prospector had a spare, shriveled frame and bristling white whiskers. His mahogany-hued face was half-hid under a wide-brimmed felt hat. In his flannel shirt, weather-worn trousers, and faded bandanna handkerchief he looked like one of the Forty-Niners come back to earth. A lone prospector was Baldy, wise in the ways of the southwestern desert land.

Beyond this foreground Tommy saw the transcontinental highway gleaming like molten silver. As he watched, a powerful streamlined motor car sped along it, westbound at seventy miles an hour.

Beyond that highway lay the desert, treacherous, barren, and grimly scornful of the scratch of paved road that man had drawn across its face. Thus it had looked when the first Spaniards came, men in steel breastplates, bearing bell-mouthed firearms; so it would be when the last man alive looked upon it.

Tommy drew a deep, quivering breath. They were going into that desert—he and his sister Greta and Baldy Murray. They were going to travel across it, know its heat and sun glare, its bitter cold night; sleep beside campfires, lost in its immensity.

Their father, en route to the west coast and a new job in an aircraft factory, had made a side trip to investigate some mining property in Colorado. Meanwhile, he had left Tommy and Greta with his old

friend Baldy Murray, to the old prospector's keen delight.

"I'll show you the old Spanish gold mine," Baldy promised, his blue eyes twinkling. "Can't figure why even a Spaniard would look for gold in a place like that, but centuries ago somebody sure enough mined treasure there. Another thing I'll show you is the site of the old Forty-Niners' camp you're always talking about."

Tommy breathed faster at that last promise. For it was in that camp of Forty-Niners that his own great-great-grandfather had played a hero's rôle. Soon he would be standing where the deed had actually happened. It was almost as good as turning back time itself.

"Hurry up, Greta," he called.

His blonde sister, in blue flannel shirt and khaki trousers like his own, panted up the slope from Baldy's spring, swinging two canteens. "I'm ready," she cried. "Let's go."

"No hurry," Baldy chuckled. "Desert's no proper place to hurry; remember that. First make sure where you're going; then just set one foot in front of the other, slow and steady. Feller that's in a hurry is too apt to get flustered. You need your wits about you when you're dealing with old Mister Desert."

As Baldy tightened the lead rope, Eureka, the pack mule, set a good example of unhurried progress. Brother and sister tried to walk slowly, but their eyes were bright with excitement, and their thoughts darted far ahead, ranging the mysteries of the great desert.

They crossed the highway. Behind them were the stark rock mountains, fantastically blackened; far ahead rose the heat-distorted images of similar peaks.



Tommy looked behind them. "Why, the road's disappeared!"

Baldy chuckled and nodded. "Old desert's up to his tricks, son. Watch the hills now."

As he spoke, the sinister black mountain range seemed to detach itself from the earth, float upward, and vanish. They could see nothing in any direction but a flat sea of gray flecked with white alkali.

Though he knew the scientific explanation of this magic, Tommy was glad to be close to the old man. In that mirage-haunted place he felt the presence of strange, ancient powers.

"That's why you've got to be sure which way you're heading," said Baldy. "Even in these times fool tenderfeet have driven their cars a piece off that road and been lost. Some of 'em died of thirst."

Greta was looking at Tommy. He forced a reassuring grin. Mustn't let her know he was scared, too.

Imitating Baldy, brother and sister fastened their handkerchiefs across mouth and nostrils for protection. The sun's rays were like fire on any exposed flesh. They were glad of their dark goggles. Weird, wavering shapes ahead proved to be sand dunes.

Baldy indicated them with his finger. "There, Tommy. That's where the Forty-Niners made their desperation camp."

Tommy and Greta exchanged looks of triumph. They had come thousands of miles to see this. Almost a century ago another Hamlin had come this way—Asa Hamlin of Westport, Missouri. Tommy and Greta knew his story by heart.

Asa Hamlin had traveled with a company of hardy adventurers and their plodding covered wagons, their silent, anxious womenfolk, their excited children, a few lumbering oxen, even a faithful dog that had trotted almost across the continent, following his master. They were bound for the newly discovered gold field of California.

Disregarding the advice of their wilderness guide, the party had split up in the Mormon country. This sad remnant had been lured to try a new route promised by an inaccurate map.

Between them and their goal on the Pacific, Asa Hamlin and his companions found the great Amargosa Desert. For weeks they plodded on while their oxen withered of thirst and starvation. At last the pitiful remnant had halted among these dunes, exhausted physically and spiritually. Their map was a lie; the shining white mountain peak which was to lead them on to the land of gold was a mirage.

But in the group was young Asa, twenty years old. It was he who encouraged several other young, unmarried men to make a last desperate exploration alone in search of the lost trail. The others, gathered beside their hooded wagons, watched the young men start afoot; saw their figures, grotesquely distorted by the dancing heat, finally vanish.

"If'n they win through and find the way, we'll never see them again," a bearded father commented. "Stands to reason no man'll go through this twice, no matter how much he's promised to come back!"

Men and women shook their heads in agreement and turned their hopeless eyes on this last camp—the one that would be a common grave for them all.

One woman denied the suggestion. "Asa Hamlin will come back," she insisted.

Before he had left, this woman had brushed together the grains of rice left in her food box, dividing the little pile evenly. Half was for her own children. The other half, a scant double handful, she gave to Asa. "He will come back," she repeated.

The weeks went by in hopeless idleness. The last of the oxen were killed and their bones picked of meat. Nobody had strength left to escape the desert now. But one day, when hope had all but died, a faint hallooing brought the starving refugees from the shade under wagon beds. After perils beyond belief Asa and his companions had won through to California! They had returned with pack mules, food, and water, true to their promise.

"A person wouldn't know this was the spot if he didn't know this desert well," Baldy explained. "You see, these dunes are always moving around. The

wind keeps changing them. Sometimes it uncovers a bit of old emigrant wagon—a broken wheel, a plank, or a grub box abandoned when the party escaped. That's how we know this is the place."

"It makes me feel kind of funny," Tommy muttered with an apologetic look at his sister. "Our own great-great-grandfather's having been here!"

"It makes me feel the way going to church does," Greta said, and they drew closer together.

Tommy had his camera and took pictures. Greta dug in the sand in the hope of finding some relic of the Forty-Niners' camp. They had lunch, and Baldy said it was time to go on to the Spanish mine, where there was a dependable spring.

In miles it was not far—but they found it a grim test of their endurance. They plodded on through afternoon glare, four little specks of life under a copper sky amidst the dancing dust devils, staring with hungry eyes at the mirage of tree-shaded lakes with rippling cool waters that the heat conjured up to mock them. They were glad at last to win the shadow of a spur of the mountains and the mine tunnel that made a cave.

They unpacked the mule and picketed that weary animal on a long rope near the mouth of the cave. Then Baldy led them into the old working. They were far from its mouth, Tommy's flashlight exploring the shaft, when a roaring sound echoed through the tunnel.

"Sandstorm," said Baldy anxiously. "We'd better have a look at the mule and our camp stuff."

The wind howled like a chorus of demons. Daylight had vanished completely, though the sun had several hours yet to go before nightfall.

The air was hot and choking with fine sand. Beyond the tunnel mouth the storm had drawn a barrier that seemed impassable as a stone wall.

Baldy drew his neckerchief up to his eyes and tied it tight; pulled his hat brim low.

"You two stay right here," he directed, shouting to make himself heard. "No matter what happens, stay till this blow passes." Bent low against the blast, Baldy stepped out of the cave and vanished.

In the blackness Tommy and Greta sat with shoulders touching, their faces buried in handkerchiefs to make breathing easier. An hour dragged by. Neither expressed the fear that haunted them both, but they were afraid to meet each other's eyes, lest it show there.

Another hour was added to that first eternity.

"The wind's dropping," said Greta.

"We'll look for him if he doesn't come soon. When the wind goes—"

Peace came suddenly to the desert, but the blackness persisted. Night had descended while the storm blew. With the flashlight to guide them they went to where Baldy had tied the mule. The long lead rope lay there. Its end showed a new break.

"Eureka got terrified and broke away," Tommy exclaimed. "Baldy tried to find her—"

"Oh, Tommy! If—if anything has happened to him—"

"We'll make a fire. Give him a light to find us by. Then if he's not back, I'll look around," Tommy said and added heartily, "but he'll be back all right." He wondered. So did Greta.

Cactus and sage grew where the spring wet a little area of sand. They had gathered dead plants and

had a pile of fuel. They built a blaze and started together shouting out Baldy's name to the blue-black, starlit sky.

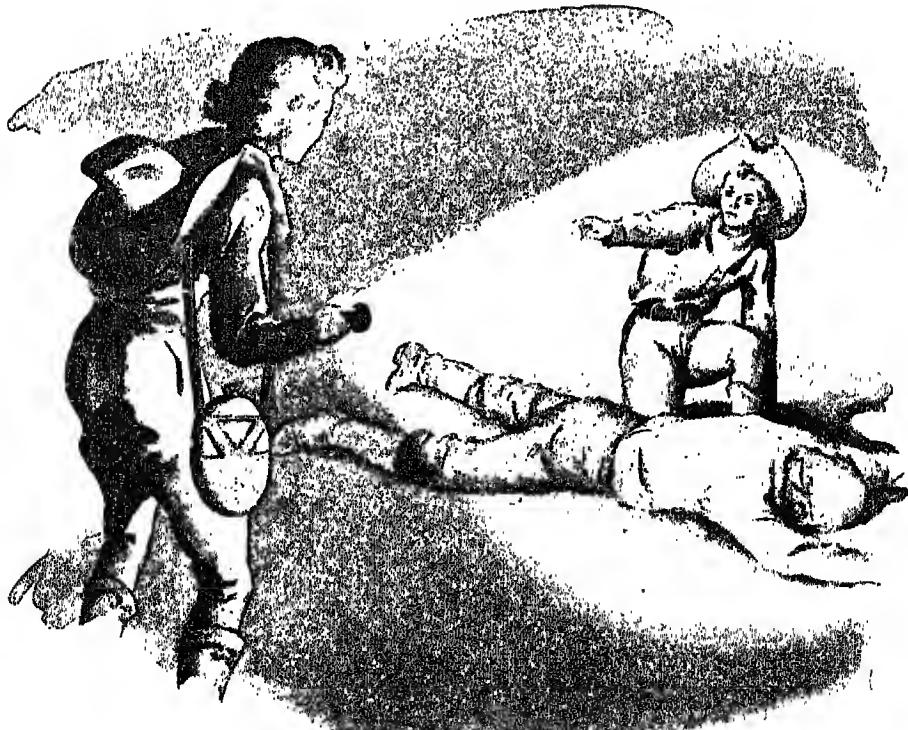
The answer came startlingly clear, but far off—a pistol shot. Two more shots followed, guiding them across the sand.

Tommy's flashlight picked out Baldy's figure prone in the alkali, dragging along like a wounded animal. As they looked, that figure halted and lay still.

"Is he . . . dead?" Greta gasped.

"Get water. The canteen, Greta!" said Tommy. "He isn't dead. It's his leg."

Baldy opened his eyes. "That fool mule," he whispered. "I almost caught her when I tripped in the dark. My knee . . . afraid it's broken."



A brief examination confirmed their worst fears. Baldy could not use that leg. By his direction they brought the tarpaulin that covered their bed roll, got him on it, and tugged him into the mine tunnel.

His accident had sapped even Baldy Murray's wiry strength. Through the hours made doubly long by their worries the old man lay with closed eyes, unconscious and looking strangely shrunken and helpless. Not until the brilliant stars were paling before dawn did he speak again.

"Got it figured out, Tommy," he whispered. "Can't travel. Leave Greta with me. We got water and grub. And you—it's up to you now."

Tommy nodded gravely. "I'll bring help," he said. "I can do it."

He tried to say it with quiet confidence, but all night he had remembered the menace of the desert and pictured all that might happen to one tenderfoot astray in that waste.

"Well," said Baldy, with a grimace for his pain, "another Hamlin did it long ago; don't forget that."

Tommy's eyes flashed. His chin came up. "I won't forget," he promised quietly.

"Follow your compass," Baldy said. "Don't follow anything else. The desert may lie to you. Your compass won't lie."

Tommy nodded soberly.

"Don't hurry. Don't drink a lot of water at any one time. Better start."

Tommy adjusted his canteen. He looked at his sister. Her life and Baldy's depended upon him. He ought to say something fitting the solemnity of the moment; something to cheer their long wait for his return.

"Well, so long," he tried feebly. "See you in the funny papers, Greta."

He glanced at his pocket compass and was off. The air was still cold; the stars had faded; the eastern sky grew gray, flashed pale yellow, and then the sun popped up. In half an hour the warmth was oppressive.

There was no sound in all that waste save the faint rustle of his own clothing or the occasional crunch of a bit of hard-baked mud underfoot. In every direction he looked, there was that same monotony of cinder-gray and dazzling alkali. The sun was in his face. The desert was a furnace.

His lips were dry. His tongue was swelling, and his throat filled with choking grit.

"I'm not really thirsty yet; it's just imagination," he reasoned, but the temptation to keep wetting his mouth from the canteen was strong.

"Don't hurry. Be sure where you're going." Baldy's advice echoed in his thoughts, but he wanted to hurry—to rush ahead at a run—to find the help Baldy so badly needed—to assure his sister's safety.

To escape these thoughts he ceased to scan the horizon ahead, watching his own feet and his compass. "I'll think about Asa Hamlin," he resolved, and found the resolution steadyng, almost as if beside him traveled the ghosts of the covered wagons led by a tall, whiskered young giant in tattered buckskin.

Baldy had told him how thirst-stricken men in their panic often threw away all that they carried. Was he on the verge of such a panic?

Then, glancing up at last, he stopped, amazed, so suddenly relieved that he laughed aloud. Just off to his right was the paved highway! While he stared he saw two cars upon it, a small touring car bound

west, a truck eastbound. They passed and went their ways, blinking back at the sun glare.

"I did it an hour and a half quicker than we came," he muttered. "But I didn't have that slowpoke mule along!" He turned hurriedly toward the highway.

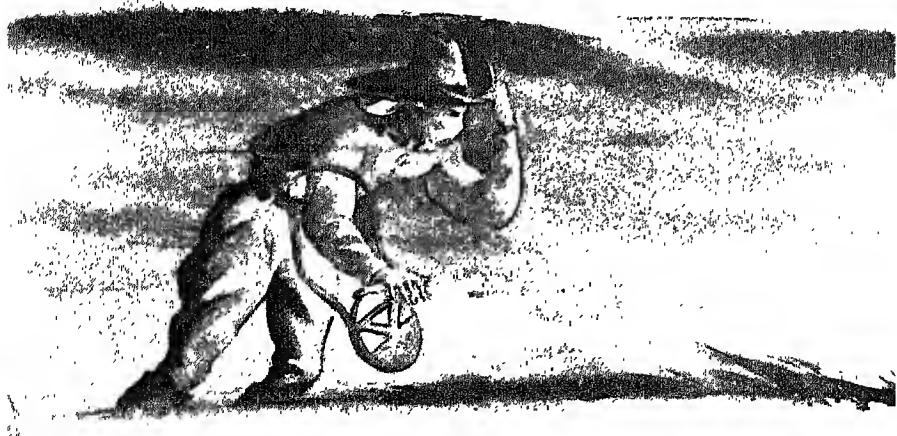
The goal was farther off than it seemed. It drew no closer, though he hurried now. He plodded desperately across an alkali deposit, the hard-baked, broken ground torturing his weary feet. He topped a little rise and looked again at the highway. Another car was crawling along—a westbound one.

And then the highway and the solid mountains behind it blinked unsteadily, rose, and dissolved into the heavens.

"I've done it," he rasped through dry lips. "I've followed a mirage!"

He consulted the compass. To correct his error, he must bear north until he had reached the place he had turned off, and then go straight ahead again.

The seriousness of his mistake made his heart race. He was hurrying again, and that wouldn't do! But ahead of him a dust cloud was spinning, traveling in great loops for all the world like a giant on skates cutting fancy didoes! It was coming his way!



Suddenly the air was filled with dust. His lungs choked. He drew the handkerchief mask over his face and tied it with shaking fingers. The light was gone from his world; the howling wind deafened him; he huddled close in his clothing to escape the rasping sand that tore at his flesh. Plunging on blindly he caught his foot on something and fell prone.

As he fell, he felt the canteen slip from his shoulder. He groped for it and could not find it. "I'm done for," he thought, in utter despair.

He lay there perhaps a half-hour before he realized that he was nearly buried under a sand drift. He began to burrow out of his shallow grave. Brushing the sand from his eyes, he saw that he had fallen beside a curious object sticking up from the ground.

It was wood, silvered with age. The shape, half-revealed, was vaguely familiar. He sat upright suddenly, eyes wide. This thing, fashioned by man's hand, was an ox yoke—a beam of ash, curved like the outline of a human lip, with U-shaped bows that once had fitted about the necks of patient oxen!

"The Forty-Niners!" he whispered. His eyes swept about him. The dunes had changed; many were gone. But the ox yoke told the story. Once more he had reached the site of that desperation camp. Not far off one or two other sticks of silvered wood protruded from drifts, confirming his belief. They had abandoned the covered wagons here, ninety years ago.

He wasn't afraid now. Courage came back to him as if the courage of the pioneers were a real spirit, haunting this place. He realized now that he had a landmark to guide the rest of his journey. The old camp lay due west of Baldy's place. He had only to follow the compass to bring help to Baldy and Greta.

Night had fallen before Tommy went into the desert again, with him two state troopers and a doctor to look after Baldy. They traveled in a lively little car that bounced unconcerned over the miles so dangerous to a man on foot.

When Baldy was safely home and recovering, Tommy had time to discuss his great plan. He wanted to return a third time to the emigrant camp and learn more about what was buried there. He and Greta made the trip when their father came back from Colorado.

The fickle desert winds had altered things once more, moving the dunes about. But one landmark remained, the half-buried ox yoke. Among the three of them they dug it up for a treasured souvenir.

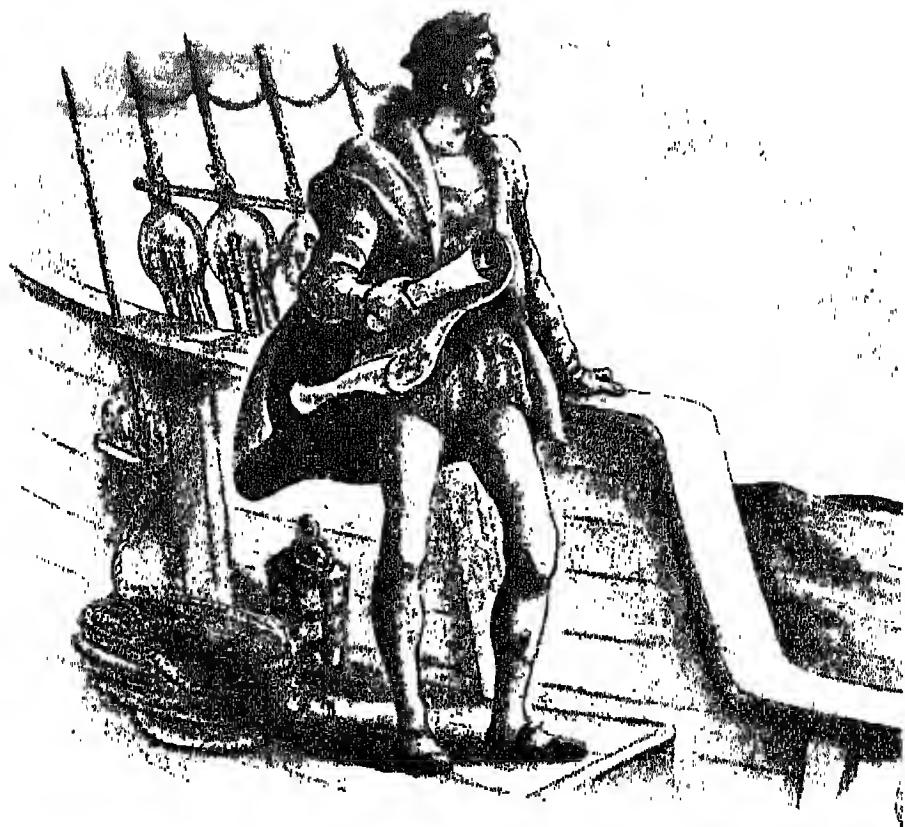
Greta, kneeling beside the treasure, made the last, thrilling discovery. "Look! Somebody's name!"

Her father and Tommy followed her pointing finger. Long ago the owner of the ox yoke had burned his name upon it. They could read it still:



Tommy stared with awe on his face. "It's almost as if he had come back . . . to help me when I was lost!"

Pathfinders of America

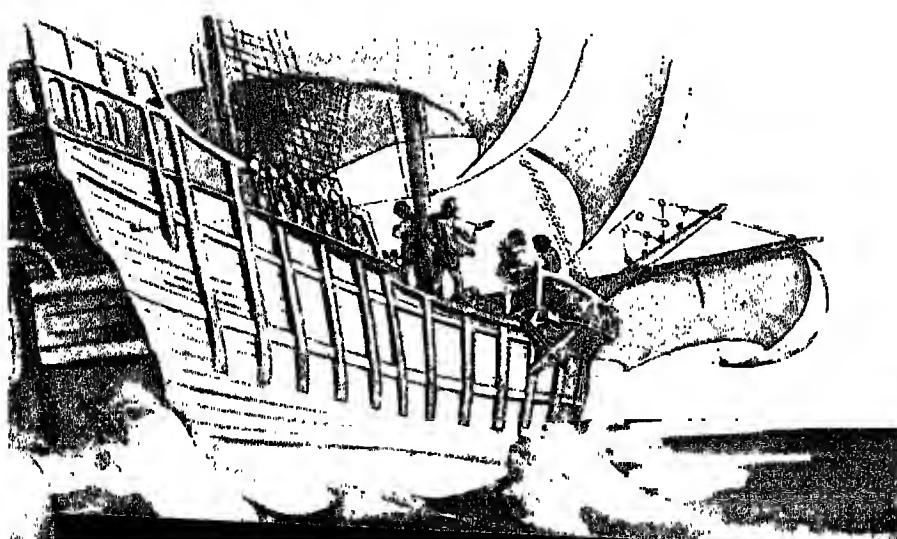


Columbus

by JOAQUIN MILLER

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!' "



They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said,
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
 He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leapt like a leaping sword:
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
 A light! a light! a light! a light!
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"



Out of Defeat

by CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

"THE villain! Scoundrel! Impostor! I'll have him out of there! Fetch me George!" His Excellency, Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, pounded on the table, sending the letter, which was the cause of his rage, across the floor. It was caught by a tall, lean, dark youth in deerskin jerkin and leggings, who stood in the center of the room leaning on his long rifle. His snapping little brown eyes had been taking in the scene with delight. He came forward now and returned the letter to its place on the table.

"The French will seize an English trading post, will they?" demanded Dinwiddie. "French in the Ohio! But, I tell ye, I'll have them out!"

"Aye," the boy in frontier garb drawled, grinning broadly. "Chase the French. But I'm warnin' ye, they'll not move out of the Ohio because ye're roarin' and poundin' tables in Virginny."

Foster, the Governor's aide, waited speechless for the lightning to strike. The Governor stared, one clenched hand arrested in mid-air, his mouth open.

"But if ye'll go out and back yer shoutin' with powder," the lad went on easily, "then we—that's me and Willy Penn McNab here—" he slapped his rifle affectionately—"we'll help ye."

"What's your name?" Dinwiddie demanded.

"Will Findlay. Younger brother to John Findlay, that's the boldest young trader in Pennsylvania. It's

A shortened version of the story as it appeared in *Boys' Life*; used through the courtesy of *Boys' Life*, published by the Boy Scouts of America.

him that spied on the French, turning our old trading house into a fort. And that's partly why I was sent to ye with yon letter."

"Well, now!" Dinwiddie's eyes glinted at him eagerly. "Ye're Scotch, eh?" The boy nodded. "So am I, lad. Now, who is this McNab ye mentioned?"

Young Findlay grinned again. "'Tis my rifle. McNab's the name of a great hunter who taught me to shoot. And once there was a verra clever good man—William Penn—that lived in Pennsylvania and had the same first name as me. So that's how I named my rifle."

"Ho, ho!" Dinwiddie laughed. "Ho, ho! Will Findlay and Will Penn McNab! Ho, ho!" He wiped tears of mirth from his eyes, and then looked at his aide with mild dignity. "I wonder what is detaining Lieutenant Washington," he said.

"I don't know, Your Excellency," Foster answered. "Doubtless I can speed matters by going in search of Lieutenant Washington myself." He bowed and walked quickly into the corridor.

"Well, lad, so ye're with me in driving out the usurping French," said Dinwiddie.

"Aye. Ye little know down here—tucked in snug with red curtains—what murderin's they're up to."

"George will tell the rascals what I think of them! There's a lad you can be friends with. George is little more than your age. Twenty-one, six feet three, and finely built and strong. I love him like a son. Ah! Here's George."

Washington was in the doorway. He came on in.

"George! You know the news?"

"There can be only one outcome, Your Excellency. The French must remove themselves."



"That's it, George! I knew you were my man in this affair. I'll write the French impostor a letter telling him to vacate the King's land—the usurper, the insolent—! There, there, I mustn't lose my temper. You shall carry the letter, George, and see to his removal. I'll send Colonel Trent to build an English fort at the forks of the Ohio to show all and sundry that the Ohio country is ours!"

The young lieutenant's fair, florid face colored deeply, and a troubled look came into his clear eyes. "Your Excellency, I—I deeply appreciate the honor—but—Sir—your personal good will toward me leads you to overestimate my abilities. I haven't experience or wisdom for such a grave mission—on which may hang peace or war between England and France."

"Lieutenant Washington!" the Governor shouted wrathfully, "you're under orders from Virginia! You will go, with proper escort, and remove the French."

Washington bowed. "Sir, I am grateful—and proud." He stammered the words, evidently both moved and abashed.

"Then it's settled. You'll send the French packing! Now, George, here's a fine laddie from up there. Will Findlay. Take him out with you and see he has a bite of food. He'll give you information and arrange where to meet you a month hence. He's engaged by me now to act as your guide and scout in the Ohio."

"So we're to be comrades, Will Findlay." Washington smiled and shook hands with the frontier boy, to whom he had taken an instant liking. "Good night, Your Excellency."

It was several months later, after Washington had led an expedition from Virginia, that he met Will Findlay again. Washington's men, shivering in the winter cold, had reached a point only one day's march from the French fort when Will appeared. After a brief rest, the expedition set out once more.

"George, I've an idea," Will said as they plodded toward Fort Le Boeuf.

"Has it anything to do with the paint and feathers you're wearing?"

"Aye. I'm a dark, black-haired lad and grew up knowin' Injun ways and talk. I'm goin' to slip ahead of ye into Fort Le Boeuf and mix with French Injuns. I'll tell them I saw ye comin', and ran to warn them! I don't doubt I'll be hearin' things there ye'll be the wiser for knowin'."

His mouth stretched in his own innocent, happy grin.

He gripped the hand which Washington gratefully held out to him, and then sped off alone—a dusky shadow in the dim dawn, lost presently in the cold mists among the hummocks and trees.

The expedition with its baggage and camp equipment followed after him more slowly. Washington's thoughts were heavy ones for so young a man. None knew what lay westward of the Ohio territory, or how broad was the continent spreading to the Pacific. Virginia claimed it under her "sea to sea" chartered rights. The French claimed the Ohio country by right of discovery. The Ohio's value in furs was an untold wealth. Holding it, the French would block the English colonies from westward expansion; and then they could turn on those colonies, one day, and blot them out. The very life of English civilization in America depended on removing the French from the Ohio. Would they yield an empire because of a Virginia Governor's letter borne by Lieutenant George Washington, aged twenty-one?

The gates of Fort Le Boeuf swung open. Washington entered with his escort. Near the center of the court-yard Indians squatted round a huge fire, watching a deer turn on the roasting spit. The French Commandant advanced to meet him. An Indian dressed as a chieftain came out of the fort and stood almost at the Commandant's elbow. The Indian was a lean man, with a long neck and a narrow face. He wore a war bonnet, and a scalp of long reddish hair hung from his belt. The air of insolent pride with which he carried himself put the Commandant rather in the shade. His darting fiery glance, from eyes set close to his thin, curved nose, passed over the tall, vigorous body of the young Virginian, over

the grave face with its firm lips and chin, its generous brow and steadfast eyes.

At the moment Washington was hardly aware of the Indian chief's presence. He did not see the near-set eyes glaze and become fixed with hatred. He was wholly occupied with his mission.

"I have the honor, Sir," he said, in English, to the French Commandant, "to present to you this letter from His Excellency the Governor of Virginia, with the hope and assurance that I may convey to him, in return, your favorable reply." He waited until his interpreter had repeated the message in French, and then he produced the document.

There was one Indian in the group round the roasting deer—a lad—whose eyes were on the scene with an interest not shared by the others. He had come in, bringing the deer and the news of Englishmen on the road to Fort Le Boeuf. That "Indian"—Will Findlay—saw the hatred born in those insolent, savage eyes as they stared at Washington.

"Yon Feathers has a slitherin' look I don't admire," he said to himself. "He'll bear watchin' by both me and Willy Penn McNab."

Washington was in the act of presenting the letter when the Indian chief lurched against him and knocked it from his hand. The Commandant spoke sharply. With an insolent sneer the chief obediently went to recover the letter. He deliberately stumbled and set his foot on it, rubbing it in the trampled and melting muddy snow near the fire, before he stooped and picked it up.

To the Commandant's apologies Washington replied calmly. "Do not be disturbed, Sir. I understand this is only the act of an ignorant savage."

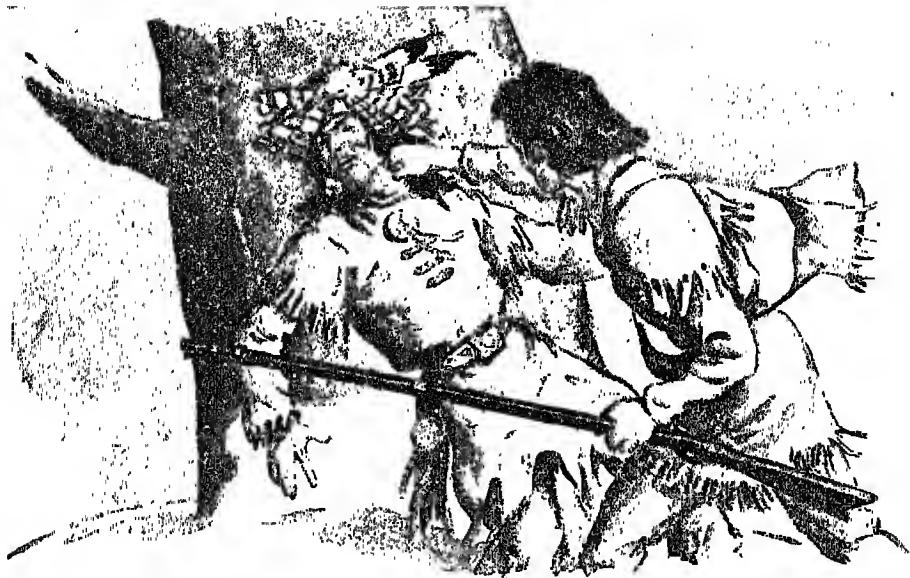
The feathered foe shot a glare of hatred at the young Virginian and threw himself down in a sullen fury by the fire. Will withdrew into the shadow and watched the chief. He heard the Commandant say that the French would not leave the Ohio. He heard Washington's voice expressing sorrow and surprise that he must convey so unwelcome an answer to Virginia. Though the Commandant had sternly rebuked the insolent chief, there was a trace of malice in his own manner as he bade Washington farewell.

Washington bowed and marched out with his escort.

"Beaujeu!" In answer to the Commandant's call, the feathered chieftain sprang up. The two entered the fort together, and Will followed unobtrusively.

"Aye," said Will to himself. "Beaujeu's verra clever at playin' Injun. But I knew him for a white man the minute I set eyes upon him. Aye, I've plenty to tell George when I catch up with him. Now to wait till they're sleepin' and then slide out noiseless as a wood tick."

He discovered an hour later, when the fort slept, that someone else had the same idea. His quick ears heard the gate open. His keen eyes saw a thin moving shade in the darkness. Beaujeu? He was sure of it. He lost no time in following. There, moving over the snow ahead of him on the trail his friend George had taken, was Beaujeu. Will slid silently after him. It would be quite easy for him to shoot Beaujeu; but he feared that wouldn't do. The man was a French officer. Disgrace might come on George for it. Anything might happen to George if one of his men killed a French officer in time of peace. "Time o' peace!" he thought scornfully. He ran on, not trying now to be silent.



Beaujeu, wheeling sharply, thought he saw one of the Indians of Fort Le Boeuf running to him, and waited by the trunk of a large oak. The place was about two hundred yards from the fort.

"What is it? Why do you come?" he whispered, never doubting that the man he spoke to was one of his comrades. Will panted heavily as if unable to speak—he feared Beaujeu would suspect him if he heard his voice. Then, with the swiftness of a panther pouncing, he struck a well-placed blow and knocked Beaujeu out. Rapidly he tied the unconscious man's hands behind his back, and his feet together, with the stout deerskin thongs of his leggings; he gagged him with a strip of his belt. Now he fastened his long pack strap under his captive's armpits and set off to the fort, dragging Beaujeu after him. Not far from the fort there was a tree, opposite the gate. Will tied Beaujeu to the tree.

"If George were far away, I'd have settled yon

beastie with less trouble," he grumbled as he ran back to Washington's camp. "Toilin' and moilin' to save such a piece of carrion!" He thought that it might be better not to tell Washington about this affair—George was "civilized"—but he would warn him about Beaujeu. He went into Washington's tent.

"Give me a hot drink and a blanket, George," he said as Washington grasped his hand.

"I've failed, Will." Washington sat down by the blanket bundle Will had turned into, and watched him devour the food and drink brought to him.

"Aye. Anybody would. The French aren't leavin' for letters. What's letters from Virginny compared to furs in Ohio?" He chuckled. "But ye did fine, George. I was proud of ye." The sympathy, loyalty, and humor expressed in the boy's speech and in his merry, admiring eyes pierced Washington's gloom, and he laughed.

"You're a good friend," he said gratefully.

"The best. Now, don't interrupt me. Ye didn't notice the war-bonnet fellow? He's a French officer and no Injun. Beaujeu. He took a terrible dislike to ye. He's vicious. So we're goin' to travel tonight and camp farther off. But here's the great news I heard. Ye remember how Mr. Dinwiddie sent Colonel Trent to build a fort at the forks of the Ohio? Well, he'd no more finished it when these verra same French took it away from him! And they've built their own fort there and garrisoned it the strongest of any fort in the land! 'Tis called Fort Duquesne. I doubt not there'll be fightin' now, George."

Washington's eyes blazed. "Yes, there'll be fighting. But first I must report to Governor Dinwiddie."

An hour later they were trailing through the dark.

In a few days Will left to pursue his business as a trapper, after exacting a promise that Washington would send for him if there were more "argyments" with the French. "Me and Willy Penn McNab'll never forgive ye, George, if ye leave us out of it."

Washington found the Governor wholly prepared for his news and still determined to promote him. He was grateful for Dinwiddie's continued confidence in him, but begged His Excellency not to put him in command of the force that had been raised to oust the French.

"Don't be stubborn, George!" Dinwiddie thumped the table. "I'm convinced of your talents. Tut, George! D'you think you can go through life without defeats? Even Caesar didn't. Get your defeats young, George; and you'll not get them later. Why? Because—to a thoughtful, modest, firm man like young George Washington—out of defeat comes the secret of victory. Bear that in mind."

In the spring young Washington—now Lieutenant-Colonel Washington—was rejoined by Will Findlay, who taught him the lesson of using Indian tactics in fighting against the redmen and their allies. "Sleepin' by night and surroundin' the enemy at dawn, and shootin' from ambush, and never showin' your hide if you can help it; that's the secret," said Will.

This secret they successfully used in an encounter with the Indians at Great Meadows. The enemy, surprised by a sudden attack at sunrise, was completely routed. But the engagement might have proved fatal to Washington if Will Findlay's keen eyes had not detected Beaujeu creeping stealthily through the forest. As the hated Frenchman leaped toward Washington with uplifted tomahawk, Will, swinging Willy Penn McNab with all his force, struck Beaujeu on the head

and knocked him to the ground. He did not see the Indians rescue their idol and flee to the woods, for Will had been struck down by a blow from an Indian tomahawk. It would be weeks before he could fight again, but just before he lost consciousness he whispered to Washington, "Ye got a victory today, George."

The victory at Great Meadows was the last one that Washington and his friend were to have that summer. At Fort Necessity, which they built near the Youghio-gheny River in Pennsylvania, the French and Indians attacked in great numbers. The fort with its little garrison was completely surrounded.

"What'll ye do, George?" asked Will. Then he added practically, "Whatever ye do, they'll have our fort."

"Yes," said Washington. His brows were drawn together; his face was pale. Here again was defeat; and, added to it, was the humiliation of surrender. "We might fight till all of us were dead or captured. But a commander has no right to throw his men's lives away for nothing." He walked heavily; he seemed an older man as he went to parley with the French.

"We'll march out in the morning," was all he said when he came back through the dusk. And so, in the morning sunshine, Virginia, represented by Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, aged twenty-two, surrendered Fort Necessity. Virginia marched out, and France took possession. Will kept at the side of his friend in silent sympathy. A week later he announced that he would be off next day to join his brother John.

"I don't doubt I'll be seein' ye here again next summer," he said confidently. The next day he slipped off through the forest, and Washington went on by the long trail to Virginia.

"Now, George, no talk of defeats and surrenders!" The Governor was emphatic, with voice and fist. "If the other colonies had joined with Virginia, seeing their danger and their duty, you'd have had an army, and success. But they're asleep to the peril. Drowsy with jealous suspicions of one another! No unity, George. *Unity—Unity*—remember that word. There's no security without it. Now, I've told you I've got the King to send a British force. You'll be on the staff of General Braddock. And you'll be his most valuable adviser, for he's ignorant of Indian warfare."

Thus on a hot July day of 1755, Will Findlay came upon a host of redcoats, as well as colonial militia in deerskin shirts, with wagons and cannon, toiling down the bank of the Monongahela. He brought news which caused Washington to hasten to General Braddock.



"Sir," Washington said, "you have thought me foolishly alarmed when I have told you how French and Indians fight in our forests, from ambush. And you have rejected all advice about using frontier scouts. Here is one of the best scouts in the wilderness, Will Findlay. He has just reported seeing signs of numerous Frenchmen across the river. I beg of you to halt and send scouts!"

"You Colonials lack regular army training," Braddock answered stiffly. He turned his back on them and moved away.

"George!" Will gaped at him. "He and his men aren't goin' to fight in those red coats, are they? George, 'tis plain murder! They'll never see the French; but the French and Injuns will gather them like strawberries! They're hidin' behind that suspicious natural-lookin' brushwork in front, and when ye come up to it——" He paused.

"Will, perhaps you're to be with me in yet another defeat," Washington said. He rode off to give what warning he could to his own Virginians. Will found his brother, John Findlay, among the wagoners.

The wagons toiled on in the rear and crossed the river. The open space was filled with the troops. At the head of his regulars Braddock rode, and they plunged forward with him to crash through that too natural-looking underbrush. As they stumbled and fell, a thunder of rifle fire broke upon them from behind it, and from the woods on their flanks. Every tree and rock belched fire. Militia and regulars fell like dry leaves from a tree. Some British officers struggled back through the confusion, bearing their general, mortally wounded. Indians surrounded the wagons, yelling and waving their scalping knives.

"Cut the traces and jump on a horse," John Findlay cried to his brother. John fled on one of his own horses, but Will did not follow. He turned back into the brush, looking for a certain man.

In the meantime, George Washington ranged the whole field of battle, utterly reckless of dangers. Shots whistled about him, but none touched him. He could do nothing with the British regulars. They were bewildered by the loss of their commander, and their morale was shattered by the first victorious impact of savagery. They broke and fled; fled blindly in a strange land. In fleeing, they fell, for their bright coats drew the enemy's fire from every quarter. But Washington rallied his own Virginians, gathered the scattered men into a unit, and kindled them with new courage from the unwavering flame of his own undaunted spirit.

The battle was a rout; the French were completely victorious. But the colonial troops, unified by their glorious enthusiasm for one brave man, turned and gave battle again and again, in such fashion that the foe did not pursue their retreat.

Will Findlay found, at last, the man he sought. In the thick, leafy branches of an elm on the river's brink, Beaujeu crouched, waiting his chance at Washington. He could see the Virginians firing as they retreated toward the creek. He was too intent on his own business to see or hear Will, who climbed another tree, speedy as a squirrel. Holding Willy Penn McNab firmly in his left armpit, Will Findlay leaped to the bough above Beaujeu. The Frenchman was aiming down at Washington, who was almost beneath him, when his tree shook over him. He turned involuntarily to look up. Will swung his

rifle butt against the half-turned head. Beaujeu crumpled and went hurtling into the river.

"With the compliments of Willy Penn McNab!" Will shouted after him. He slid down and, dodging and fighting, worked his way to Washington's side. A horse plunged by, riderless. Will sprang into the saddle.

Fighting furiously, foot by foot, inch by inch, the defeated army cut its way out of that blind alley of slaughter. The men reached Great Meadows, the scene of Washington's first victory and only surrender. Here they halted and buried the body of General Braddock.

"Well, George," said Will. "Ye and me, we know this spot! I've no love for it!"

"Nor I, Will. You'll leave me soon, I suppose, as usual?" His smile was a grave one.

"Oh, aye. I'll have to help John at tradin'—"

"What's that?" Washington rose hastily, and Will was quickly after him. The men, forming by companies, each from a colony, swept by his tent.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they shouted and called his name. He saluted and turned crimson, because so much was made of him for so little! These men were young—many of his own age and less—ardent and brave, loving high courage. They had seen a shining valor and honor before which their petty sectional jealousies fled away like wraiths. They carried the name of George Washington home with them to every quarter. In their splendid enthusiasm for him was the seed of American unity, which would flower about him a score of years later when all the colonies would accept his leadership.

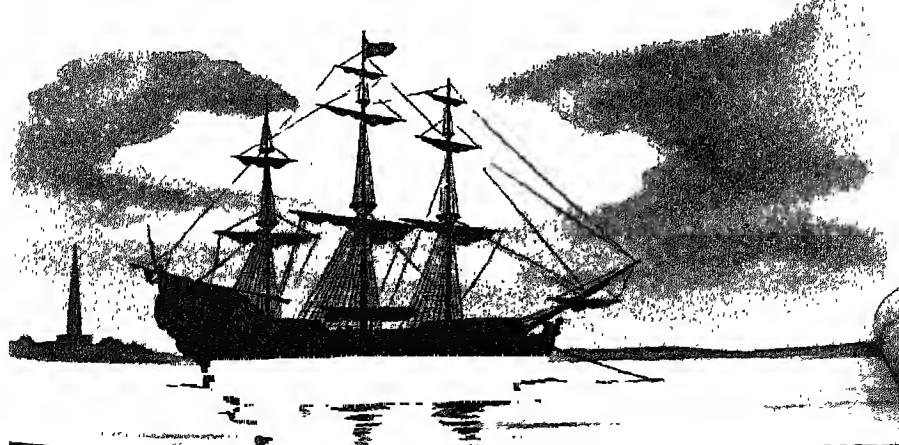
Out of defeat comes the secret of victory.

Paul Revere's Ride

by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five—
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: “If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the countryfolk to be up and to arm.”
Then he said, “Good night,” and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war—



A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side;
Now gazed at the landscape far and near;
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

The hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet—
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;



And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of the steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,

As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.
It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest; in the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane;
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Daniel Boone

by ARTHUR GUITERMAN

DANIEL Boone at twenty-one
Came with his tomahawk, knife, and gun
Home from the French and Indian War
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore.
He married his maid with a golden band,
Builded his house and cleared his land;
But the deep woods claimed their son again,
And he turned his face from the homes of men.
Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,
The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,
Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath,
He made his way on the Warrior's Path.
Alone he trod the shadowed trails;
But he was lord of a thousand vales
As he roved Kentucky, far and near,
Hunting the buffalo, elk, and deer.
What joy to see, what joy to win
So fair a land for his kith and kin,
Of streams unstained and woods unhewn!
"Elbow room!" laughed Daniel Boone.

On the Wilderness Road that his axmen made
The settlers flocked to the first stockade;
The deerskin shirts and the coonskin caps
Filed through the glens and the mountain gaps;
And hearts were high in the fateful spring
When the land said "Nay!" to the stubborn King.
While the men of the East of farm and town

Strove with the troops of the British Crown,
Daniel Boone from a surge of hate
Guarded a nation's westward gate.

Down on the fort in a wave of flame
The Shawnee horde and the Mingo came,
And the stout logs shook in a storm of lead;
But Boone stood firm and the savage fled.
Peace! And the settlers flocked anew,
The farm lands spread, the town lands grew;
But Daniel Boone was ill at ease
When he saw the smoke in his forest trees.
"There'll be no game in the country soon;
Elbow room!" cried Daniel Boone.

Straight as a pine at sixty-five—
Time enough for a man to thrive—
He launched his bateau on Ohio's breast
And his heart was glad as he oared it west;
There were kindly folk and his own true blood
Where great Missouri rolls his flood;
New woods, new streams, and room to spare,
And Daniel Boone found comfort there.
Yet far he ranged toward the sunset still,
Where the Kansas runs and the Smoky Hill,
And the prairies toss, by the south wind blown;
And he killed his bear on the Yellowstone.
But ever he dreamed of new domains
With vaster woods and wider plains;
Ever he dreamed of a world-to-be
Where there are no bounds and the soul is free.
At fourscore-five, still stout and hale,
He heard a call to a farther trail;
So he turned his face where the stars are strewn;
"Elbow room!" sighed Daniel Boone.

Down the Milky Way in its banks of blue
Far he has paddled his white canoe
To the splendid quest of the tameless soul—
He has reached the goal where there is no goal.
Now he rides and rides an endless trail
On the hippogriff of the flaming tail
Or the horse of the stars with the golden mane,
As he rode the first of the blue-grass strain.
The joy that lies in the search he seeks
On breathless hills with crystal peaks;
He makes his camp on heights untrod,
The steps of the shrine, alone with God.
Through the woods of the vast, on the plains of space,
He hunts the pride of the mammoth race
And the dinosaur of the triple horn,
The manticore and the unicorn,
As once by the broad Missouri's flow
He followed the elk and the buffalo.
East of the sun and west of the moon,
"Elbow room!" laughs Daniel Boone.





Lewis and Clark

by ROSEMARY AND STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

L EWIS and Clark
Said, "Come on, let's embark
For a boating trip up the Missouri!
It's the President's wish,
And we might catch some fish,
Though the river is muddy as fury."

So they started away
On a breezy May day,
Full of courage and lore scientific,
And, before they came back,
They had blazed out a track
From St. Louis straight to the Pacific.

Now, if you want to go
From St. Louis (in Mo.)
To Portland (the Ore. not the Me. one),
You can fly there in planes
Or board limited trains
Or the family car, if there be one.

It may take you two weeks,
If your car's full of squeaks
And you stop for the sights and the strangers,
But it took them (don't laugh!)
Just one year and a half,
Full of buffalo, Indians, and dangers.

They ate prairie-dog soup
When they suffered from croup,
For the weather was often quite drizzly.
They learned "How do you do?"
In Shoshone and Sioux,
And how to be chased by a grizzly.

They crossed mountain and river
With never a quiver,
And the Rockies themselves weren't too big for them,
For they scrambled across
With their teeth full of moss,
But their fiddler still playing a jig for them.

Missouri's Great Falls,
And the Yellowstone's walls
And the mighty Columbia's billows,
They viewed or traversed,
Of all white men the first
To make the whole Northwest their pillows.

And, when they returned,
It was glory well earned
That they gave to the national chorus.
They were ragged and lean,
But they'd seen what they'd seen,
And it spread out an Empire before us.

Into the Shakes

by CONSTANCE ROURKE

IN THE year 1811 a great earthquake occurred in western Tennessee near the Mississippi River. Age-old trees were twisted from top to root. Deep cracks opened in the earth. The river became a booming flood whose huge waves pushed far inland.

This region came to be known as the Shakes. For many years the Chickasaw Indians had dwelt there undisturbed. Few white men had cared to penetrate this strange and tangled land. The land was now cut by many small rivers and dotted by wide lakes. Mink, otter, and beaver were to be found there. Wild geese haunted the shore. Here, too, were the great snapping turtles with huge heads and armored backs that became famous in Tennessee legend.

The land was immensely fertile, so fertile that the settler was hindered rather than helped by the rich soil. Great trees still remained, and others quickly sprang up—gum, walnut, pecan, sassafras, hickory, and the delicious white plum. There were dense thickets of large, sweet, wild grapes. Here and there canebrakes made a tangled wilderness, with paths trodden by wild creatures on the way to a stream or to the salt licks. The cane grew from twelve to thirty feet in height on the rich soil along the rivers. Hunters were obliged to cut their way through the dense growth with their knives.

Soon after the great earthquake a hurricane had passed over this region, leveling many trees and stacking the cane in dense masses. Perhaps because

of this, western settlers called a canebrake a "harricane." Bears and panthers haunted the brakes.

The land was hard to clear, but everywhere there was a great abundance of game—black bear, deer, even elk, panthers, wildcats, raccoons, opossums, squirrels, and turkeys in great numbers. For many years this was almost lost territory, known only to a few trappers and hunters. In later times men began to call it the land of the Chickasaws and Davy Crockett.

Early in the spring of 1822 Crockett set out for this region with John, his oldest boy, on foot. His wife, Elizabeth, remained at home to care for the younger Crocketts. Provisions were packed on one of the horses, and two hunting dogs followed, old Whirlwind and Soundwell. It was a long, rough journey. They were obliged to ford the Tennessee at high water where it turned north toward the Ohio. When they reached the Shakes, Crockett chose a tract of land near the Obion River, a few miles south of Reelfoot Lake. The first settler had come into this country only three years before, and the nearest cabin was seven miles away.

Hobbling the horse, Crockett and his son set out to explore the country across the Obion. The river had overflowed its banks and stretched like a wide lake as far as eye could see. They took to the water, sometimes walking on the bottom and sometimes swimming. Far on the other side was a flatboat, bound up the river with provisions. They made for it, and the boatmen gave them shelter for the night.

Elizabeth heard the story later, when her husband returned: "The next day it rained riproariously," Crockett said, "and the river rose considerably, but not enough for the boat to move upstream. So I got

the boatmen to go over with me to where I was going to settle, and we slapped up a cabin in little or no time. I bought four barrels of meal, some salt, and some bacon from the boatmen, and left all in the cabin. To pay for them I agreed to help move the boat. We got up the river very well, but quite slowly, and we landed on the eleventh day at the place where the load was to be delivered.

"Then I got a skiff, and we cut down river for the cabin. A young man came with me, and we turned in and planted corn. The place has a little open clearing. It was so late I didn't make rails to fence it, but there's nothing to disturb our corn except the wild varmints. The cabin is set near a living spring.

"It's all a wilderness," Davy added with satisfaction, "and the woods are full of Indians, hunting. We'll get our belongin's together and go."

So the family procession set out, and a lively party it was. There were now eight children in all, the



two youngest so small that Crockett carried them much of the way perched on his shoulders or asleep in his arms, while the older boys led the horses. No one rode, not even Elizabeth.

Deer, opossums, and raccoons had spared the corn in the new clearing, and the Crocketts were soon settled. Besides corn there was another crop, for Davy had sowed a few gourd seeds, and the long, sprawling vines with their great yellow bottles lay scattered over the little clearing. Dry gourds could be used for dippers or as milk pans when milk was to be had, or to keep sugar in, or wild honey.

As soon as the crops were in, Davy began to hunt. The wild country lay before him, and he had much to do before winter began—furs to seek, bear meat and venison and small game to find. Bear and deer he found at once. Often he took the boys hunting with him, teaching them to discover deer against the brown bushes and to lie quiet when they heard a rustle or saw the flicker of a white tail. If a deer was grazing near by, Crockett could turn himself into something that appeared to be a gnarled stump, with his fur cap like old, tufted moss, his head bent, his hands hidden. When he wanted to find a clear space to aim his gun, he sometimes got down on all fours, snorting and rooting along toward the deer like a wild hog. Curled and humped in the grass, his smallest boys looked like big jack rabbits in their fur coats and caps as they watched him.

With the boys Crockett went to a small lake where a water line ran along the trunks of the bordering trees, marking the height to which the water rose in the spring. Even in autumn many trees were set deep in the water. Black oaks, the graceful pecan,

the delicate, spreading beech—bronze and red and purple—lifted their tops above the silvery surface. Squirrels lived in the treetops nearest the shore. In the thickets near by were raccoons, opossums, and deer. Crockett and his boys came home laden with game.

"See that little dark hummock over there amongst the beech leaves?" said William to Robbie, the smallest boy, as they tramped toward the cabin at dusk. "That's a 'possum and no mistake. If you was to go up to him, he'd be stiff as a poker, with a grin on his little face."

Some Chickasaw Indians passed in the shadow. "Good hunting, neighbors," said Crockett.

At night every cranny of the cabin would be lighted by a great hickory fire. Elizabeth would be spinning, and young Polly would wind the ball. One of the heavy packs brought by the Crocketts into the Shakes was filled with flax and wool. There were always stories—stories of wild beasts and their ways.

When Christmas drew near, wild meat hung in the cabin and beside the doors. Some Chickasaws, passing by on their winter hunt, had left a gift of rabbits and turkey gobblers. Tall and stately, they had paused for only a few moments at this new cabin of the white man. The gift was welcome, for Crockett was out of powder.

"This meat won't last long with ten in the family," he said to Elizabeth, "and anyway we have to have powder to shoot off for Christmas. I know there's been another of Noah's floods, but I must have my powder."

A friend had settled in the autumn across the Obion near one of its forks and had brought a keg of powder

for Crockett on the journey into the Shakes. Crockett had been too busy hunting to go after it, and now the Obion had overflowed its bank after the rains.

Elizabeth opposed the trip. "The river's a mile wide anyway from hill to hill, and we might as well all starve as for you to freeze to death or get drowned."

But Crockett tied up some dry deerskin clothing and extra moccasins in a bundle, took his gun, and started out.

The snow was about four inches deep, and the weather had turned bitterly cold. He admitted afterward that when he reached the river it looked like an ocean, stretching wide and gray. He had no canoe. He stepped into the water and waded along the flooded ground until he came to the channel. Here was a long log above water. He mounted the log, and balancing with his gun and bundle, he crossed the channel. Then he waded again over the flooded ground until he reached a deep slough that he knew well. He had often crossed the slough to a small island part way across, using a sunken log as a bridge.

The log, if there, lay three or four feet beneath the surface, and below it was a further depth of eight or ten feet of water. He felt for the log cautiously with his feet but could not find it. He could swim, but he had to keep his gun and bundle dry.

In times of low water a tall, stout sapling stood alongside the log. The sapling was still there, a dozen feet away from where he stood. At his side were other saplings, a clump of them. Laying his gun in the crotch of one and tying his bundle to a branch, he cut another sapling below the crotch. This he

lodged against the sapling in the slough, thrusting it firmly among the branches. The end nearest him he fastened in the crotch of another tree.

Then he cut a pole and crawled along his bridge until he reached the sapling in the slough. Here with his pole he felt for the log and found it. It was as far down in the water as he had supposed and seemed firm, making a bridge to the farther side of the slough.

Slowly he returned along the sapling bridge, took the gun and bundle, crept back again, and finally let himself down upon the sunken log. He felt his way along this with his feet, balancing in water about waist deep. "It was ticklish business," he admitted afterward.

The log held firm as he crossed the end of it. He came to a stretch of flooded ground, crossed it, and



came to another slough over which a long log had been placed as a bridge. This was now loosened and was floating in the water. Crockett mounted the log, thinking that with care he could walk along it, but when he had reached the middle of deep water, the log rolled over, and he went down, quickly thrusting his gun and bundle above his head as he went. The water came up to his neck. Keeping his gun and bundle in the air, he walked slowly along the bottom until he reached another wide space of flooded ground where the water was shallow again.

When at last he waded ashore, his feet were numb. He had been in icy water all the way except when he was crossing the high log and when he was crawling back and forth on his sapling bridge. But his gun and his bundle were dry. He changed his clothes and tried to run so as to warm himself a little, but he could only trot.

At last he covered the five miles to his friend's cabin. The family could hardly believe that he had crossed the river at such a time.

The next morning it was piercing cold, and Crockett was persuaded not to start for home that day. He went hunting instead and brought in two deer. The weather grew still colder, and his friend insisted that he would be unable to return home for quite some time. But Crockett, knowing that his wife and children would soon be without food, set out.

When he reached the river with his keg of powder, his gun, and his bundle, a sheet of ice lay before him as far as he could see. He hadn't gone far over it before the ice broke. Shifting his load to one arm, he took out his tomahawk and opened the way before him until he found a place where the ice was

thick enough to bear his weight. But it broke again, and he was obliged to wade until he came to the floating log that had rolled him into the water. This was now frozen fast in the ice. He crossed on it without much difficulty and worked along until he reached the log that lay under water in the slough.

The swiftness of the current here had kept the water from freezing. Crockett found the log and managed to balance his load and keep a foothold, moving slowly until he reached his sapling bridge. Then he had to make two trips back and forth, one for the keg of powder, one for his gun and bundle. At last, through broken ice and water, he reached the high log on the other side.

As Crockett crept over the last stretch of ice toward high ground, he came to an open, broken trail. The trail, which led to his cabin, had been made by a young man traveling past who had volunteered to go out and look for him.

Elizabeth and the children thought that he had been lost in the icy current. "No, I'm not dead," said Crockett, "but at times I felt mighty nigh it. I've got my powder, and that's what I went for, and it's dry, too."



Saviors of Oregon

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

THE big young doctor wiped off the filth flung in his face by the mob. Grim-lipped, his blue eyes blazing, he pushed his way unarmed through the trappers and hunters who fingered their rifles in warning. Marcus Whitman was on his first trip west, in 1835, to save the souls and bodies of the Indians, and he hadn't come 1500 miles to be turned back now because the white fur traders of the Missouri River resented missionaries.

Within two weeks these same wild frontiersmen were pleading for Dr. Whitman, clutching his hand as a last hope. For Asiatic cholera had struck, and he alone dared walk among the sick, carrying medicine to their lips, wiping the poisonous sweat from their faces. It was he who saved them.

So word flew on the winds of the Rockies that a great medicine man was coming. From all over the West, Indians and traders gathered for their annual meeting in a Wyoming valley. Among them was a group of chiefs from the northwest tribes, who met Whitman with an urgent appeal to bring his white magic out to Oregon—that vast wilderness which included what is today Oregon, Washington State, and parts of Idaho.

That rich empire was then still a no man's land, claimed both by Canada and an indifferent United States; no road led there, and few men found their way to it.

Whitman promised to come. Afire with his new vision of establishing a medical mission in the unexplored northwestern wilds, he hastened east again to get support for it.

In Boston, headquarters of the board of missions, Oregon seemed an impractical field for the Lord's work, reached only by a six-months' sailing trip round Cape Horn to the Hawaiian Islands, then by rare ship to the mouth of the Columbia River and up it by canoe to the interior.

Not a bit! answered Marcus Whitman. He would take his party overland, across the Rockies. He requested money for medical supplies, cattle, horses, plows, seed. The white man's God, the white man's medicine, and the white man's woman—he would take

them to that farthest wilderness and set them there in honor.

The woman Whitman had in mind had already chosen for herself the career of a missionary. Narcissa Prentiss, with her fair-haired, blue-eyed charms, must have had many opportunities to live a tranquil and happy life. Instead she chose a path which no white woman had ever taken, the Oregon Trail, on the trip that first broke it.

There was still the late spring snow of 1836 upon the gentle hills around Angelica, New York, when "Husband," as she always called Whitman, tucked his bride of the flowerlike name into the sleigh and drove her away from the home that she would never see again.

This honeymoon, so hard and sweet, was a double one, for Whitman's companion, a young missionary named Spalding, brought a bride, too. Accompanying them was W. H. Gray, a layman.

Whitman alone among them was not a tenderfoot. He could find fuel and fresh water where none was to be seen. When axles smoked with strain, he would scrape pitch from the pines to grease them and to heal the bleeding hoofs of the oxen. He mended shrunken wheel rims with strips of hide from the oxen that died on the way. He could get frightened animals to swim and tired women to laughing.

The first wagon train ever to cross the Rockies, the little party came jolting triumphantly over the Continental Divide. Down in the valley all knelt. Spalding held the Bible, Whitman the American flag, and, in their own words, they took possession of this land in the name of Christianity and the mothers of America.



After toilsome weeks these trail breakers looked down at last on the valley of the Columbia, its fertility hidden under a tawny hide of grasses. Indians called the spot *Waiilatpu*, "place of wild rye." Where grass will grow, Whitman argued, wheat will grow. So it was there that the Whitmans founded their mission. The Spaldings went farther among the friendlier Nez Percé Indians. These Cayuse around you, the Nez Percés warned Whitman, are bad Indians. They are ungrateful and treacherous; some day you will see. But Whitman's answer was: the farther off they are from God, the more they need us.

Indeed as Waiilatpu became a self-supporting plantation, the Cayuse came eagerly to get its vegetables

and milk, its butter and apples, its ham and poultry; they enjoyed singing hymns and listening to Bible stories. But secretly the chiefs resented the democracy of Christianity; if it was really such Big Medicine it should be revealed to them alone; it was too good for women and such! When Whitman preached the Ten Commandments to them, something troubled the Cayuse, like a light they could not endure, so that they crawled away into dark places long familiar.

Besides the zeal of a man of God, Whitman had the physician's code. He answered every call; and though he had just come in from a distant journey, at any summons he would lift his weary body onto a fresh mount and ride off again. By Cayuse law, when a patient died it was the sacred duty of his relatives to kill the medicine man. Though Whitman was warned he would be no exception, he took every risk.

A few first settlers were beginning to struggle over the trail the doctor had broken. Waiilatpu, the first American home on the Oregon Trail, became a true "house by the side of the road." There the immigrants, several hundred a year, arrived weary and famished, stayed as long as they needed, and departed reclothed, outfitted, with wagons and weapons mended, broken bones set, gun wounds healed. Not less than the doctor was Mrs. Whitman the angel of Oregon. She taught in the school, which regularly had fifty to eighty boarding pupils in it, nursed in the hospital, superintended the cooking, preserving, washing, sewing, and gardening. If a mother wanted her, Narcissa would ride horseback beside her husband two hundred miles to bring woman-comfort.

But Boston was too far from Oregon for the mission board to see the miracles the Whitmans were working.

They found too heavy the cost of maintaining Waiilatpu as a crowded hotel, model farm with two grist mills and one sawmill, with a school, hospital, trading post, repair shop, saddlery, and orphanage. So, in the midst of the Whitmans' labors there arrived in 1842 a letter from Boston closing this mission to the unpromising Cayuse.

Marcus Whitman had long since ceased to be merely a missionary or merely a doctor. He had become a prophet of the opening West, and Narcissa at his shoulder saw his vision with him. By treaty, both British and Americans were permitted to settle in Oregon. The chain of Hudson's Bay Company stations provided stepping stones for British subjects. Without competition, they would soon fill up this territory. Waiilatpu was the only welcoming door for Americans. If that door were now to be slammed shut, Oregon would surely become British.

So Marcus Whitman determined to ride East, to save his mission and awaken the government to the danger of losing this vast province of America. On that ride he broke new paths through the mountains; even his guides turned back. Supporting himself alone, the doctor rode on, steadily, wearily, pushing his horse as hard as he dared, himself harder. His buffalo coat whipped raggedly around him. His hands, that had slapped the breath into so many babies, baptized savage heads, felled timbers, and planted trees, shook the bridle for haste. Men in farthest outposts saw, unbelieving, this snow-covered ghost appear out of the blizzard and shout a greeting.

In funds he was very low, and that hastened him on across the continent until into the office of the Secretary of War, in Washington, there stalked this

man in an old fur hat worn to the skin, his heavy beard now growing gray. What he said there must have opened the eyes of the government to Oregon's danger. What he told Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune* was sure to be broadcast the breadth of the land. What he urged upon the board of missions in Boston we can guess from their decision that Waiilatpu was to stay open, with funds to run it as Whitman saw fit.

Then he turned back west, for the tide of settlers he had prophesied was already rising, promising to flood the British claims out of Oregon if they could get through to it. They *must* get through; so Whitman undertook to pilot them in person. It was he who knew the water holes and the grass and passes, he who could support the weary and mend the broken. Some he buried; more he saved. Now, as always whenever Dr. Whitman appeared, the way eased and the heart lifted.

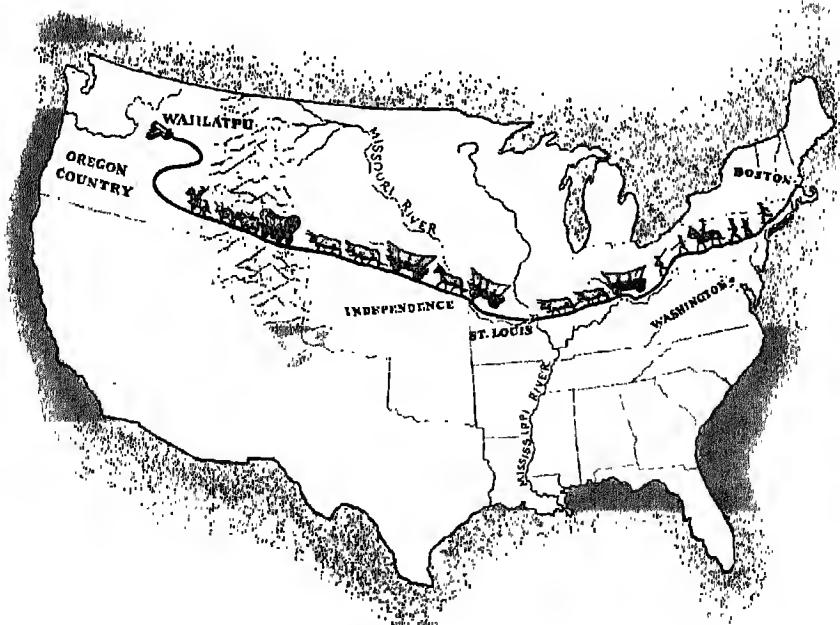
So this mightiest wagon train to Oregon crossed the Rockies and reached lonely Waiilatpu, exhausted and famished. There the immigrants were fed till the mission was cleaned of the stores of years, and nothing was left but some green potatoes underground. Thus Whitman led and saved the biggest wagon train to come over the Oregon Trail.

In this irresistible invasion of Americans the Cayuse read their doom. The Whitmans they blamed with a special hatred. And when measles, perhaps brought in by the settlers, broke out virulently among the tribe, the Indians believed it was an evil spell cast by the doctor. At the mission, too, many white children were lying desperately ill when on November 29, 1847, the Cayuse stealthily surrounded Waiilatpu.

Whitman himself was the first to fall, shot down by a Cayuse who came pretending friendship.

Narcissa was trying to save the children when the bullet found her breast. Fourteen men and boys were killed; eight women and forty-five children were carried away into captivity. The answer of the United States Government was the tread of troops marching to establish law and order on the land that the Whitmans had consecrated with their blood. Now there could be no question that this land was and must remain wholly American, and the presence of our armed forces established it so.

Marcus Whitman died three times a martyr—to his God, to his country, and to medical science. Beside him perished the noblest pioneer woman of the West. In death, as in life, they were saviors of Oregon.





Abe Lincoln at Gettysburg

by ENID MEADOWCROFT

IT WAS good to have cool days come again. With their coming, Mrs. Lincoln and Tad returned to Washington. The Lincolns' summer cottage at the Soldiers' Home, three miles north of Washington, was closed, and the Lincoln family moved back to the White House, where Tad became, as usual, his father's shadow. Wherever Lincoln was, there if possible was Tad. Again and again the boy would run in from play, fling himself on his father for a quick hug and then rush out of the room like a whirlwind. If the office door was shut, he gave his special signal, three sharp raps and two slow thumps, and the door was opened no matter how many important visitors the President might have.

"I promised Tad I'd never go back on the code," Lincoln would explain.

If at night Tad grew lonely in the big bed which he liked to share with his father, or didn't want to go to bed at all, he would wander into the office or library where Lincoln was at work or talking to visitors, curl up in his father's lap, and fall asleep while Lincoln stroked his hair. And there he would stay until the President carried him off to his room.

One night the boy complained of a headache, and the following morning he was really ill. Mrs. Lincoln was at once filled with anxiety. When Lincoln appeared in her room dressed for a journey, she clung to him and begged him not to go away.

"I must go, Mother," Lincoln said, trying to soothe her. "I have given my word that I will say a few words at the dedication in Gettysburg tomorrow, and I can't go back on it. If Tad grows worse, telegraph for me at once, and I'll come home as quickly as I can." And, slipping from her arms, he ran down the stairs to the door where a carriage was waiting to take him to the station.

His heart was heavy as he climbed aboard his special train, which was decorated with flags and bright bunting of red, white, and blue. The news of the war was not encouraging. He was worried about Tad. And he had had time to write out only part of the short speech he was to make in Gettysburg. Nor did he have time to write the rest of it on the train, which was filled with important people wanting to talk with him.

Not since the great battle in July had there been so many people in the little town of Gettysburg as there were that night, when the President's train pulled in.

It was as a result of the battle that they had come. Desiring that the bodies of the brave men who had fallen in that fight should be buried in a fitting place, eighteen states had contributed money to buy and prepare a national soldiers' cemetery. Now the time had come to dedicate the ground which had been set apart for that purpose. Thousands of men, women, and children had gathered in the town to attend the ceremonies; to listen to the famous orator, Edward Everett, who was to be the chief speaker of the day; and to catch a glimpse of the President, who had been invited only to make a few appropriate remarks after Mr. Everett had finished.

The moon was high, and the night was warm. In a holiday spirit the visitors to Gettysburg strolled about the streets, following the bands which were playing in various parts of the town and stopping before the houses where famous guests were staying, to call on them for speeches. When they called on President Lincoln, he had little to say, for he was tired and he wished to finish writing out the address he was to make the following day..

For an hour he worked in his room alone. Then he carried what he had written next door, where Secretary of State Seward was staying, and read it to him. Satisfied at last that he had done the best he could in so short a time, and feeling much happier in his mind because of a telegram from Secretary Stanton announcing that there was no important war news and that Tad was better, he went to bed about midnight.

The next morning immediately after breakfast he went to his room and carefully copied what he had written the night before. Then, drawing on a pair of white gauntlets, he took his tall hat and went out-

doors to mount the horse which he was to ride in the procession to the cemetery. At once a crowd of people gathered around him, eager to see and talk with their President, and it was eleven o'clock before the procession could get under way.

The day was fine. As Lincoln sat on the speakers' platform among the governors, Army officers, Congressmen, foreign ministers, and other distinguished guests, he looked out over a crowd which stretched in a half circle as far as a man's voice could carry. Sitting in his chair, listening to the splendid words and fine strong voice, admiring the gestures and the poise of the white-haired Edward Everett, the President wished that he had had more time to prepare what he was about to say. When at the end of two hours Mr. Everett drew his speech to a close, President Lincoln put on his spectacles and quickly looked over the manuscript which he had pulled from his coat pocket.

Mr. Everett finished. A hymn was sung. Then, after Lincoln's close friend Ward Lamon had introduced him to the people, Abraham Lincoln rose from his seat. Holding the two pages of manuscript in both hands but hardly glancing at them, he looked for a moment out at the audience and in a clear, firm, strong voice began to speak.

"Fourscore and seven years ago," he said slowly, "our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

"We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting

place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.



"It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It was all over. The President turned and took his seat. The men and women in the audience, amazed at the shortness of his speech, looked at one another in surprise. Some asked, "Is it finished?" Then realizing that Lincoln had in so few minutes said all that he had to say, they broke into polite applause. But they were applauding the President of the United States and not the words he had spoken.

Lincoln was unhappy over the way in which his address had been received. After the final hymn and prayer were finished, he leaned over to Ward Lamon.

"Lamon," he whispered sadly, "that speech won't scour. It's a flat failure, and the people are disappointed."

And when that night, after a luncheon and a great reception, he climbed aboard the train for Washington, Abraham Lincoln was still dissatisfied with the words he had spoken at the dedication of the cemetery in Gettysburg. Little did he or the people who had heard him realize the beauty of those words or dream that in the years to come they would be remembered and repeated in the homes of freedom-loving men and women everywhere.

Springfield or Bust

by HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

PROBABLY the four words most frequently spoken in Hartford, Connecticut, in the year 1897, were "I told you so." What they meant was that nobody believed that my motor-tricycle would work. Eugene Lobdell, a machinist, and I had equipped a tricycle with a one-cylinder gasoline engine and had resolved to make it take us on cross-country trips. Our goal was Springfield, Massachusetts, twenty-five miles away. Twice that spring we had tried, only to be stopped cold by engine trouble.

By the time we were ready to make another attempt to reach Springfield, the month of May had come. The roads were dried out pretty well, and the chuck-holes were considerably smoothed over. When a nice day came, we were ready, and I decided to make the third attempt. We started after five o'clock and headed north on Windsor Avenue. This time we felt we were going to have a real cross-country run, since the roads were very much improved and the tricycle was immensely better able to stand long and severe punishment.

We made a brave sight as we clattered out to the city line and on into the village of Windsor. It probably was Windsor's first sight of a motor vehicle. Through Windsor we bowled, over the ancient covered bridge which spanned the Farmington River in those days, and on into the country to the north.

I suppose where the road was good our running speed was between ten and twelve miles an hour. It

seemed very fast to me. I had to be constantly on the watch for rocks and holes, for to strike one at such high speed would mean the failure of the run. It was a lovely spring afternoon, and I was excited over the thrill of bowling along through the pretty country in a gasoline-propelled machine.

Every time we met a horse, we had to come to a full stop and undertake the delicate task of coaxing the animal past the machine. Every fifteen minutes we had to stop and pour a cup of oil into the engine crankcase. Progress was horribly slow by modern standards, but we had no standards then except those of the horse and buggy. By those standards we were fairly burning up the road.

There was a railroad crossing in those days about a mile and a half south of the town of Windsor Locks. A few hundred yards south of this crossing there was an open field on the left. The Connecticut River was at our feet on the right. Dusk was coming on, and we were abreast of the open field on the left when I noticed a horse and carriage approaching.

The horse's ears were sticking up very stiff and alert. I thought I smelled trouble. I slowed down, creeping along cautiously, for I could see that the horse was high-spirited and extremely nervous. When we had approached each other as closely as I considered safe, I pulled over on the grass at the roadside and stopped. This would have to be done anyway, since no horse would consent to pass close to the machine.

Just as I pulled over, one of the men in the carriage, evidently having seen all he cared for, hastily got out. I recognized him as one of my neighbors in Hartford. Evidently he felt that something terrible



was about to happen. Not satisfied with getting out of the carriage, he hurried over to the side of the road, climbed the fence, and started on a dead run across the open field. What the poor person left deserted in the carriage thought of such an action, I never heard.

Lobdell and I followed our regular plan, walking slowly up to the horse and speaking to him as we approached. This almost always calmed the animal; the sound of a man's voice gave him confidence. We

managed to get hold of the horse's bridle without any panic, one of us on each side. Then we led him slowly past the tricycle. He came along with us fairly peacefully, merely snorting a bit and jerking nervously.

When we had the horse well along, we looked for the stout gentleman who had fled to the fields a few minutes before. He had kept track of events and had seen that the incident was closed and that his friend was waiting for him. But he did not dare return straight to the highway, for that would have made him pass the tricycle. He climbed fences and worked his way along through the fields toward his friend's carriage. He was worse than the horse. He had never seen a vehicle going along a road with no horse drawing it, and he had never heard such a noise before. Later, when I teased him about his performance, he said, "Well, wouldn't it scare you to see a wheelbarrow coming down the road with nobody pushing it?"

We got under way again and sailed through the village of Windsor Locks, making the biggest sensation that the little main street had experienced since the hotel burned.

Through the village we clattered on to the old river road leading north. From here on there was no village on our side of the river until West Springfield was reached. We knew it would be a long and lonely stretch. In addition, it was now quite dark, and the only light we had for spotting rocks and chuck-holes in the gloom came from the feeble little kerosene bicycle headlamp.

Driving became a task calling for the strictest attention. But the darker and more lonely it became,

the better Lobdell and I liked it, for it tasted of real adventure.

So much time had been lost in the many stops because of horses, oiling, repairs, and getting around chuckholes that by the time we were half across the long, lonely stretch between Windsor Locks and West Springfield, it was late at night.

In the loneliest stretch of all I suddenly became conscious of something close ahead. Shutting off the gas, I peered into the gloom. In the flickering glow of the kerosene headlamp there appeared to be an enormous animal of some kind reared up on its hind legs, snorting and pawing the air with its forelegs. I could hear the snorts above the noise of our engine. The sight was enough to freeze the blood in one's veins.

For a moment both Lobdell and I were stunned. Then, realizing that it must be a horse gone wild, we both dashed ahead. We knew that if it was a horse we must get hold of its bridle before too much damage was done. We were just a fraction of a second too late. It was a horse, and as we grabbed for his bridle, he wheeled round and crammed a front wheel of the vehicle he was pulling.

When we had gained command of the horse, we discovered that we had on our hands an old junk wagon loaded with whatnot, a collapsed front wheel, and the worst-frightened junk dealer in history. He was white with fear.

I grasped the situation at a glance. This junk dealer, bringing a load of junk to Windsor Locks in the silent night, was blissfully ignorant of the existence of such a thing as a motor vehicle. As he crawled along the lonely country road, up from the distance

came a strange and unearthly noise, different from anything he had heard in all his life.

This weird noise became a din. The din grew louder, and a little flickering light appeared ahead. As he tried to make out what could be making such a racket, he thought of everything he had ever seen on the road before. Was it a mowing machine or a steam fire engine that was approaching him? Before he could judge its distance in the dark, the monstrous thing was upon him. It seemed about to run him and his horse down.

And the poor horse—what could have been his thoughts? He behaved as a good horse should behave until it became evident that his trusted master was failing him. Then, just as he was about to be attacked and devoured by the terrible thing, he reared up and wheeled.

Lobdell, leaving the horse to me, unfastened the headlamp from the tricycle. Stepping very close indeed to the jittery driver and shining the headlight directly in his face, he asked him where he was going. The man's reply could not possibly be understood.

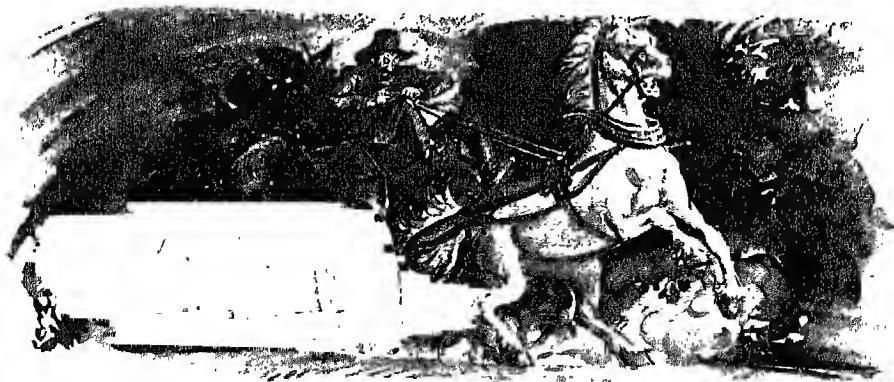
Lobdell then acted like an outraged policeman. He demanded of the poor creature what he thought he was doing, driving a wild animal down the road in the middle of the night, threatening the lives of other users of the highway, and frightening respectable people nearly to death. There was a long pause after this, during which neither did anything but look hard at the other. I dare say the junk dealer thought we were desperate men who, abroad on lonely roads at night in an infernal machine, planned murdering him and making off with his horse and wagon.

Then without further words Lobdell took charge of the broken wagon wheel. We had been through several similar experiences in which there were buckled wheels. The two of us inserted the loose spokes in their proper holes in the wheel rim and quickly sprung the thing back into the shape of a wheel. Then with a pair of pliers and some soft iron wire we bound the spokes and wheel rim so that they would hold together.

To make a thorough job of it, Lobdell took the headlamp and searched along the fence until he found an advertisement painted on a thin board attached to the fence.

Lobdell ripped this sign off the fence with his pocketknife and wired it on to the wheel. Leading the horse past the tricycle, we then sent the junk dealer on his way with a parting order from Lobdell never to let such a dreadful thing happen again. I have often wondered what sort of story this junk dealer told his wife when he reached home!

After a good laugh we continued our journey in the night. The engine roared cheerfully, and the tools in the toolbox clattered royally. By this time it was very late at night, and the countryfolk in the occasional houses had long ago gone to bed.



It was a wonderful moment for me when we reached the South End Bridge over the Connecticut and I saw the lights of Springfield in the distance. Across the bridge we rattled and on down the deserted streets of Springfield, frightening several sleepy policemen.

Finally we reached the old Massasoit Hotel, which in those days stood on Main Street close to the railroad embankment. The Massasoit had the old-fashioned stable yard of coaching days. I had decided there probably would be a shed in the old stable yard. I saw a dim light in a window in a shed at the far end of the yard, and I headed for it, believing there would be a watchman who would take care of us.

Just as I was about to pull up, a man with a lantern burst out of the shed. His action was so wild that he startled me, and I kept my engine running instead of stopping it. The man with the lantern ran toward us, suddenly halted, and held the lantern up. He showed every sign of being thoroughly rattled.

Lobdell understood the situation instantly. It was just the sort of thing he enjoyed. He hopped off the machine and hastened toward the bewildered watchman. Peering at him in the dark with his face not more than six inches from that of the other, he asked in an excited and husky voice, "Say—is this Philadelphia?"

"*Philadelphia!*" exclaimed the watchman. "No, man, no! This is Springfield, Massachusetts!"

Turning to me, and as though he were reporting a most surprising bit of news, Lobdell shouted, "He says this is Springfield, Massachusetts!"

To explain his confusion, the watchman told me later that he had been dozing. When he was suddenly awakened by our awful clatter, the only thing he



could think of was that one of the big Boston and Albany locomotives had come down off the embankment into his stable yard and was clawing the ground up with its driving wheels.

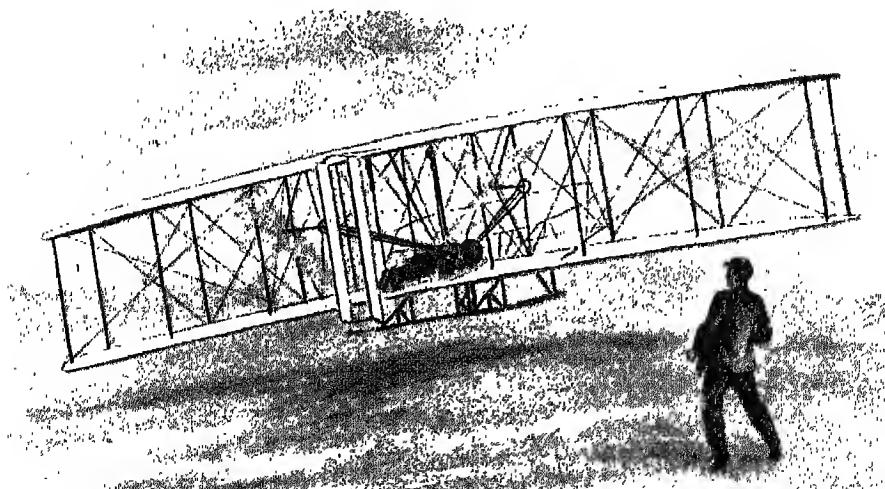
We were put up for the night at the Massasoit Hotel. It was approaching three o'clock in the morning. We had left Hartford, twenty-five miles away, at five-thirty the previous afternoon; but *we had made Springfield!*

Wilbur Wright and Orville Wright

by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

SAID Orville Wright to Wilbur Wright,
"These birds are very trying.
I'm sick of hearing them cheep-cheep
About the fun of flying.
A bird has feathers, it is true.
That much I freely grant.
But must that stop us, W?"
Said Wilbur Wright, "It shan't."

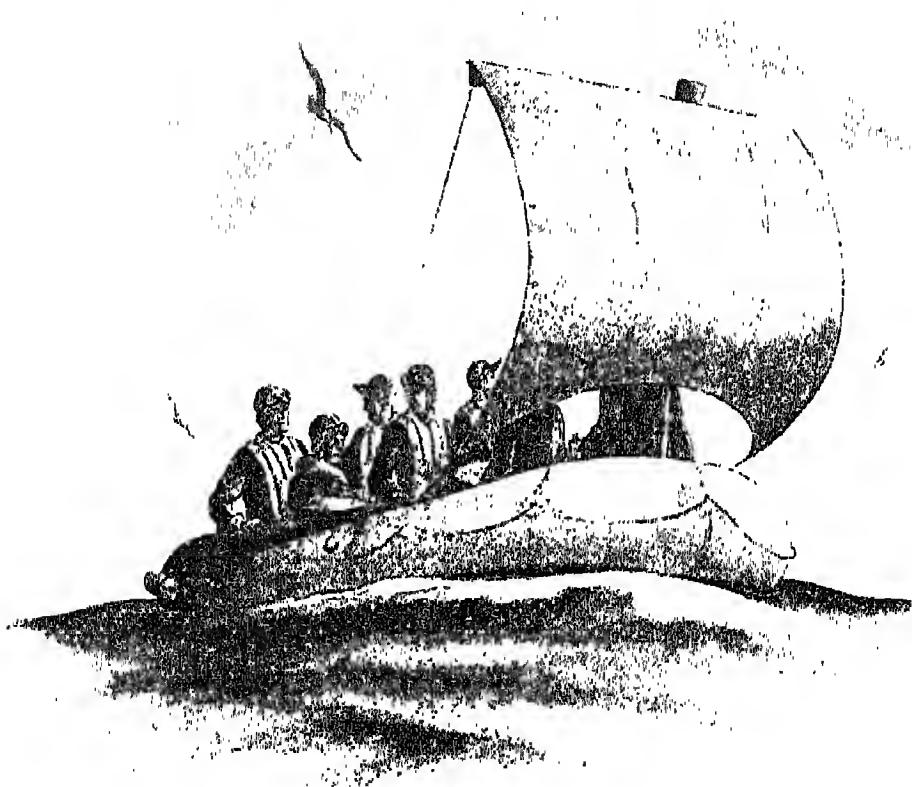
And so they built a glider, first,
And then they built another.
—There never were two brothers more
Devoted to each other.
They ran a dusty little shop
For bicycle repairing,
And bought each other soda pop
And praised each other's daring.



They glided here, they glided there,
They sometimes skinned their noses
—For learning how to rule the air
Was not a bed of roses—
But each would murmur, afterward,
While patching up his bro.,
“Are we discouraged, W?”
“Of course we are not, O!”

And finally, at Kitty Hawk
In Nineteen-Three (let's cheer it!),
The first real airplane really flew
With Orville there to steer it!
—And kingdoms may forget their kings
And dogs forget their bites,
But not till Man forgets his wings
Will men forget the Wrights.

Wonder Workers





Rush Serum

by CHARLES G. MULLER

IN THE little Mexican adobe hut just across the Rio Grande from Brownsville, Texas, two tense figures waited anxiously as the doctor slowly straightened up from the frail figure on the bed. The physician shook his head. "I'm afraid it's too late," he said.

With a cry of anguish, the mother seized her son. The tall, kindly nurse from the village hospital, trying gently to pull her away from the child, saw that the doctor now was pacing the floor of the tiny room.

"Isn't there any chance at all of saving him?" she asked softly.

"Not a chance. There's no serum within reach."

"You mean we might save him if—if we could get—?"

The doctor nodded slowly. "I'm sure of it. If only we could get serum in time."

Suddenly the nurse put out a hand. "Doctor!" she cried as she stopped the physician's nervous pacing. "Get the serum from San Antonio!"

The physician's eyes brightened. Then they clouded again. "Impossible! It's almost three hundred miles away, and——"

"But by airplane!" the nurse interrupted. "Don't you remember? There's a drug company that sends emergency medicines by air. Maybe——"

Before the nurse had finished, the doctor, his coat-tails flying, was out of the house. He raced down the hot Mexican road to the nearest long-distance telephone station. Two minutes later he hung up, a smile on his lips. He had obtained a promise of help.

Almost at the same moment, the telephone at the headquarters of Vance Airport; San Antonio, Texas, rang, and the man at the desk picked up his receiver. "Hello!" he said.

"Frank Knecht speaking, Harry," came the voice of the drug-company pilot. "Warm up the ship at once. Hurry call from Brownsville. Mexican kid just over the Rio Grande sure to die if he doesn't get serum at once. What's the weather along the route?"

"Strong head wind. Ceiling overcast at 2500 feet. Visibility twelve miles. Clouds breaking."

"Okay. I'll be down by quarter of six with the serum ready to take off. Have the ship ready!"

Orders were snapped, and hangar doors flew open. *Fidelity First* rolled out onto the big field of the air-drome. Already fueled and ready for such emergencies as this, the plane quickly took life. Her motor caught. Her propeller began to cut the air.

The mechanic in the cockpit gave her the gun, and her motor roared. He nodded his head, and the man holding her wings pulled out the chocks to let her taxi to the line and head into the wind that was blowing almost straight from Brownsville.

The ship's destination was the southern tip of Texas, nearly three hundred miles away. There her cargo of lifesaving serum would be turned over to the druggist at Brownsville. He was ready to rush in his car across the Rio Grande to the adobe hut where Pedro Laredo, twelve-year-old son of a ranch hand, lay on the very brink of death.

Chocks again blocked the wheels of the slim white ship, which stood trembling, while the motor continued its smooth purr as the propeller slowly spun around the nose of the airplane. The mechanics waited, ears alert. Then they saw an automobile tear through the field gate and race in a cloud of dust toward the plane. With an abrupt stop the car halted a few feet from the waiting ship. It was exactly 5:45 P.M.

Two men leaped out. One, already dressed in a brown flying suit, was fastening the chin strap of a fur-lined helmet. The other, a package under his arm, began to crawl into the suit which one of the airdrome attendants held ready.

The pilot started toward the cockpit. "Everything checked?" he demanded as he climbed aboard.

The mechanic who had gone over the motor nodded. "Everything, Mr. Knecht."

Frank Knecht glanced quickly back at the rear cockpit, where his companion, the drug company messenger, was climbing into the seat, the precious package of serum tightly clutched under one arm.

"All clear," ordered the pilot.

Next moment the wheels were free. The plane rolled across the level runway with a speed that increased with every yard that passed under her wings. Her wheels rose from the surface of the ground. Then the pilot manipulated the controls, and the ship bounded

forward like a horse vaulting a hurdle. *Fidelity First* leveled off and climbed steadily. She had taken up her battle with the head wind that was trying vainly to hold her back from her goal.

To the pilot of the drug company, there was nothing new about his flight, but there was the same thrill as always. Every time the plane lifted off the ground, his heart lifted with it. Racing through the air to reach a bedside before death could strike was a job that never could become tame.

Before long the wind was blowing very strong. It had shifted, too, so that it came diagonally from the right. It made the ship "crab"—point to windward of her course—so that her actual track would lead straight to the goal.

Frank was watching the instrument board with the wisdom of long experience. Not that he was anxious. Far from it. But upon the exact registering of oil pressure, of water temperature, and of the propeller's revolutions per minute depended the safety of everything and everyone connected with the ship. She was bravely bucking the high wind at an altitude of two thousand feet.

Below him roads, railway tracks, and houses were narrow lines and small rectangles. Much of their natural color was gone, and from this viewpoint, a third of a mile in the air, they were tinged with brown. The overcast sky dulled the entire landscape.

The plane was gradually losing altitude. The ceiling was lower than it had been. And the wind was much stronger, as Frank could see quite plainly. The speed of his motor was great enough, but he was not making very good headway against the wind. This gave him a real problem to answer. Should he stay

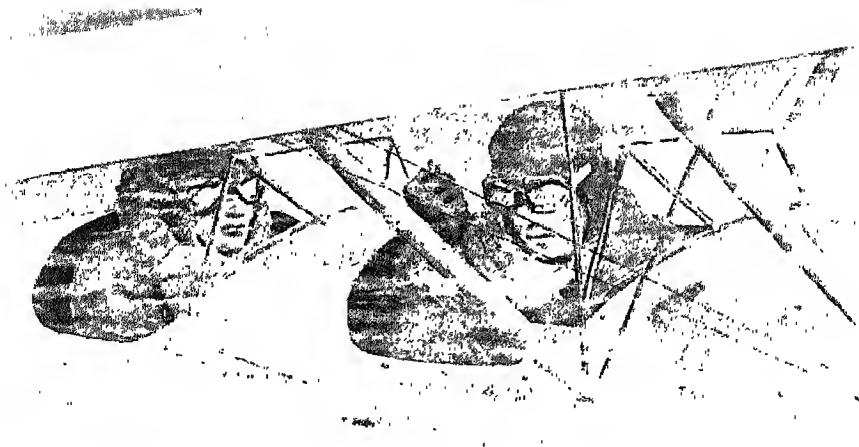
below the clouds and face the increasing wind? Or should he try to find an altitude where the force of the wind was less, but where he would have to fly entirely by compass?

There were many things to consider. Once over the clouds, he would have to fly blind. But if the clouds should break up, a little distance ahead, he would be able to check his course through the openings. If, however, there was no break in the ceiling, he would be out of luck. Unable to check the direction and strength of the wind accurately, he might come down later to find himself far off his route.

But to stay below, where he could watch his landmarks, meant that he would continue to buck the strong wind. Time was precious. It was going to be nip and tuck to make Brownsville before dark. And if the wind picked up any more, it would mean greater danger when night fell—if for some reason he was forced to pick out an emergency landing field. The pilot balanced all the pros and cons.

He decided to climb.

Up the plane went, and the higher it went, the less sure the pilot was that the climb was going to be worth while. The clouds were more heavily banked than he had anticipated. Certainly there was no lessening of the wind. Perhaps it would be better to go back down below the clouds. There, at least, he would be sure of his course, with landmarks in plain sight. For a few minutes longer, however, he continued up. His altimeter was reading almost 4000 feet; still no break in the fog. He decided to go up to the 4000-foot level, and then, if there was no sign of an opening, he would go down to where he could see landmarks.



The instrument that registered the ship's height finally showed the mark Frank had set in his own mind as the upper limit, but no clearing was apparent among the clouds. Turning in the cockpit, the pilot motioned to his passenger. He made a spiral-like motion with his hand, and the messenger in the rear cockpit, nodding, made sure that his safety belt was tight and that his precious package was tightly clasped. For the plane was going to drop through the clouds in a tailspin, the quickest way down.

Sharply the nose of the ship pointed up. With one hand the pilot reached for the gun and cut it, the motor's roar ceasing with an abruptness that made the world suddenly silent. Frank shoved his rudder far over. The plane softly stopped her upward flight and paused for a moment as if undecided what to do next; then her nose dropped.

Through the fog that enclosed the fliers, the ship began to spin. Slowly for part of each turn, and then almost like a whip for the rest of the circle, the plane hurtled toward the earth. Frank kept one

eye on the altimeter, while with the other he watched alertly for the bottom of the clouds. The clouds at this point might reach almost to the ground. Unless he acted with all the skill and promptness that experience had given him, there might not be time to pull the ship out of her spin before the earth rushed up to smash the plane.

To thirty-five hundred feet, then to 3000 the ship plunged. Twenty-five hundred, 2000, 1900, 1800 feet the altimeter registered. The pilot's fingers were sensitive on the control stick. He was ready to act at any second. From 1700 to 1600 feet he hurtled and—below was the earth.

Frank's feet straightened the rudder bar, and the ship stopped spinning, to rush straight down toward the ground. Then, gradually, the pilot reversed the controls and, at a little under 1500 feet, the plane once more was speeding along on level keel.

Steadily the plane drove on, but her pilot could see that progress was woefully slow. It was getting darker, too, and still there was a long distance to go. Landmarks were not so easy to recognize now.

The pilot's eyes pierced into the darkness that was settling over the world and blotting out everything beneath the plane. Directed by his compass, he stuck to the course that the ship had been following. He was looking for the town that he knew lay just ahead, for there he would have to take a chance and set the plane down. If only his gasoline would hold out until then! His battle with the wind and the unexpected continuous cloud-dodging had nearly depleted his meager fuel surplus.

He scanned the horizon anxiously for lights, for a sign that he was nearing the town. But ahead he

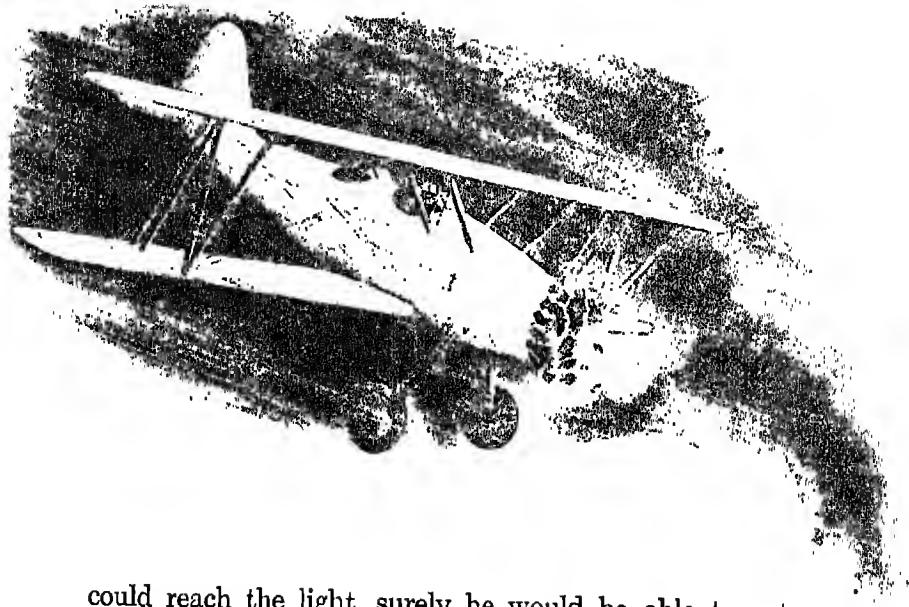
could see nothing. His hand was tensed. If the plane did not reach the town before the ship's gasoline gave out, the serum never would reach its goal. He turned on his auxiliary gas tank.

For five minutes more the plane plunged on through the darkness, her motor roaring steadily. But any moment it might cut out, its fuel exhausted. Still there were no signs of the town that he sought. The pilot's heart began to sink. He *must* find a light! He started to figure how he could possibly carry the plane's precious cargo on foot. Then he shook his head. That was out of the question, for he would surely become lost in the night, and then the boy who waited on the other side of the Rio Grande might never see the light of another day.

The pilot had dropped his ship quite low now, hoping to be able to pick out something that would guide him. He strained his eyes for a road of any kind. There was none. Still there were no lights. Frank Knecht's heart sank as low as his gasoline gauge. There was little or no chance now, he thought. The best he could do would be to pick a soft spot when the ship, helpless without fuel, finally glided down into the inky blackness of the ground. But the engine still roared, and, until it coughed its last, the pilot refused to give up.

And then he caught a glimpse of a road—not much of a road, but something. The next minute Frank was following its trail, sure that it led in the general direction of the goal he was straining to reach. Suddenly he saw a light.

If only his gas would last long enough to reach that speck of illumination! Too small to be a town, it must mean that some living being was there. If he



could reach the light, surely he would be able to get an automobile.

The next few minutes were the longest the pilot ever had known in the air. The light grew brighter. More and more brilliant it became until, straining his eyes almost past endurance, Frank saw that the light was in a mesquite clearing. Workmen evidently were burning up stubble from a field.

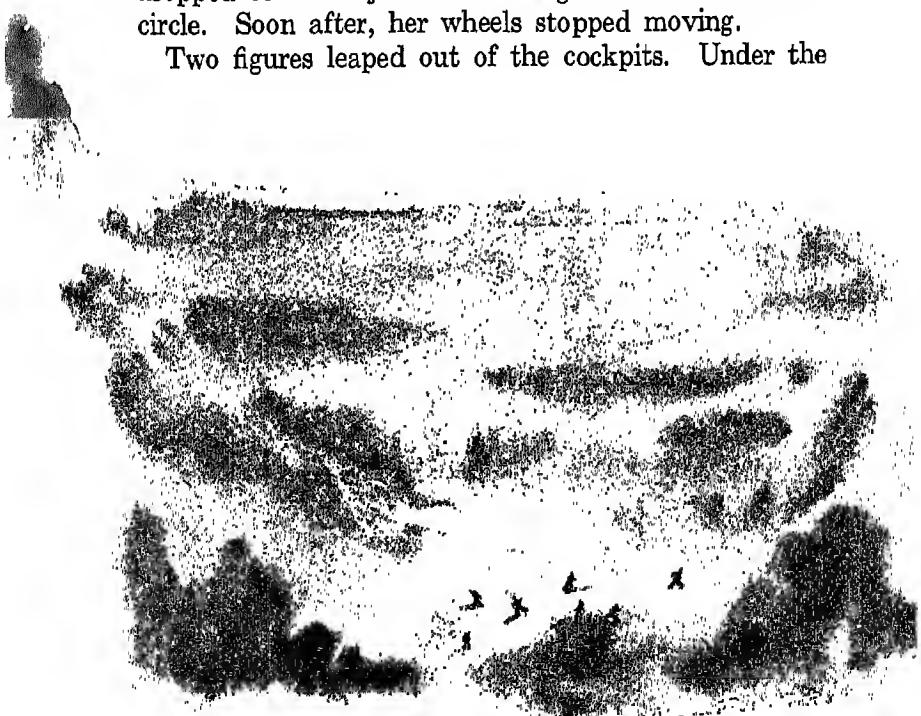
The pilot's heart rose. If only his motor would carry him within gliding distance of the fire, he might have light enough to come down without serious damage. Then . . . then there still would be time to get that package of serum to its destination. He held his breath. Another minute. Another. Another. One more and . . . the engine coughed, barked for several revolutions as it sucked in the last remaining drops of fuel from the emergency tank, and died.

The pilot saw men in the field below. As he headed his plane down toward the light, he could see them scatter. They knew that the ship was going to attempt a dangerous drop to earth.

With all the skill of long experience the airman watched the fire. Farther and farther he stretched his glide to reach it, until finally he saw that it would be nip and tuck whether he would reach the bright circle of light that showed a clear space for his wheels to rest. Already he had been stretching the glide to its limit. If he leveled off any more, he might fall off and nose straight into the ground.

The plane's wings wobbled, but the pilot's fingers on the controls were as sensitive to the feel of the ailerons as a surgeon's to his knife during an operation. To an impossible limit he stretched that glide until the plane began again to waver threateningly. Still the lighted area was yards ahead. The pilot held on and waited—until, like a wounded bird, the plane dropped to earth just on the edge of the illuminated circle. Soon after, her wheels stopped moving.

Two figures leaped out of the cockpits. Under the



arm of the man who had jumped from the rear of the ship was a package. The pair raced to an automobile which stood by the edge of the clearing.

"Is this your car?" demanded the pilot.

The huge man behind the wheel, who had been about to drive away just as the plane was sighted, nodded, sensing the excitement in Frank's voice.

"Will you rush this fellow to Brownsville to deliver some serum to a boy who's dying in Mexico? If we can reach him——"

The giant motorist already had opened the car door. "Hop in," he yelled to Frank's messenger, "and I'll show an aviator some real speed."

Frank Knecht pushed his messenger and his precious cargo of serum into the automobile.

"You can still make it, Jim," he shouted as the car shot off. "I'll stay with the ship."

The pilot walked slowly back to the slim white plane that had so bravely battled the wind and had so victoriously come to land—its cargo and passengers safe.

Frank took off his helmet and goggles and threw them into the forward cockpit. Then he stretched his tired arms and legs. He realized for the first time how great had been the strain of his race with death. His eyes were bright. He could see the reception that soon would greet the package as it reached its destination.

"Do you suppose I could get a cup of hot coffee and a night's sleep up at that house?" Frank asked one of the farm hands who was looking over the white rescue plane. "You see," he added, "I'll have to refuel my ship at daylight and fly back home for another day's work."



Sixty Hours Away

by HARRISON HIRES

News Item: No place on earth is now more than 60 hours away from any other place.

MY GRANDSIRE went from Hackensack to Summit in a shay.

This episode by dusty road took all a weary day.
But I shall fly across the sky and skirt the Arctic snows.

I'll make the air a thoroughfare to where the Yangtze flows.

O I shall go to Borneo, Peru, and Santa Fé,
To Samarcand and Kurdistan that once were months away.

I'll take my tea in Coventry and dinner in Madrid,
And then I'll sweep the sea and sleep beside a pyramid.
My granddad rode to Barnegat; he liked to fish the bay,
But then, of course, put up his horse at night upon the way.

I'll fry a dish of flying fish at Mandalay and Wake,
See Martinique and Mozambique, and troll Nyasa Lake.
Now I can soar to Ecuador or Iceland in a day.

Though cold or hot, earth's farthest spot is sixty hours away.

By horse or shay Gramp took a day to travel thirty miles,

While we could be in Sicily or sight the Baltic Isles.





Sound-Effects Man

by WILLIAM WATKINS JOYCE

I HAVE commanded and controlled the entire United States Air Force, fired the guns of both sides during World War II, and wrecked two freight trains. I have killed sixteen people, sunk a great ocean liner, launched a battleship, and burned down a large warehouse—all in one working day.

"What a day!" you say. But it's only part of a good day's work for me. I am a sound-effects man.

One of the jobs of radio is entertainment. It can entertain you only through sound. So it uses sound effects to help your imagination.

For example, let's take the simple sound effect of a telephone ringing in a nearby room. Let us say that the story calls for one of the actors to answer

the telephone. It would be impossible for the actor to pick up the microphone and carry it to the telephone. So the sound-effects man rings a bell in a far corner of the studio, walks closer to the "mike," and rings the bell again. Then he actually lifts the receiver off the hook in front of the mike, to show the arrival of the actor at the telephone. This is the actor's cue to say "Hello."

It appears quite simple, doesn't it? So far it is. Now, let us say that the telephone conversation calls for some action. Suppose that the actor is on the twelfth floor of a hotel and that the telephone conversation is something like this: "Hello. . . . What's that? How did it happen? . . . Stay there; I'll be right over."

As you listen in, you mentally picture the following action:

The actor drops the receiver. He rushes to the door, opens it, and slams it. He dashes to the elevator and pushes the button. He takes the elevator to the first floor. The elevator door opens. He dashes through the lobby, out the revolving door, and into the street. He tells the doorman to call a cab. The doorman whistles, and a taxi pulls alongside the curb. The actor gets in. He gives the driver an address hurriedly. The cab pulls away at breakneck speed and turns the corner. The actor yells, "Look out!" There is a crash. A crowd gathers. Someone calls for an ambulance. A policeman arrives. The siren of an ambulance is heard in the distance and grows louder as the roar of the motor approaches and the ambulance pulls to a stop.

This is a typical end of an episode in a serial radio story. At this point the engineer in the control room

turns off the entire scene to a five-second pause. Then the announcer says, "Well, what has happened to Mr. Burns? Tune in tomorrow at the same time and hear what takes place next."

During all this action, the story probably calls for less than a dozen words from the actors. The story is progressing at terrific speed—and one sound-effects man is doing everything. This is how he does it:

He drops the telephone receiver. Then he opens a specially made door inside the studio and slams it shut. Next he rushes to a metal filing cabinet and pulls out and shuts a drawer to produce the sound of the opening and closing of the elevator door. He throws a switch on an electric motor to imitate the hum of the descending elevator. Next he stops the motor and again opens the cabinet drawer to indicate the opening of the elevator door on the first floor.

Next he starts a phonograph record of lobby noises on a record machine. This machine has three revolving plates, called turntables, on which records are played. For the sound of the revolving door, he slaps a piece of canvas twice across his hand. Traffic noises must be produced instantly to tell of the arrival on the street. He does this by starting a phonograph record of that noise on the second turntable. Now he blows a whistle and starts another phonograph record on the third turntable—a record of an automobile driving up and stopping. Then he grabs a model of an automobile door, opens and slams it. He turns to the record machine and slaps a new record on the first turntable—that of a car starting and driving away. He then puts a record of screeching tires and brakes on turntable number 2.

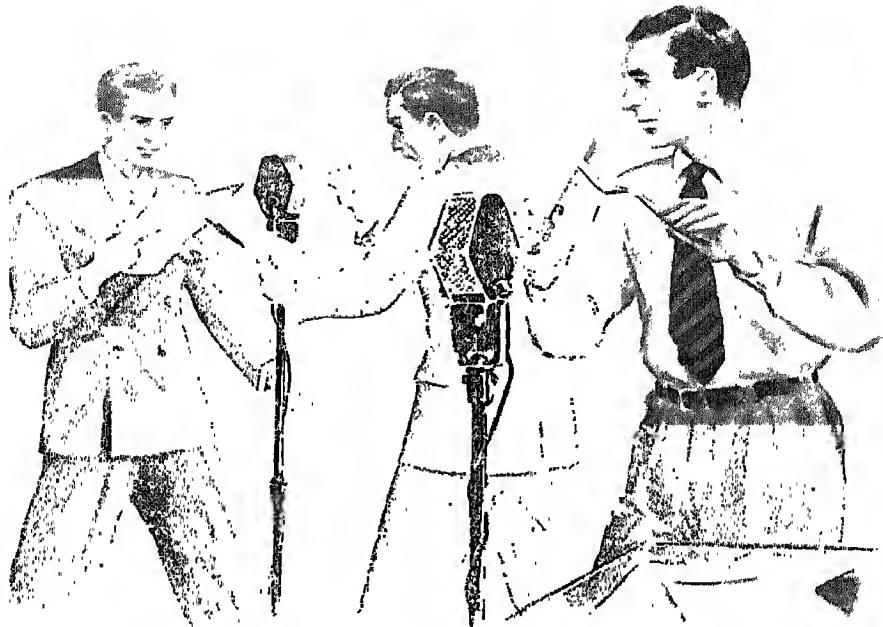
When the actor yells, "Look out!" the sound-effects man produces one loud screech of brakes and drops the needle on the crash record.

Almost instantly he must have another record on turntable number 1, giving the noises of an excited crowd gathering. At this point the conversation is long enough to give the sound-effects man time to get the ambulance-and-siren record ready.

The sound-effects man has to be very careful to avoid letting any sudden, loud sounds hit the microphone. The mike is a very sensitive instrument. If a loud sound hits the microphone with sudden force, the instrument may be damaged and the program will be knocked off the air—which is both expensive and annoying.

Now I have told you briefly of some of the sound effects that are recorded, or "canned," as we say in the profession. Here are a few more ways of producing mechanical sounds:

1. Man walking in snow: squeeze a sealed box of cornstarch.
2. Crickets chirping: run a finger over a small piece of fine-tooth comb.
3. Rain: slowly drop sand on tightly drawn cellophane.
4. Man walking in mud: slap some half-cooked spaghetti in your hands.
5. Horses galloping: beat your chest with your palms in the rhythm of a horse's gallop.
6. Machine gun: beat the closed top of a grand piano as fast as you can with the fingers of both hands at the same time.
7. Man talking in a cave: have the actor speak his lines into a large drinking glass at the mike.



8. Terrific duel with swords: clink a knife and fork together at the mike.

9. Hitting a golf ball: snap fingers.

10. Fire: crackle cellophane at the mike.

Many funny things happen to sound-effects men. For instance, I have taken a shower bath for the benefit of ten million listeners—on the program of a soap company that wished to impress its audience with the fineness of its soapsuds. I produced the bath with compressed air and a small pan of water.

My most embarrassing moment, however, was on a news flash program which was to bring to its listeners the exciting story of current world happenings. An announcer would say, "London, England!" whereupon I would bring in a British sound effect, and so on throughout the program. On this particular broadcast,

we had hopped from one country to another, and were now about to give a great United States Air Force demonstration at San Francisco. My job was to warm up, and get into the air, hundreds of Uncle Sam's fighting airplanes.

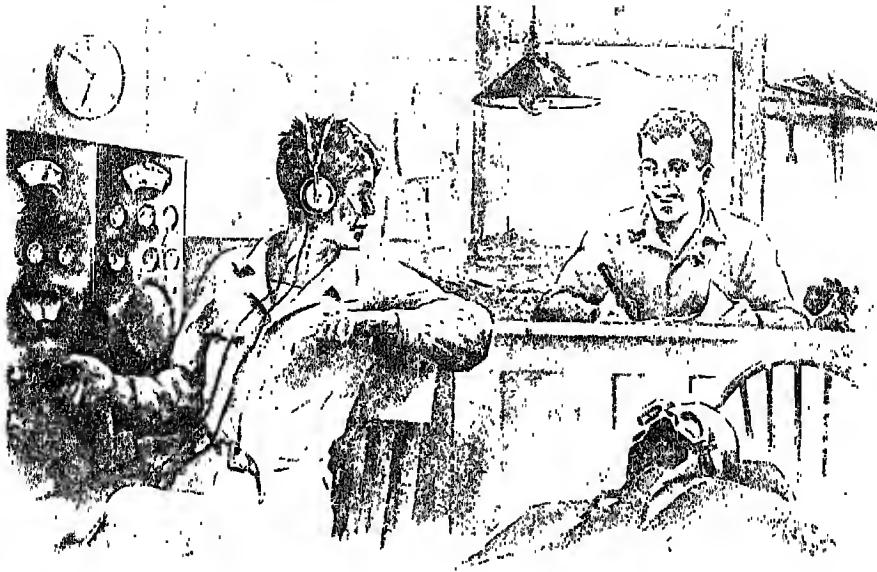
Although I had six turntables available, I had only five records of airplanes warming up and taking off. I wanted lots of noise; so I put a record of a heavy motor truck on the sixth turntable and used it as a background.

The announcer and I got off in great shape. The airplane motors roared and sputtered; my truck record was helping out splendidly. The announcer spoke enthusiastically about the majestic sight of the great airplanes as they took off from the field.

Right at the point where we reached our big climax, with Uncle Sam's planes roaring overhead, came the powerful "B-e-e-p B-e-e-p" of a horn from the truck record.

During all the rehearsals for this program, I had never before hit this particular spot on the record, and I was totally unaware of what it had in store for me. I was excited and, for a moment, was at a loss as to where this sound was coming from. However, there was little damage to the program because of the general confusion—but the engineers in the control room had a good laugh. They were even more surprised than I. One laughed so hard that he hit his head on a table, causing more damage to his head than the "B-e-e-p B-e-e-p" to the program.

All in all, I think you will agree that my work as a sound-effects man is not monotonous. It has its tense moments, but it has given me many a good laugh, too.



Dynamite Wanted

by FREDERIC NELSON LITTEN

IN THE hangar office at Corzal, Pilot Johnny Caruthers of the Midcontinent Airlines, Mexican Branch, was writing up the clearance sheet before starting out on flight. It was a still, gray morning; cobwebby clouds hung over the Mexican Sierras, and ground mist covered the field like frosting on a cake. There might be a storm not far off, thought Johnny, listening to the fry of static issuing from the radio across the room. A heavy burst crashed in the speaker drum, and Tomás Coati, the dispatcher, looked up with a start.

"*Muy malo!* Surely *señor* will not fly today?"
Johnny Caruthers laughed; weather was the least of a fellow's troubles on this run. As Stub Macklin,

his little co-pilot, said, they'd fly through buttermilk if the ship carried a pay load. But customers in this part of Mexico were hard to find and, when found, were anything but air-minded. For example, there was that engineer, McHake, who was building the dam in El Rubio Canyon.

When Johnny had seen McHake about bringing his equipment and supplies for work on the dam by air transport, McHake had snorted at the idea. "Air service is not dependable," he had said. "When the plane's right, the weather's wrong; when the weather's right, the plane's wrong."

"We have to get McHake's business," Johnny reflected for the fiftieth time, "if it takes every trick in the bag." He signed the clearance sheet and rose. "What does the barograph say, Tomás?"

Tomás Coati leaned over the glass-cased instrument, and the big pilot watched him with approval. A good kid, Tomás; eager to learn, and fighting a big handicap. His people were Tarahumare Indians, and the weather instruments were "white man's magic" to Tomás. He stared uncertainly at the jiggly red-ink line on the paper drum.

"Señor," he replied at last, "it say—two-eight—point nine-two."

"Look again, Tomás," exclaimed Johnny with a grin. "It couldn't have dropped that much since I looked at it, or a regular typhoon would be coming."

Once more Tomás studied the barograph. He spoke again, his voice trembling: "*Por favor, señor*, but it is two-eight—point—nine-two."

Johnny pushed back his chair and crossed the room.

"You've got to learn this, Tomás." He bent over the desk—his wide shoulders straightened with a jerk.

"It is two-eight nine-two! The gadget's haywire. There couldn't be a 'low' like that or the sky'd cave in."

Tomás sprang to his feet with a frightened cry. "Señor, truly the sky may fall or another evil come! My uncle—last night—saw the dance of the quail!"

"Saw what?" snorted Johnny.

Before Tomás could reply Macklin opened the door from the hangar. "McHake will raise the roof when he hears this," he said. "An Indian runner has just come in with the news that the pack train headed for McHake's dam is stalled up on the forks of the San Pedro River. Those superstitious drivers got scared when they saw quail—dancing, he called it."

"Yes, Tomás has just been telling me about that quail dance," Johnny said, smiling at the Indian boy.

"Well," said Macklin, "whatever it was, it scared those drivers so badly that they ran like mad. Just left their burros and ran."

Johnny let out a low whistle. "Say! That means trouble! Those burros were loaded with dynamite." Then his forehead crinkled in a puzzled frown as he added, "You know, losing that blasting powder puts McHake on the spot when he's fighting against time to finish the upper dam before the rains. It'll take a week for another pack train to reach El Rubio Canyon over those mountain trails, and with a week's delay the dam will never be far enough along to hold out for the rainy season. It'll break up like match boxes under that extra pressure, and McHake will lose every dime he's put into it."

Macklin shrugged. "We told him he could save money by using air freight, and we got bawled out for our pains. He made some mean cracks about aviation, but maybe you don't remember."

Johnny laughed. Then he said slowly, "McHake's sunk his bank roll in the job, and the Hachita Power Company will hold him to the contract even if it bankrupts him. I sort of like the old boy; I'd like to find his dynamite for him."

Macklin stared. "You'd what?"

Johnny crossed to the airways map on the office wall. "We could swing south at Laguna, follow the San Pedro to the forks, pick up that dynamite, and deliver it. All in a couple of hours. Get the picture, Stub? McHake's in a jam for dynamite—we deliver it by air. What's the answer? More business for us."

"Business for the undertaker!" exclaimed Macklin. "Why, a fortuneteller couldn't tell us where to find the river in this fog. If we did find it, can you land a ship in a canyon? I get the picture, but I don't fit into it. Dropping into an unknown canyon—high explosives—no, thanks, I won't have any."

"I'd like to try it," Johnny said.

For some moments Macklin hesitated. "It's goofy; but he's an American, and he's in trouble—let's go."

He opened the door to the hangar line and went out. Johnny Caruthers rubbed his chin reflectively. Snap judgment, this; but it might mean good business for Midcontinent Airlines if they found the dynamite and delivered it to McHake. As the roar of the plane came from the runway, he picked up his air maps, but then he halted. Tomás was standing by the door.

"*Señor*," he cried, "I beg of you—do not fly today! When the quail dance, Death attends!"

Over the mountains a faint muttering thunder rolled, seconding the storm warning of the falling barometer. Johnny's thoughts repeated: *When the quail dance, Death attends.* For a long moment he stood still.

Then he shook himself—he'd be crazy to take that Indian belief seriously. Besides, the storm might blow over.

"We're flying," he said. "It's our job, Tomás—and yours is to keep contact with us while we're in the air. Stay with that radio."

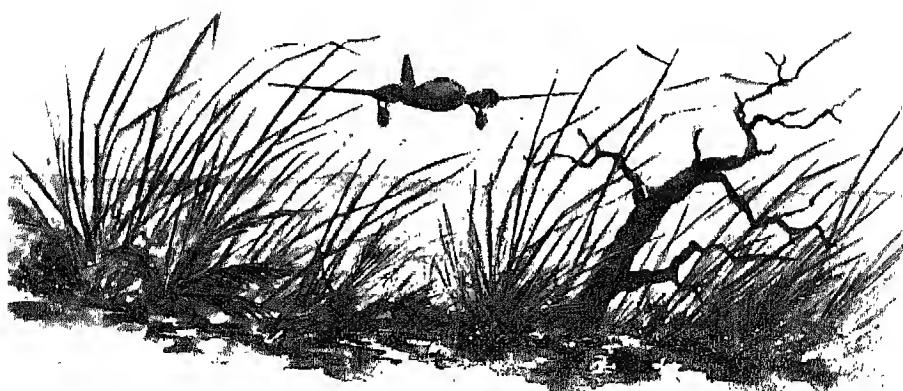
He opened the door and went out. The band of ground fog over the field had thickened, but there was plenty of room aloft—a ceiling of two thousand feet or better.

Macklin sat behind the wheel in the pilot's cabin, and as Johnny dropped into the co-pilot's seat, he shoved the throttle forward. The plane began trundling down the runway; her speed increased, and she climbed into the hazy sky.

"Turn south at Laguna," ordered Johnny, "and west again when we pick up the San Pedro."

As the ship cruised on, the fog grew heavier. Finger-like shreds lifted and curled over the rims of the arroyos, smoothing the valleys to a floor of level gray. Johnny watched the earth fade out with a feeling of uneasiness. But the overcast held at two thousand; he could still pick up check-points.

A half-hour passed, and Stub Macklin planed down over Laguna. Ordinarily thousands of game birds



nested on the swampy lake, and usually the sound of an engine set them flying; but this morning Johnny saw none.

"What's happened to the ducks?" he asked.

"It's the fog; even the birds are walking." Macklin frowned. "Why not call the main dam at Hachita and ask 'em if McHake's short of dynamite? If he's not, I'd say turn back."

Johnny slipped on the phones and picked up the transmitter mike. A voice reached him through crackling bursts of static. Then silence. Johnny drew off the headset and rubbed his ears. "Storm's damped out the signal. Better turn back, Stub."

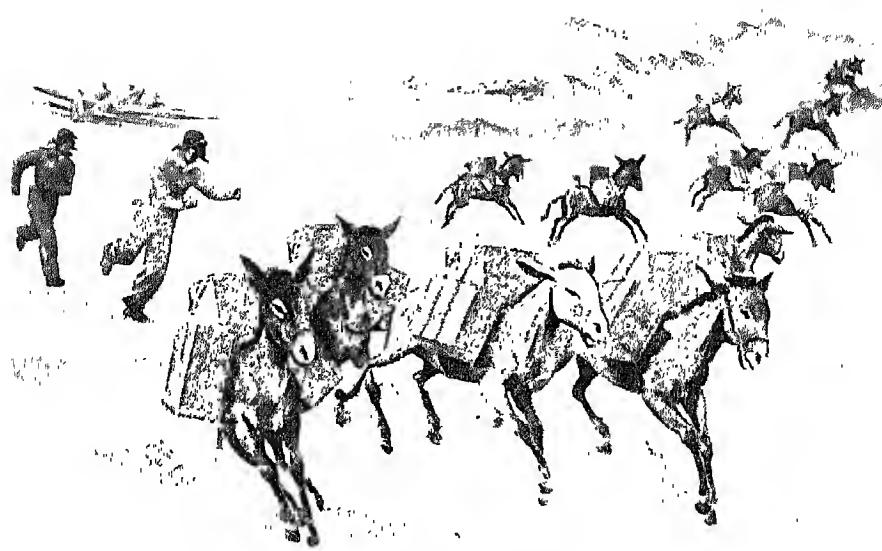
The little co-pilot shrugged. "Now we've started this, let's finish it. If we can't fly around the storm, we'll fly through it." He rolled down the wing, and the plane banked, heading south.

The sky was darkening. The thunder peals were louder and more frequent. Johnny Caruthers gazed ahead through the cabin window; they should pick up the San Pedro any time now.

But an hour went by before the river came in sight. It spread over a gravel wash in a rocky valley, blocked by boulders that had rolled from the mesquite-dotted hillsides. Johnny said, "Okay, Stub," and the plane skimmed into the valley. They followed the river ten miles; then Macklin gave a sudden cry.

"Look—the burros! The whole pack train's up on that hillside. Watching the quail dance, maybe!"

Johnny saw them, too, a dozen burros huddled in the mesquite, each with three square dynamite boxes secure in the pack lashings. Stub slanted the plane for the river bed, and brought her down on the gravel shore.



"Ten boxes is our load limit," he ordered, pushing Johnny down the aisle. "But I can hobble the other burros, and if McHake's in a jam for the dynamite, we'll make another trip." He sprang from the cabin door, and Johnny Caruthers waded after him through the shallows.

"Yippee-eye-oh, mules!" Stub shouted.

But the burros scattered up the hillside, and a half-hour passed before they were caught and the dynamite was stowed in the plane's cabin. Macklin dropped wearily into the pilot's seat.

"Hoof marks all over me," he complained.

Johnny laughed. "Suppose those hoofs had landed on a dynamite box? You'd have a kick coming then."

A crashing peal of thunder rolled, and Stub growled, "Your sour jokes have curdled the weather."

Johnny laughed again; he was feeling good about the morning's venture. McHake would *have* to be

air-minded now. A lucky break for Johnny, and a good stroke of business for Midcontinent.

The thunder rolled again, and Johnny's thoughts reverted to the falling barometer and its warning. How near was that storm? He'd better check at once with the weather bureau at Mazatlan—if he could.

He slipped on the headphones again, but once more only sizzling static answered his questing fingers on the dial. Then a voice broke through—thin and far away. "Observatory at Mazatlan reporting. . . ." Static broke the message into queer half-words and phrases: "seismo—" "trem—" "magnetic—" "of the disturb—" The radio went dead in the middle of a word.

". . . of the disturbance," Johnny finished aloud, relaying the message to Stub. "Must be a regular cloudburst." And then like a flash of lightning, a half-word in the patchwork message loomed to full meaning. "Seismo" meant *seismograph*. Seismograph! Earthquake! He looked below—and fear laid a cold hand on his heart.

Billows of brown dust spurted from the ridges—boulders were rolling, tumbling down the slopes, and crashing into the valleys with a steady boom like salvos of artillery fire. The sky in an instant had turned eerie yellow, and the air seemed charged with strange electric forces.

For a moment Johnny could not move. He watched Macklin fighting the controls, as changing wind currents stirred up by the landslides below made it difficult to maintain balance. In that moment his thoughts scattered on queer trails. . . . Dancing quail—*death*. . . . If they cracked up with that cargo of dynamite in the cabin. . . .

But the plane was climbing, rising in heavily hampered flight. . . . Macklin brought her level in the fringes of the overcast. He turned to Johnny, his face white.

"What's happening? Rockslides every place you look. Wind blowing like crazy. We're getting out of here."

Splinters of cold were running down Johnny's spine. "Try for Hachita," he said.

"Hachita?" echoed Macklin.

Johnny Caruthers stared at the thick haze below. What had the earthquake left behind? Destruction, certainly. And death? Again the words of Tomás Coati came. He swept them from his mind, lifted the phones.

"If the radio's working, we can get McHake. See if the quake hit him, too."

A blare of static rattled in the disks. Johnny gave a cry—then broke off. A voice was coming through the phones.

"Shut those floodgates!" it cried frantically. "The dam is—"

A sound like the splintering of wood cut off the speaker. But Johnny had recognized the voice. It was McHake who had spoken, apparently telling of some disaster at the dam. Then the earthquake must have hit the canyon, also. What else could be the meaning of the terror in McHake's voice?

Johnny looked down again into the drifting haze. He imagined he could see the wild creatures, crazed with fear, helplessly seeking refuge from the heaving earth. He felt his own heart pounding under his flying-coat. They *should* stand by and help McHake. Could they reach the canyon? Possibly so, for the

wind seemed to be normal now. Macklin had lost his look of tenseness.

The plane banked and turned southward for the upper dam.

Macklin, crouching over the controls, notched up the throttle to full gun. Johnny Caruthers watched the air-speed needle creep around the dial, till it reached one hundred forty; now the plane racked with the roar of the engine.

"It's her top," said Macklin. "We'll make the canyon in a half-hour. I wonder what we'll find."

Johnny wondered, too. He realized that McHake's frantic voice had been trying to summon help. What damage had the earthquake done? Had the dam held? And if it had not, what could he and Stub do? Possibly bring McHake out, if he were living. . . .

The plane roared on; the clock on the panel board ticked off slow minutes. At last a vaguely outlined tableland appeared between the peaks ahead, and Macklin spoke: "The canyon's under that mesa rim." He checked the throttle and set the plane in a power-off glide.

Johnny opened the window and leaned out into the slipstream. The mesa was rising into focus; he saw men huddled in the brush, their faces white as they stared up at the plane. The flat was littered with rock fragments.

Macklin shook his head. "No chance to set the ship down. Look, there's a house fallen in! McHake's headquarters, maybe."

He spiraled over the mesa, skimming above the heap of splintered planking. Men were tearing at the ruins. The plane sank lower through the haze, and the canyon came in sight.

"Look!" Macklin cried.

Johnny Caruthers looked below again. He saw a figure crawl from the ruins of the office and move to the canyon rim. It was undoubtedly McHake. He stood there like a captain manning the bridge of his vessel when it sinks.

"He's okay," said Macklin gruffly. "See if you can raise the operator at the office."

Johnny bent over the radio and tuned up the volume. A fry of static answered, then a voice:

"*Señor* Johnny, it is you at last! I, Tomás, have stand by as ordered. I hear many signals, *señor*—and one, by *el jefe* McHake, is for you, I think. *Si*, he speaks of dynamite to be brought by air. *Señor*, I repeat his message: "Dam breaking. Get me—dynamite—BY AIR—I can blast the ledge from west cliff wall and prevent flood."

Johnny repeated: "Blast the ledge from the west cliff wall?" He gazed into the canyon. He could see the ledge. . . . Why, it was leaning outward from the cliff, overhanging the dam crest!

The gap between the ledge and the cliff face was thirty feet wide. Johnny gripped Stub's arm.

"Listen," he jerked. "There's a chance to save the dam—if you can do the air work."

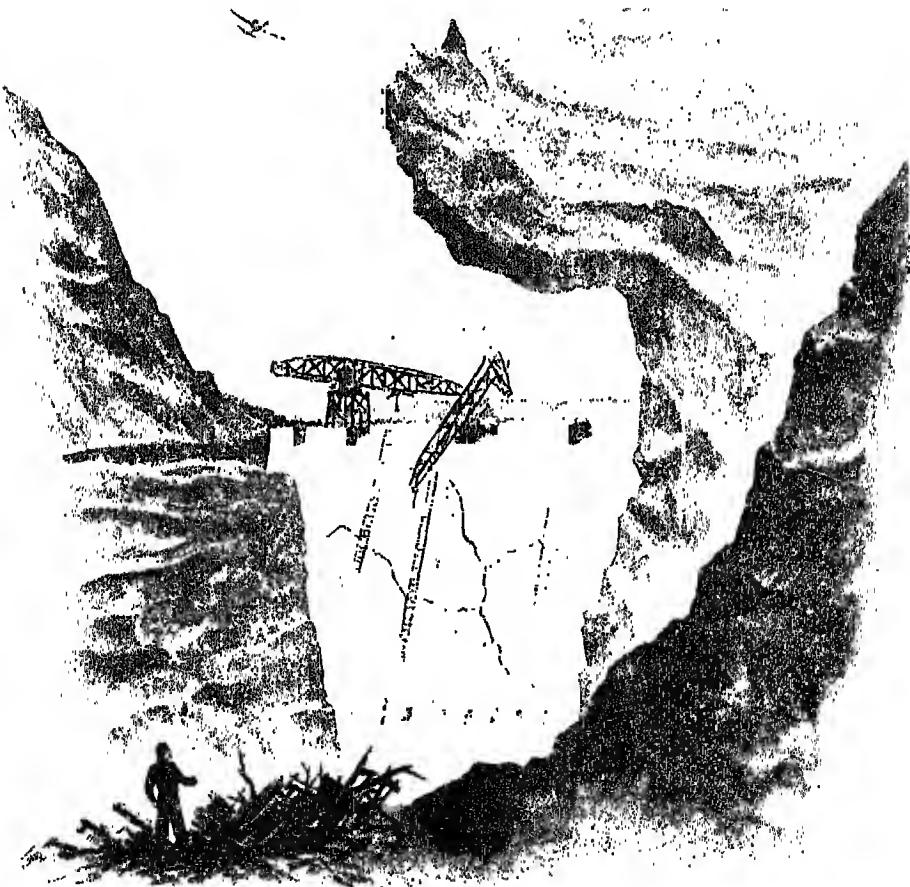
Macklin stared. "Air work?" he repeated.

Johnny shook him angrily and pointed down into the canyon. "Dive on that ledge, and we'll drop a dynamite charge behind it—crack it off! Enough rock there to choke a dozen breaks in the dam. Give her the gun—climb! You'll need two thousand feet. When you nose over, *point for the gap*—and don't pull out till I give the word."

Stub stared at him blankly, but Johnny sprang up

and crept back into the cabin. He lifted the first box of dynamite and felt the floor tilt. The roar of the exhaust told him the ship was climbing.

Two boxes Johnny tied together, using the pack ropes, and dragged them to the door. He jerked the rip-wire from the door hinge—the plywood panel whipped away into the air stream. The blast from the propeller beat in his face as he knelt in the doorway. He pushed the powder boxes out over the metal sill plate—and waited.



The plane climbed on, then swung level. It nosed over, and he could see the canyon far below, with the ledge a narrow, shadowy slot behind it. The slot widened, growing in size.

Macklin was diving full-throttle now. The air stream rose to a surly whine; the exhaust was like the roll of thunder. Tears whipped from Johnny's cheeks; he shielded his eyes with his hand, watching the canyon wall leap upward. Stub's aim was true—the gap behind the ledge held line with the engine cowl.

The last second flickered by. Johnny shouted—and thrust the boxes from the sill! The plane zoomed, blacking out his vision, but he heard the crashing pound of high explosive and the rumble of falling rock.

When his vision cleared, the plane was high above the mesa. Dust and smoke were drifting down the canyon, and he saw an avalanche of broken stone flowing out from the dam, blocking the gap through which the water had poured, choking it to a feeble stream. The plane cruised northward, flying steadily. At last Macklin spoke. "McHake will be air-minded after this," he said with a shaky laugh.

Johnny Caruthers grinned, but his lips were white. It certainly took plenty to make a man like McHake air-minded! It had taken every trick in the bag—plus an earthquake.

Song of the Builders

by JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

O BEAMS of steel are slim and black
And danger lurks on the skyward track,
But men are many, and men are bold,
And what is risk, when the stake is gold?

So riveters ring,
And hot bolts fly,
And strong men toil,
And sweat . . . and die . . .

But the city's towers grow straight and high!

O beams of steel are black and slim,
But the wills of men are stubborn and grim,
They reach forever to clutch the sun,
And what is life, if the goal be won?

So riveters ring,
And hot bolts fly,
And strong men toil,
And sweat . . . and die . . .

But the city's towers grow straight and high!





Life Raft

by VIRGINIA CUNNINGHAM

IT WAS terribly hot. Overhead in the copper sky the glaring tropic sun beat down, searing the already blistered flesh of the three men in the yellow rubber boat. All around them the glassy surface of the Pacific simmered in the glare and heat like some evil brew in a vast witches' caldron.

For twenty-one days now, those three men had drifted in that little yellow raft—its four-by-seven feet of inflated rubber their only protection against the hungry fangs of man-eating sharks, their only refuge from the stormy Pacific. One of the men—Captain Eddie Rickenbacker—mustered strength to reach for his life jacket and pour out the daily ration of rain water that had been caught and stored in the jacket's deflated gas compartment. A meager ration, measured in the six-inch shell of a used signal flare, but welcome to brittle tongues of men who remembered days when there had been no water at all.

Rickenbacker had faced death many times before—as a speed-demon auto racer, as a veteran ace of World War I, and as a commercial flyer. He had survived aerial duels, wrecks, and crash-landings to win the title “the man who always comes back.” But now these twenty-one bitter, burning days had made him wonder. . . .

There had been eight men instead of three when, lost and out of gas, they had set down their plane and scrambled aboard its life rafts. Three rafts, then, instead of one. At first Rickenbacker had tied the rafts together, believing that the will-to-live of eight united would be greater than that of any one or two alone. He still thought he was right, although on the twentieth day Bill Cherry, pilot of the crashed plane, had insisted that in separation lay their best hope of being found. Separation meant that there would be three chances instead of one for a passing plane to sight a blob of yellow on the restless Pacific. Whoever was sighted first could tell the rescuers about the other two rafts. There would be planes on the lookout for them, the men knew, for by now all the world must have learned that Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, on a mission to inspect American air bases in the Pacific, had crashed on October 21, 1942, somewhere south of Oahu, Hawaii.

As Rickenbacker measured out the drinking water for his remaining companions—Colonel Hans C. Adamson, his military aide on the inspection trip, and young Private Johnny Bartek, the crashed plane’s second engineer—he thought of the other two rafts. Where were they now? Captain Cherry had paddled off alone in the smallest raft. Then the other raft had disappeared, carrying the crashed plane’s co-pilot,

Lt. James Whittaker; the navigator, Lt. John DeAngelis; and the radioman, Sgt. James Reynolds. That accounted for seven men. The eighth man, Sgt. Alexander Kaczmarczyk, had been buried at sea as the thirteenth dawn lighted the eastern sky. Rickenbacker thought of him, too. Already weakened by illness, he had not had the strength to withstand the terrible hunger, thirst, and burning sun.

If only they had had enough food and water, Rickenbacker thought for at least the hundredth time, perhaps Kaczmarczyk, too, might still be alive. But they had had little food indeed: four oranges, the few fish they had been able to catch, and a gull that had providentially alighted on Rickenbacker's head—and had been captured by his stealthily creeping hand. The plane's emergency rations had been piled by the hatch, ready to be loaded on the rafts, but in the excitement of landing they had been forgotten. If only those rations—concentrated foods, vitamins, water—could have been stored on the raft itself in airtight, watertight containers for protection against the all-destroying salt spray. There should have been ample fishing tackle and bait, too. True, one of the men had snatched some fishing line and a couple of hooks from his parachute kit, but without bait these had not helped much—though, Rick gratefully acknowledged, the few fish that the men had caught had seemed wonderful.

Over and over as the burning day dragged on toward sunset, Rickenbacker's weary mind outlined the improvements he would insist on if ever he could get word to the makers of those rafts. First of all, they must be BIGGER. Then— The roar of an approaching plane did not break through the half-stupor

into which Rick's effort at thinking had lulled him. Bartek's yell did. "Listen, Captain! A plane!"

It was no dream. The three men had spent their last hour on the little yellow boat. The rescue was made quickly. Later they learned that Bill Cherry had been picked up a few hours before and that the other raft had grounded on a narrow island, with friendly natives not far away.

The twenty-one days were over, but the story of the life rafts was not. Even while Rickenbacker was helplessly drifting under the burning sun, scientists back home in the United States were perfecting a device that would have made his rescue a matter of hours. Future life rafts would carry this miracle—a compact radio transmitter that sends out an automatic SOS signal, its antenna raised by a box kite or hydrogen balloon, its power generated by a hand crank.

Other improvements in life-raft construction were under way, too, for Rickenbacker was not the only man who had spent weary, hungry hours in a raft's cramped quarters and lived to tell manufacturers how to make them better.

The new rafts, like the old, are made of rubberized canvas, the rolling sides filled out by rubber inner tubes. In the larger ones there are seats of rubberized canvas, also containing inner tubes.

The seat tubes are inflated by a hand pump fastened inside the raft, but the raft itself is inflated by gas—carbon dioxide, the familiar CO₂ that you produce every time you exhale, the very same stuff that puts fizz in your favorite ice-cream soda.

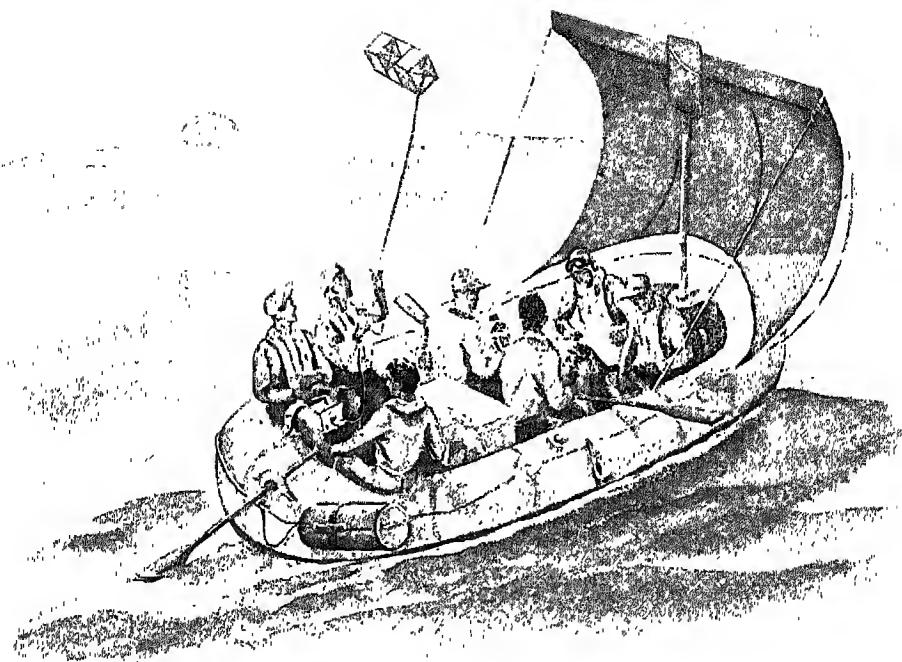
The nature of carbon dioxide has been known for five hundred years, but only recently has it been put to work. More CO₂ can be squeezed into a small

container than any other gas now available. And this factor is highly important on a life raft, where every inch counts. When set free, one quart of CO₂ in liquid form will expand to fill two and a half barrels.

The CO₂ that inflated Rickenbacker's raft had to be released by hand. After the raft had been ejected from the plane by pulling a rip cord, the cord was broken and then given a sharp jerk. That jerk opened a valve in the neck of the metal bottle containing the gas, and the gas escaped into the inner tubes, swelling them to capacity. The whole operation took only about two minutes, but two minutes can mean the difference between life and death when a pilot is setting down a heavy land plane in the middle of an ocean. He may not have even two minutes to spare, and so scientists have now contrived a device that sends the raft popping out into the water at the very instant the plane crashes, its inflation valve automatically released. A cord holds the raft to the plane until the pilot is aboard, but—another new safety feature—that cord is set to break at the pull of the sinking plane, so that there is no danger of the raft's being still attached to the plane when the plane goes under.

The first rafts built were all yellow—a color easily observed by planes overhead. But it was easily seen from below, too, especially by sharks, which loved to scratch their backs against the yellow bottom, bite it, or slash into it with their long teeth, depending on their mood at the moment. Earlier castaways had reported the sharks' color preference, and so Rickenbacker's raft had been painted ocean-blue on its underside—an effective bit of protective coloring.

Carrying this idea of protective coloring still



further, the raft manufacturers have provided the newer rafts with a tarpaulin, yellow on one side and blue on the other. Stretched over the raft, with the blue side up, the tarpaulin serves as a camouflage against enemy planes; when the yellow side is exposed, it is clearly visible to a friendly plane pilot overhead. The tarpaulin has other uses, too: as a sail, with aluminum oars for the mast; as a welcome cover against the burning sun or cold nights; as a rain catcher to add to the fresh water supply.

Other equipment supplied for the newer rafts includes threaded wooden screws to be used to plug up bullet holes in the rubber sides. A zipper-top case holds a Scout knife, a repair kit, and a police whistle

for attracting attention. Extra rope is fastened to each side to be used to right the raft if it turns over. A waterproof container, tied to the floor, mid-raft, holds concentrated food, fresh water, a radio, fishing and first-aid kits, a floating flashlight, and signal flares. Oars, bailing buckets, hand paddles, and sea markers are also provided. The raft's outer case of heavy canvas can be used as a sea anchor in rough seas.

One of Rickenbacker's greatest hardships had been thirst. It was maddening to have water, water, all around while his tongue swelled and his throat grew dry and raspy. But he knew that one taste of the salty sea water would increase his thirst tenfold. There ought to be some way, he thought, to purify salt water and make it drinkable; some way that could be used on a raft. There was. More than a month before Rick's plane swooshed down on the rough Pacific, the Naval Medical Research Institute had published the results of its efforts to develop just such a system. It consists of two chemical compounds compressed to the size of a cake of soap, and four plastic bags, each capable of holding more than a quart. The first chemical cake is dissolved in a bag of sea water; then the water is poured through a filter into the next bag. The second cake of chemicals is dissolved in the water after it has been poured into a third bag. When the water has been filtered into the fourth bag, it is salt-free and ready to drink. The outfit takes up no more room than a good-sized hot-water bottle and is now fastened onto most of the larger rafts.

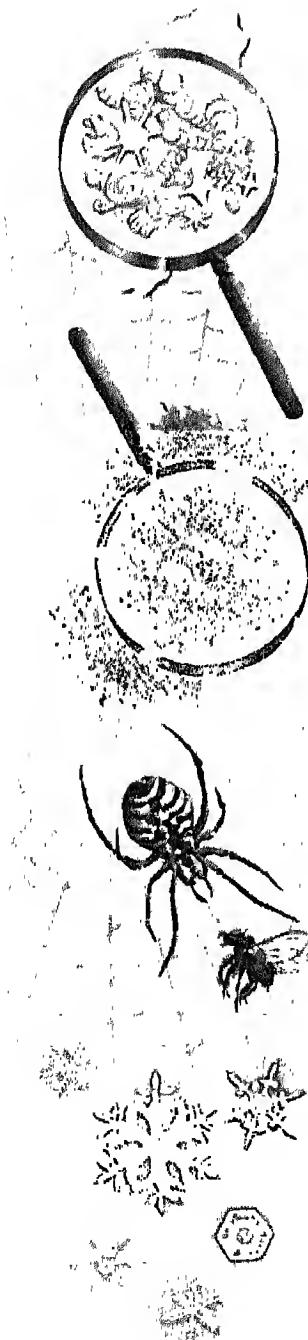
Even if these wonder-working chemicals are not provided, there is still another new way for men to get something to drink at sea—and that something is fish juice! The idea of using fish juice as a thirst

quencher came to Gifford Pinchot, former governor of Pennsylvania, after he had read of the terrible thirst suffered by three Navy fliers, who, a few months before Rickenbacker's ordeal, had drifted on a raft for thirty-four days. Pinchot knew that a fish's body is composed largely of water. Why couldn't this water be squeezed out as juice is squeezed from an orange?

Pinchot carried his plan to the naval board that investigates lifeboat equipment. The board approved it enthusiastically. With the aid of several other fishing experts Pinchot devised the special fishing tackle that is now a part of every life raft's equipment. His method of cutting the fish in tiny pieces and then wringing out the juice through a piece of cheesecloth is recorded in *The Raft Book*. This pocket-size volume, which is now on every raft, also contains all the lore of the sea which a man adrift can use. Printed on its waterproof pages are maps, charts of ocean currents, directions for navigating by the stars, and all sorts of useful information about maintaining life while facing the terrific hardships that men lost at sea must still endure.

For hardships still do exist, in spite of all that science has done to make such an existence bearable. The *latest* improvement in life-raft construction is not the *last* improvement, by any means. Scientists will continue to work with all the inventive genius at their command to make these boats achieve even greater miracles of lifesaving than they have already accomplished.

The yellow rubber life rafts—Rickenbacker's meager but sturdy craft as well as its ingeniously equipped sequels—well deserve a place of honor among the lifesaving miracles produced by modern scientists.



The Magnifying Glass

by WALTER DE LA MARE

WITH this round glass
I can make *Magic* talk—
A myriad shells show—
In a scrap of chalk;

Of but an inch of moss
A forest—flowers and trees;
A drop of water
Like a hive of bees.

I lie in wait and watch
How the deft spider jets
The woven web-silk
From his spinnarets;

What tigerish claws he has!
And, oh, the silly flies
That stumble into his snare—
With all those eyes!

Not even the tiniest thing
But this my magic glass
Will make more marvelous,
And itself surpass.

Yes, and with lenses like it,
Eyeing the moon,
"Twould seem you'd walk there
In an afternoon.

*Tales of
Fun and Fancy*





The Three Golden Apples

by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Did you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price by the bushel if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays! But there is not, I suppose, so much as a seed of those apples any longer.

In the old, old, half-forgotten times, before the garden of the Hesperides was overrun with weeds, adventurous young men who desired to do a braver thing than any of their fellows set out in quest of this fruit. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it impossible to gather them! It is said that beneath the tree there was a dragon with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch while the other fifty slept.

In my opinion, it was hardly worth running so much risk, even for the sake of a golden apple. But many

did take the risk, and among them was Hercules, a hero who had enjoyed very little peace or rest since he came into the world. At the time of which I am going to speak he was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy, with a mighty club in his hand and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapped in the skin of the biggest and fiercest lion that ever had been seen, and which he himself had killed; and though on the whole he was kind and generous and noble, there was a good deal of the lion's fierceness in his heart. As he went on his way, he continually inquired whether that were the right road to the famous garden. But none of the country people knew anything about the matter.

So Hercules journeyed on, still making the same inquiry, until at last he encountered a prodigious giant named Antaeus. Now Antaeus had been given such magic power that every time he touched the earth he became ten times as strong as ever he had been before. You may see plainly enough that it was a very difficult business to fight with such a fellow, for as often as he got a knock-down blow, up he started again, stronger, fiercer, and abler to use his weapons than if his enemy had let him alone. Thus, the harder Hercules pounded the giant with his club, the further he seemed from winning the victory. (I have sometimes argued with such people, but never fought with one.) The only way in which Hercules found it possible to finish the battle was by lifting Antaeus off his feet into the air, and squeezing and squeezing and squeezing him until finally the strength was quite squeezed out of his enormous body.

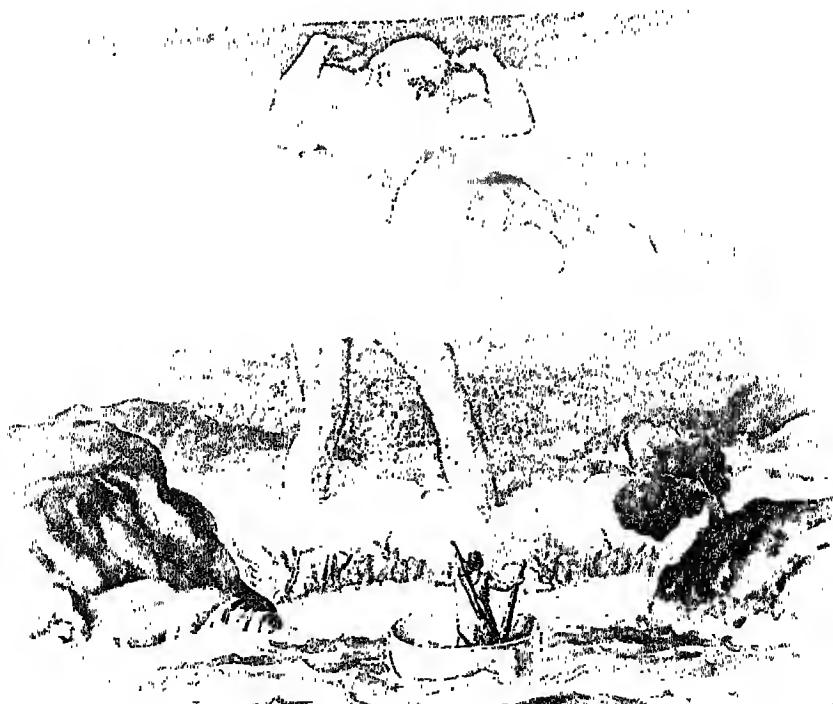
When this affair was finished, Hercules continued his travels and went to the land of Egypt, where he was

taken prisoner, and would have been put to death if he had not slain the king of the country and made his escape. Passing through the deserts of Africa and going as fast as he could, he arrived at last on the shore of the great ocean. And here, unless he could walk on the crests of the billows, it seemed as if his journey must needs be at an end.

Nothing was before him save the foaming, dashing, measureless ocean. But suddenly, as he looked toward the horizon, he saw something, a great way off, which he had not seen the moment before. It gleamed very brightly, almost as you may have beheld the round, golden disk of the sun when it rises or sets over the edge of the world. It evidently drew nearer, for at every instant this wonderful object became larger and more lustrous. At length Hercules discovered it to be an immense cup or bowl made either of gold or burnished brass. It was ten times larger than a great mill wheel, but it floated over the heaving surges more lightly than an acorn-cup down the brook. The waves tumbled it onward until it grazed against the shore within a short distance of the spot where Hercules was standing.

It was just as clear as daylight that this marvelous cup had been set adrift by some unseen power and guided hitherward in order to carry Hercules across the sea to the garden of the Hesperides. Accordingly, without a moment's delay he clambered over the brim and slid down on the inside, where, spreading out his lion's skin, he proceeded to take a little repose. The waves dashed with a pleasant and ringing sound against the circumference of the hollow cup; it rocked lightly to and fro, and the motion was so soothing that it speedily rocked Hercules into an agreeable slumber.

His nap had lasted a good while, when the cup chanced to graze against a rock, raising a clatter that reverberated through its golden or brazen substance a hundred times as loudly as a church bell. The noise awoke Hercules, who instantly started up and gazed around him, wondering where he was. He was not long in discovering that the cup was approaching the shore of an island. And on that island he saw a giant so vast that the clouds rested about his midst like a girdle, and hung like a hoary beard from his chin, and flitted before his huge eyes so that he could neither see Hercules nor the golden cup in which he was voyaging. And, most wonderful of all, the giant held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which, so far as Hercules could discern through the clouds, was resting upon his head!



Meanwhile the bright cup continued to float onward and finally touched the strand. Just then a breeze wafted away the clouds from the giant's visage, and Hercules beheld it with all its enormous features—eyes, each of them as big as a lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width. It was a countenance terrible from its enormity of size, but disconsolate and weary.

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet, and oak trees six or seven centuries old had sprung from the acorns and forced themselves between his toes.

The giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes and, perceiving Hercules, roared out in a voice that resembled thunder proceeding out of the cloud that had just flitted away from his face:

"Who are you, down at my feet there? And whence do you come in that little cup?"

"I am Hercules!" thundered back the hero in a voice pretty nearly as loud as the giant's own. "And I am seeking the garden of the Hesperides!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant in a fit of immense laughter. "That is a wise adventure, truly!"

"And why not?" cried Hercules, getting a little angry at the giant's mirth. "Do you think I am afraid of the dragon with a hundred heads?"

Just at this time, while they were talking together, some black clouds gathered about the giant's middle and burst into a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, causing such a pother that Hercules found it impossible to distinguish a word. Only the giant's immeasurable legs were to be seen and now and then a momentary glimpse of his whole figure cloaked in a

volume of mist. He seemed to be speaking most of the time, but his big, deep, rough voice chimed in with the reverberations of the thunderclaps and rolled away over the hills like them. Thus by talking out of season the foolish giant used up a vast quantity of breath to no purpose, for the thunder spoke quite as intelligibly as he.

At last the storm swept over as suddenly as it had come. And there again was the clear sky, and the weary giant holding it up, and the pleasant sunshine beaming over his vast height and illuminating it against the background of the sullen thunderclouds. So far above the shower had been his head that not a hair of it was moistened by the raindrops.

When the giant could see Hercules still standing on the seashore, he roared out to him anew:

"I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!"

"So I see," answered Hercules. "But can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"What do you want there?" asked the giant.

"I want three golden apples," shouted Hercules, "for my cousin, the king."

"There is nobody but myself," quoth the giant, "that can go to the garden of the Hesperides and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make a half dozen steps across the sea and get them for you."

"You are very kind," replied Hercules. "And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?"

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, shaking his head. "But if you were to stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow

of some strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders while I do your errand for you?"

Hercules, as you must be careful to remember, was a remarkably strong man; and, though it certainly requires a great deal of muscular power to uphold the sky, yet, if any mortal could be supposed capable of such an exploit, he was the one. Nevertheless, it seemed so difficult an undertaking that for the first time in his life he hesitated.

"Is the sky very heavy?" he inquired.

"Why, not particularly so at first," answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders, "but it gets to be a little burdensome after a thousand years."

"And how long a time," asked the hero, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

"Oh, just a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take ten miles at a stride and be at the garden and back again before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules, "I will climb the mountain and relieve you of your burden."

The truth is, Hercules had a kind heart of his own and considered that he should be doing the giant a favor by allowing him this opportunity for a ramble. And, besides, he thought that it would be still more for his own glory if he could boast of upholding the sky than merely to do so ordinary a thing as to conquer a dragon with a hundred heads. Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas and placed upon those of Hercules.

When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; and you may imagine what a prodigious spectacle he was then. Next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it, then the other. Then

all at once he began to caper and leap and dance for joy at his freedom, flinging himself high into the air, and floundering down again with a shock that made the earth tremble. Then he laughed with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains far and near, as if they and the giant had been so many rejoicing brothers. When his joy had a little subsided, he stepped into the sea—ten miles at the first stride, which brought him midleg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten miles more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant as he still went onward,



for it was really a wonderful sight, this immense human form more than thirty miles off, half-hidden in the ocean, but with his upper half as tall and misty and blue as a distant mountain. At last the gigantic shape faded entirely out of view. And now Hercules began to consider what he should do in case Atlas should be drowned, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by the by, its weight began already to be a little irksome to his head and shoulders.

"I really pity the poor giant," thought Hercules. "If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how it must have wearied him in a thousand years!"

You have no idea what a weight there was in that same blue sky which looks so soft and aerial overhead! And there, too, was the bluster of the wind, and the chill and watery clouds, and the blazing sun, all taking turns to make Hercules uncomfortable. He began to be afraid that the giant would never return.

I know not how long it was before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like a cloud, on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three magnificent golden apples as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

"I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules when the giant was within hearing. "So you have got the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas. "I took the finest that grew on the tree, I assure you. Ah, it is a beautiful spot, that garden of the Hesperides! Yes, and the dragon with a hundred heads is a sight

worth any man's seeing. After all, you had better have gone for the apples yourself."

"No matter," replied Hercules. "You have had a pleasant ramble and have done the business as well as I could. I heartily thank you for your trouble. And now, as I have a long way to go and am rather in haste, and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the golden apples, will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders?"

"Why, as to that," said the giant, chucking the golden apples into the air twenty miles high or thereabouts, and catching them as they came down—"as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could? As his majesty is in such a hurry to get them, I promise you to take my longest strides. And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky just now."

Here Hercules grew impatient and gave a great shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Everybody on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky might be going to fall next.

"Oh, that will never do!" cried Atlas with a great roar of laughter. "I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I, you will learn patience."

"What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, "do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?"

"We will see about that one of these days," answered the giant. "At all events, you ought not to complain if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while longer, in spite of the backache. After a thousand

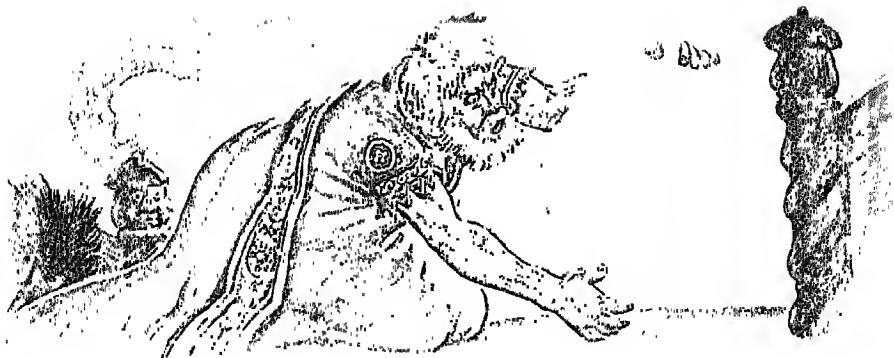
years, if I happen to feel in the mood, we may possibly shift about again. You are certainly very strong and can never have a better opportunity to prove it. Posterity will talk of you, I warrant."

"Pish! a fig for its talk!" cried Hercules, with another hitch of his shoulders. "Just take the sky on your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin for the weight to rest on. It really chafes me and will cause unnecessary inconvenience in so many centuries as I am to stand here."

"That's fair, and I'll do it," quoth the giant; for he had no unkind feeling toward Hercules, and was merely acting with a too selfish consideration of his own ease. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only five minutes, recollect. I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last. Variety is the spice of life, say I."

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples and took the sky from the head and shoulders of Hercules upon his own, where it rightly belonged. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples that were as big as pumpkins and straightway set out on his journey homeward without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around Atlas and grew ancient there, and again there might be seen oak trees six or seven centuries old that had grown thus aged betwixt his enormous toes.

And there stands the giant to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he and which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it is the voice of Giant Atlas bellowing after Hercules.



The Quest of the Hammer

by ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

ONE morning Thor the Thunderer awoke with a yawn and, stretching out his knotted arm, felt for his precious hammer, which he kept under his pillow of clouds. But he started up with a roar of rage, so that all the palace trembled. The hammer was gone!

Now this was a very serious matter, for Thor was the protector of Asgard, and Mjölnir, the magic hammer which the dwarfs had made, was his mighty weapon, of which the enemies of the Aesir stood so much in dread that they dared not venture near Thor's kingdom. But if they should learn that Mjölnir was gone, who could tell what danger might soon threaten the palaces of heaven?

Thor darted his flashing eye into every corner of Cloud Land in search of the hammer. He called his fair wife, Sif of the golden hair, to aid in the search, and his two lovely daughters, Thrude and Lora. They hunted and they hunted; they turned the palace upside down, and set the clouds to rolling wonderfully

as they peeped and pried behind and around and under each billowy mass.

Thor's yellow beard quivered with rage, and his hair bristled on end like the golden rays of a star, while all his household trembled. "It is Loki again," he cried. "I am sure Loki is at the bottom of this mischief!" For since the time when Thor had captured the giant Loki and had let the dwarf Brock sew up his bragging lips, Loki had looked at Thor with evil eyes.

But this time Thor was mistaken. It was not Loki who had stolen the hammer—he was too great a coward for that. And though he meant to be revenged upon Thor, he was waiting until a safe chance should come. Meanwhile Loki was on his best behavior, trying to appear very kind and obliging; so when Thor came roaring up to him, demanding, "What have you done with my hammer, you thief?" Loki looked surprised, but did not lose his temper or answer rudely.

"Have you indeed missed your hammer, brother Thor?" he said, mumbling, for his mouth was still sore where Brock had sewed the stitches. "That is a pity; for if the giants hear of this, they will be coming to try their might against Asgard."

"Hush!" muttered Thor, grasping him by the shoulder with his iron fingers. "That is what I fear. But look you, Loki; I suspect your hand in the mischief. Come, confess."

Then Loki protested that he had had nothing to do with so wicked a deed. "But," he added wheedlingly, "I think I can guess the thief; and because I love you, Thor, I will help you to find him."

"Humph!" growled Thor. "Much love you bear to me! However, you are a wise rascal, the nimblest

wit of all the Aesir; and it is better to have you on my side than on the other, when giants are in the game. Tell me, then: who has robbed the Thunder-Lord of his bolt of power?"

Loki whispered in Thor's ear. "Look how the storms rage and the winds howl in the world below! Someone is wielding your thunder-hammer all unskillfully. Can you not guess the thief? Who but Thrym, the mighty giant who has ever been your enemy and your imitator, and whose fingers have long Itched to grasp the handle of mighty Miölnir, that the world may name him Thunder-Lord instead of you? But look! What a tempest! The world will be shattered into fragments unless we soon get the hammer back."

Then Thor roared with rage. "I will seek this impudent Thrym! I will crush him into bits and teach him to meddle with the weapon of the Aesir!"

"Softly, softly," said Loki, smiling maliciously. "He is a shrewd giant, and a mighty one. Even you, great Thor, cannot go to him and pluck the hammer from his hand as one would slip the rattle from a baby's pink fist. Nay, you must use craft, Thor; and I will teach you, if you will be patient."

Thor was a brave, blunt fellow, and he hated the ways of Loki, his lies and deceit. He liked best the way of warriors—the thundering charge, the flash of weapons, and the heavy blow; but without the hammer he could not fight the giants hand to hand. Loki's advice seemed wise, and he decided to leave the matter to the Red One.

Loki was now all eagerness, for he loved difficulties which would set his wit in play and bring other folk into danger. "Look, now," he said. "We must go to Freia and borrow her falcon dress."

So they made their way to Folkvang, the house of maidens, where Freia dwelt, the loveliest of all in Asgard. Of her Thor borrowed the magic costume of feathers in which Freia was wont to clothe herself and flit like a beautiful bird all about the world. She was willing enough to lend it to Thor when he told her that by its aid he hoped to win back the hammer which he had lost; for she well knew the danger threatening herself and the Aesir until Miölnir should be found.

"Now will I fetch the hammer for you," said Loki. He put on the falcon plumage, and, spreading his brown wings, flapped up, up, over the world, down, down, across the great ocean which lies beyond all things that men know. And he came to the dark country where there was no sunshine nor spring but only dreary winter, where mountains were piled up like blocks of ice, and where great caverns yawned hungrily in blackness. And this was Jotunnheim, the land of the Frost Giants.

And lo! when Loki came there, he found Thrym the Giant King sitting outside his palace cave, playing with his dogs and horses. The dogs were as big as elephants, and the horses were as big as houses. Thrym himself was as huge as a mountain; and Loki trembled, but he tried to appear brave.

"Good day, Loki," said Thrym, with the terrible voice of which he was so proud, for he fancied it was as loud as Thor's. "How fares it, feathered one, with your little brothers, the Aesir, in Asgard halls? And how dare you venture alone in this guise to Giant Land?"

"It is an ill day in Asgard," sighed Loki, keeping his eye warily upon the giant, "and a stormy one in

the world of men. I heard the winds howling and the storms rushing on the earth as I passed by. Some mighty one has stolen the hammer of our Thor. Is it you, Thrym, greatest of all giants—greater than Thor himself?"

This the crafty one said to flatter Thrym, for Loki well knew the weakness of those who love to be thought greater than they are.

Then Thrym swelled with pride and tried to put on the majesty of noble Thor; but he only succeeded in becoming an ugly, puffy monster.

"Well, yes," he admitted. "I have the hammer that belonged to your little Thor; and now how much of a lord is he?"

"Alack!" sighed Loki again, "weak enough he is without his magic weapon. But you, O Thrym—surely your mightiness needs no such aid. Give me the hammer, that Asgard may no longer be shaken by Thor's grief for his precious toy."



But Thrym was not so easily to be flattered into parting with his stolen treasure. He grinned a dreadful grin, several yards in width, with his teeth bared like jagged boulders across the entrance to a mountain cavern.

"Miölnir the hammer is mine," he said, "and I am Thunder-Lord, mightiest of the mighty. I have hidden it where Thor can never find it, twelve leagues below the sea caves. But listen, Loki. Go tell the Aesir that I will give back Thor's hammer upon one condition—that they send Freia the Beautiful to be my wife."

"Freia the Beautiful!" Loki had to stifle a laugh. Fancy the Aesir giving their fairest flower to such an ugly fellow as this! But he only said politely, "Ah, yes; you demand our Freia in exchange for the little hammer? It is a costly price, great Thrym. But I will be your friend in Asgard. If I have my way, you shall soon see the fairest bride in all the world knocking at your door. Farewell!"

So Loki whizzed back to Asgard on the falcon wings; and as he went, he chuckled to think of the evils which were likely to happen because of his words with Thrym. First, he gave the message to Thor—not sparing of Thrym's insolence, to make Thor angry; and then he went to Freia with the word for her—not sparing of Thrym's ugliness, to make her shudder.

Now you can imagine the horror that was in Asgard as the Aesir listened to Loki's words. "My hammer!" roared Thor. "The villain confesses he has stolen my hammer and boasts that he is Thunder-Lord. Gr-r-r!"

"The ugly giant!" wailed Freia. "Must I be the bride of that hideous old monster and live in his gloomy mountain prison all my life?"

"Yes, put on your bridal veil, sweet Freia," said Loki maliciously, "and come with me to Jotunnheim. Hang your famous starry necklace about your neck and don your prettiest robe; for in eight days there will be a wedding, and Thor's hammer is to pay."

Then Freia fell to weeping. "I cannot go!" she cried. "I will not leave the home of gladness to dwell in the land of horrors! Thor's hammer is mighty, but mightier is the love of the kind Aesir for their little Freia!"

The Aesir looked at her and thought how lonely and bare would Asgard be without her loveliness; for she was fairer than fair and sweeter than sweet.

"She shall not go!" cried the Aesir in one voice.

"But I must have Miölnir back," insisted Thor.

Then spoke Heimdal, the sleepless watchman who sits on guard at the entrance to the rainbow bridge which leads to Asgard; and Heimdal was the wisest of the Aesir, for he could see into the future and knew how things would come to pass.

"I have a plan," he said. "Let us dress Thor himself like a bride in Freia's robes, and send him to Jotunnheim to talk with Thrym and to win back his hammer."

But at the word *bride* Thor grew very angry. "What! dress me like a girl!" he roared. "I should never hear the last of it! The Aesir will mock me and call me *maiden*! The giants, and even the puny dwarfs, will have a lasting jest upon me! I will not go! I will fight! I will die, if need be! But dressed as a woman I will not go!"

But Loki answered him with sharp words, for this was a scheme after his own heart. "What, Thor!" he said. "Would you lose your hammer and keep Asgard



in danger for so small a whim? Look, now: if you go not, Thrym with his giants will come in a mighty army and drive us from Asgard. Then he will indeed make Freia his bride, and moreover he will have you for his slave under the power of his hammer. How like you this picture, brother of the thunder? Nay, Heimdal's plan is a good one, and I myself will help to carry it out."

Still Thor hesitated; but Freia came and laid her white hand on his arm, and looked up into his scowling face pleadingly.

"To save me, Thor," she begged.

At last Thor said he would go. Then there was great sport among the Aesir while they dressed Thor like a beautiful maiden. How they laughed as they brushed and curled his yellow hair and set upon it a wondrous headdress of silk and pearls! They let out seams, and they let down hemns, and they set on extra pieces to make it larger; and so they hid his great limbs and knotted arms under Freia's fairest robe of

scarlet. But beneath it all he would wear his shirt of mail and his belt of power that gave him double strength. Freia herself twisted about his neck her famous necklace of starry jewels. Last of all, that Thrym might not see Thor's fierce eyes and the yellow beard, they threw over him a long, silver-white veil which covered him to the feet. And there he stood, as stately and tall a bride as even a giant might wish to see; but on his hands he wore his iron gloves, and they ached for but one thing—to grasp the handle of the stolen hammer.

"Ah, what a lovely maid it is!" chuckled Loki; "and how glad will Thrym be to see this Freia come! Bride Thor, I will go with you as your handmaiden, for I would fain see the fun."

"Come, then," said Thor sulkily. "It is fitting that you go; for I like not these maskings, and I may spoil the make-believe without you at my elbow."

There was loud laughter above the clouds when Thor, all veiled and dainty-seeming, drove away from Asgard to his wedding, with his "maid" Loki by his side. Thor cracked his whip and chirruped fiercely to his twin goats with the golden hoofs, for he wanted to escape the sounds of mirth that echoed from the rainbow bridge, where all the Aesir stood watching. Loki, sitting with his hands meekly folded like a girl, chuckled as he glanced up at Thor's angry face. But he said nothing, for he knew it was not good to joke too far with Thor, even when Miölnir was hidden twelve leagues below the sea.

So off they dashed to Jotunnheim, where Thrym was waiting and longing for his beautiful bride. Thor's goats thundered along above the sea and land, and people far below looked up wondering as the noise

rolled overhead. "Hear how the thunder rumbles!" they said. "Thor is on a long journey tonight." And a long journey it was, as the tired goats found before they reached the end.

Thrym heard the sound of their approach, for his ear was eager. "Hollo!" he cried. "Someone is coming from Asgard. Hasten, men, and see if they are bringing Freia to be my wife."

Then the lookout giants stepped down from the top of the mountain and said that a chariot was bringing two maidens to the door.

"Run, giants, run!" shouted Thrym, in a fever at this news. "My bride is coming. Put silken cushions on the benches for a great banquet, and make the house beautiful for the fairest maid in all space! Bring in all my golden-horned cows and my coal-black oxen, that she may see how rich I am, and heap all my gold and jewels about to dazzle her sweet eyes! She shall find me richest of the rich; and when I marry her—fairest of the fair—there will be no treasure that I lack—not one!"

The chariot stopped at the gate, and out stepped the tall bride, hidden from head to foot, and her handmaiden muffled to the chin. "How afraid of catching cold they must be!" whispered the giant ladies, who were peering over one another's shoulders to catch a glimpse of the bride.

Thrym had sent six splendid servants to escort the maidens; these were the Metal Kings. There was the Gold King, all in cloth of gold, most glittering to see; and there was the Silver King, almost as gorgeous in a suit of spangled white; and side by side bowed the dark Kings of Iron and Lead, the one in black, the other in blue; and after them were the Copper

King, gleaming ruddy and brave, and the Tin King, strutting in his trimmings of gaudy tinsel. And this fine troop of lackey kings most politely led Thor and Loki into the palace and gave them the best, for they never suspected who these seeming maidens really were.

When evening came, there was a wonderful banquet to celebrate the wedding. On a golden throne sat Thrym, uglier than ever in his finery of purple and gold. Beside him was the bride, of whose face no one had yet caught even a glimpse; and at Thrym's other hand stood Loki, the waiting maid, for he wanted to be near to mend the mistakes which Thor might make.

Now the dishes at the feast were served in a huge way, as befitted the table of giants: great beeves, roasted whole on platters as wide across as a ship's deck; plum puddings as fat as feather beds, with plums as big as footballs; and a wedding cake like a snow-capped haymow. The giants ate enormously. But to Thor, because they thought him a dainty maiden, they served small bits of everything on a tiny gold dish. Now Thor's long journey had made him hungry, and through his veil he whispered to Loki, "I shall starve, Loki! I cannot fare on these nibbles. I must eat a goodly meal as I do at home." And forthwith he helped himself to such morsels as might satisfy his hunger for a little time.

You should have seen the giants stare at the meal which the dainty bride devoured! For first under the silver veil disappeared by pieces a whole roast ox. Then Thor made eight mouthfuls of eight pink salmon, a dish of which he was very fond. And next he looked about and reached for a platter of cakes

and sweetmeats that was set aside at one end of the table for the lady guests, and the bride ate them all. You can fancy how the damsels drew down their mouths and looked at one another when they saw their dessert disappear; and they whispered about the table, "Alack! if our future mistress is to sup like this day by day, there will be poor cheer for the rest of us!" And to crown it all, Thor was thirsty. One after another he raised to his lips and emptied three great barrels of mead, the foamy drink of the giants. Then indeed Thrym was amazed, for Thor's appetite had beaten that of the giants themselves.

"Never before saw I a bride so hungry," he cried, "and never before one half so thirsty!"

But Loki, the waiting maid, whispered to him softly, "The truth is, great Thrym, that my mistress was almost starved. For eight days Freia has eaten nothing, so eager was she to visit Jotunnheim."

Then Thrym was delighted, you may be sure. He forgave his hungry bride and loved her with all his heart. He leaned forward to give her a kiss, raising a corner of her veil; but his hand dropped suddenly, and he started up in terror, for he had caught the angry flash of Thor's eye, which was glaring at him through the bridal veil. Thor was longing for his hammer.

"Why has Freia so sharp a look?" Thrym cried.

But again the sly Loki whispered, "Oh, Thrym, be not amazed! The truth is, my poor mistress' eyes are red with wakefulness and bright with longing. For eight nights Freia has not known a wink of sleep, so eager was she for Jotunnheim."

Then again Thrym was doubly delighted, and he longed to call her his own dear wife. "Bring in the

wedding gift!" he cried. "Bring in Thor's hammer, Miölnir, at once and give it to Freia, as I promised; for when I have kept my word, she will be mine—all mine!"

Then Thor's big heart laughed under his woman's dress, and his fierce eyes swept eagerly down the hall to meet the servant who was bringing in the hammer on a velvet cushion. Thor's fingers could hardly wait to clutch the stubby handle which they knew so well; but he sat quite still on the throne beside ugly old Thrym, with his hands meekly folded.

The giant servant drew nearer, nearer, puffing and blowing, strong though he was, beneath the mighty weight. He was about to lay the magic hammer at Thor's feet (for he thought it so heavy that no maiden could lift it or hold it in her lap), when suddenly Thor gave a most unmaidenly shout of rage and triumph. With one swoop he grasped the hammer in his iron fingers; with the other arm he tore off the veil that



hid his terrible face and tramped it under foot. Then he turned to the frightened king, who cowered before him on the throne.

"Thief!" cried Thor. "Freia sends you this as a wedding gift!" And he whirled the hammer about his head, then hurled it once, twice, thrice, as it rebounded each time to his hand.

In the first stroke, as of lightning, Thrym rolled dead from his throne; in the second stroke perished the whole giant household—these ugly enemies of the Aesir; and in the third stroke the palace itself tumbled apart and fell to the ground like a toppling play-house of blocks.

But Loki and Thor stood safely among the ruins, dressed in their tattered maiden robes, a quaint and curious sight; and Loki, full of mischief now as ever, burst out laughing.

"Oh, Thor! if you could see——" he began; but Thor held up his hammer and shook it gently as he said, "Look, now, Loki: it was an excellent joke, and so far you have done well—after your crafty fashion, which I like not. But now I have my hammer again, and the joke is done. From you, or from another, I shall brook no laughter at my expense. Henceforth, we will have no mention of this masquerade, nor of these rags which now I throw away. Do you hear, Red One?"

And Loki heard, with a look of hate, and stifled his laughter as best he could; for it is not good to laugh at him who holds the hammer.

Not once after that was there mention in Asgard of the time when Thor dressed himself as a girl and won back his magic hammer as a bridal gift from Thrym.

Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons

(OLD ENGLISH BALLAD)

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I've heard many men say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And as he walked, a poor old woman
Came weeping along the way.

"What news? what news, my poor old woman?
And why do you weep and sigh?"
Said she, "My three sons in Nottingham town
This day are condemned to die."

"Oh, have they churches burned?" said Robin,
"Or have they travelers slain?
Or have they robbed any widows poor
For their ill-gotten gain?"

"They have no churches burned, good sir,
Nor have they travelers slain,
Nor have they robbed any widows poor
For their ill-gotten gain!"

"Oh, what have they done?" said Robin Hood then,
"I pray you tell me true."
"They die for shooting the king's fallow deer,
To feed your own men and you."

"Oh, well I remember, old woman," he said,
"How they gave us to sup and to dine.
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You have found me just in time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone.
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met with a ragged old beggar
Walking along the way.

"What news? what news, my poor old fellow?
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, "Three men in Nottingham town
Are condemned to die this day."

"Come change thy clothing with me, old fellow,
Come change thy clothing for mine;
Here are forty shillings in good silver coin,
To fatten those ribs of thine."

"Oh, your green garments are good," he said,
"And mine are ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Mock not an old beggar to scorn."

"Come change your clothing with me," said Robin,
"Come change your clothing for mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good yellow gold;
Go feast those brothers of thine."

Then Robin Hood put on the old man's hat,
And his ragged beggar's gown;
He bound the poor broken shoes on his feet,
And hurried along to the town.



Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham come,
With the broken shoes on his feet;
And there he met with the king's proud sheriff,
As he walked along the street.

"May God save you, O sheriff!" he said;
"May He save both thee and me!
And what will you give to a poor old beggar
If he will your hangman be?"

"Three suits of clothes," the sheriff said,
"Three suits I'll give to thee;
Three suits of clothes, and thirteen pence,
Today are the hangman's fee."

"I was never a hangman in all my life,
Nor ever intend to be;
And cursed be the villain," said bold Robin Hood,
"Who plays the hangman for thee!"

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
 And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
 And a bag for my small bugle horn.

"I've a small bugle horn in my pocket," said Robin;
 "I got it from Robin Hood.
And now as I raise it to blow a blast,
 For thee it blows little good."

"Oh, blow thy horn, thou beggar fellow;
 Of thee I have little doubt.
I hope that you blow such a blast on your horn
 That both of your eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that Robin did blow,
 He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
 Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that Robin Hood blew,
 He blew with might and main;
And sixty more of Robin Hood's men
 Came hurrying over the plain.

"Oh, who are these men?" then said the proud sheriff,
 "Come hurrying over the lea?"
"They're my own true fellows," brave Robin did say;
 "They'll pay a brief visit to thee."

They tore the gallows down from the hill,
 They threw it down in the glen,
They bound the proud sheriff with the hangman's rope,
 And rescued their own three men.

The Great Hunter of the Woods

by JAMES STEVENS

"I was thinkin' of the most famous hunt of history," said old Larrity the bullcook. "That was when Paul Bunyan, the first great hunter of the woods, shouldered his scatter-cannon to bring down the wing-tailed turkey that had ravaged the Round River country of its game. A terrible turkey that was indade, even for such hunters as Paul Bunyan and Dublin, the wire-haired terror that was as tall as any tree. Such huntin' there was in that time long ago, a time too far away for even mention in history books."

The old logger stopped there for a shrewd glance at the two by his side. They were Jeff Gavin, whose grandfather was the owner of the logging camp, and Mike, the boy's wire-haired terrier pup. Both were staring mournfully at the flaming leaves of dogwood thickets up the creek. There, three men in red caps and brown coats, with big spotted dogs sniffing and scampering at their heels, had vanished a few moments before.

"Whist, now, and you should be glad your grandpa left you with me. Pheasants they will be shootin'," said Larrity scornfully. "And the huntin' of chickens is too triflin' for the bother of old woodsmen like us, so it is. How much better, Jeff, to sun ourselves here on the creek bank and talk of the days of real huntin'."

Curiosity lighted up the boy's eyes. On other Saturday afternoons he had listened to stories of Paul Bunyan from old Larrity, who had learned them

many years ago in the faraway Michigan woods. Here in the Oregon timber the stories would come to life. The Gavin grandson forgot his grief at being left in camp by the hunters. Mike, the terrier pup, also seemed resigned, as he stretched himself out in the rusty grass of the creek bank, crossed his paws, rested his chin on them, and shut his eyes.

Old Larrity was telling of the great hunter of the woods. As his voice drawled on, the boy saw a mighty figure rising dimly among the shadows of the trees—Paul Bunyan, whose curly black beard brushed the treetops, and at his heels trotted Dublin, wire-haired terror of the hunting trails. . . .

On the first day of a certain Christmas week (said old Larrity) the great hunter of the woods and his dog Dublin marched into the Round River country. This was the game country in the time when Ameriky was all one big timberland, and Paul Bunyan was the ruler of it and all the rest. In the black wild woods circled by Round River the famous logger always did his Christmas huntin'. That was to provide rare holiday dinners for his seven hun'erd bully men.

This huntin' season the reg'lar game was ruined. And all because the terrible turkey, the most ferocious fowl of the tall timber, had at last migrated to Round River from the mountains of the North.

But Paul Bunyan had no hint of the trouble and grief ahead as he tramped through the autumn woods for Round River. He saw nothin' but a promise of cheer in the keen, bright mornin'. Above him shone the clean blue sky, and about him blazed the fire colors of leaves. The frost made his breath steam till white clouds trailed him. Sunlight glinted from the forty-seven barrels of his scatter-cannon. At



his heels ran the tremendous terror gaily waggin'
his tree of a tail.

For Paul Bunyan talked to Dublin, even as you talk to your Mike when the two of you walk together. It was all gladness in the mighty voice, for Paul Bunyan spoke of the men in the camp behind. Of Johnny Inkslinger, Paul spoke, that timekeeper who was such a big figger that his pens were made of peeled trees. He had kind words also for the Big Swede, his foreman, a man with legs so much like sawlogs that the reg'lar-sized loggers were forever goin' after them with crosscuts and axes. Paul Bunyan spoke fondly to Dublin of Babe, the Blue Ox, a beast that was even bigger than the dog, measurin' forty-two ax handles and a barrel of pickles betwixt the horns.

Of all these big figgers Paul Bunyan spoke kindly and well, but his best words were for his seven hun'erd men, who were no bigger than me or your grandfather. Never had his men done such fine loggin' as in this season. And for a reward they should have the grandest Christmas dinner ever heard of at all.

"What game shall it be for such a dinner?" said Paul Bunyan to Dublin, when they were to the bank of Round River. "The best meat will be none too good for my loggers' Christmas dinner, no, sir! Should we bag some fat bucks for rabbit stews, Dublin? Or deer, to make a great steak dinner? Or cinnamon bears for the spicy roasts the loggers like so well? What do you say, you wire-haired terror, you?"

Dublin acted for all the world like he understood every one of Paul Bunyan's words. He sat down and slowly scratched his ear with his left foot, seemin' to be in the deepest thought.

"I know what you want to be huntin', first, last, and all the time, Dublin, I do." Paul Bunyan smiled down through his beard. "Yes, sir! You would have us go back with nothin' but mincemeat for the Christmas pies, you would. But we must hunt other game than minces."

Sayin' that, he leaned restfully on his scatter-cannon and gazed into the black wild woods across the river. Now he began to notice that they were silent, almost. Every other autumn the woods had been roarin' with sounds of wild life. The game of the country had never migrated beyond the river that circled their home.

We would think such a stream as Round River most peculiar nowadays, but sure, in the time of Paul

Bunyan rivers were young and wild, and each one would run to suit itself. It suited this river to run always in a circle, bein' too proud to run into another river, or even into the great salt ocean.

Whatever the reason, that river was round. In its circle lived timber beasts like the hodag and sauger, which are remembered only by old loggers. And there were creatures like our deer, rabbits, bobcats, and bears, only they all had long tails in those times.

Fine and flourishin' tails were on all of them. The roarin' rabbit of the Round River woods was no such timorous beastie as the rabbit of our time. Before he lost his tail, the Round River rabbit would tackle a panther, he would, noosin' his powerful, long tail about the beast's neck, jerkin' him down, then kickin' the life out of the panther with both hind feet. In them days the bloodcurdlin' roar of a rabbit was the most awful of all the wild woods sounds. The rabbits had run all the panthers out of the woods when the terrible turkey came to Round River.

The deer of them woods also had a fine tail, one like a plume. The bobcat's tail was more of a fightin' kind, like you'd expect. It was a fang tail, with sharp teeth in the tip, and with them the bobcat would strike like a snake at birds and small beasts for his prey. The black and cinnamon bears had stiff, brushy tails which they used mostly for the sweepin' of their caves. There were never cleaner creatures than the cave bears of Paul Bunyan's time; they were always hustlin' and bustlin' in every nook and cranny, keepin' everything spick-and-span.

Paul Bunyan did not dream that the timber beasts had lost their tails. He had never even heard of the wing-tailed terrible turkey; so of course he did not know

how this ferocious fowl made its meals. The dismal quiet of the black wild woods was all a mystery to Paul Bunyan as he set out to hunt with his dog Dublin. The quiet was broken only by a whisperin' moan like the rustle of wind in trees at night. But this was no wind, indade; it was the timber beasts of Round River, hidin' away and sighin' in sorrow for the lost tails of them.

Paul Bunyan wondered and worried, as he forded the river. Not even the mutter of a mince was heard, for that little beast, whose meat was so good for pies, was entirely gone. On no other huntin' trip had Paul Bunyan and Dublin come into the woods without hearin' minces mutterin' from their lairs. For the minces of Round River always muttered, so they did, just as the rabbits roared and the bears bellowed and growled. That mutter was the sweetest of music to the wire-haired terror's ears.

At last Dublin thought he heard it, when they had reached the inside bank of Round River. But something else was soundin' in the terror's ears. He perked them up and made himself believe that this was a mince mutterin' out of the woods. So he came to a point, with his tail wavin' and waggin' in the wind. For Dublin could never point a mince without h'istin' and waggin' his fine tail, such a gay dog he was when huntin' his favorite game.

Then it happened. What Dublin thought was the mutter of a mince suddenly growded into growlin' thunder. Paul Bunyan stiffened up, but before he could bring the scatter-cannon to his shoulder, a coppery streak touched with red at the head of it and with a whirlin' blur behind flashed from sight along the circle of the river. In the same instant



there rose a fearful howl of grief from the wire-haired terror.

Pore Dublin, sure he had a right to howl, for all but the stub of his tail was gone, clipped clean away before he could wink an eye. Now he was a sad dog, with tears tricklin' from his eyes as he looked up at Paul Bunyan. He whimpered and moaned with a sound which melted into that whisperin' from the forest, and now that was a mystery no longer to Paul Bunyan. He knew the reason for the sorrowful sound. Certainly all the timber beasts had been stripped of their tails, and like Dublin all were bemoanin' their loss. And the robber of all was none other than this

red-headed thunderbolt in coppery feathers, this ferocious fowl that drove like lightnin' through the air by the power of his whirlin' wing tail.

Paul Bunyan figgered that out as he doctored Dublin's hurt with arnicky, stanched it, and bound it. Then with kind words he comforted the grievin' terror. As he did so, he again heard that sound, like the mutter of a mince from its lair; and it soon growed into rolls of thunder.

The great hunter of the woods stared up at the sound, his head turnin' back till the tip of his curly black beard waved at the sky. And here was the roar and the rush again; but now it was Paul Bunyan's time to howl; for all of his beard was gone, so it was, nipped and clipped slick away from his chin.

But Paul Bunyan did not howl with grief, nor did he roar with rage or sigh with sorrow or anything like that at all. Paul Bunyan was not that kind of man. Enough had happened, indade, to drive anybody distracted—the ruin of the game, the loss of the grand Christmas dinner he had planned for his men, the thievery of Dublin's fine tail, and the snippin' and pluckin' away of his famous beard. Disaster and disgrace it all was, enough to make even a hero like Paul Bunyan despair.

But sure the great hunter would not give up, not even when he realized that he could do no thinkin' until his beard growed out again. Paul Bunyan could think only when he brushed his beard with a young pine tree. Now he had no beard to brush at all.

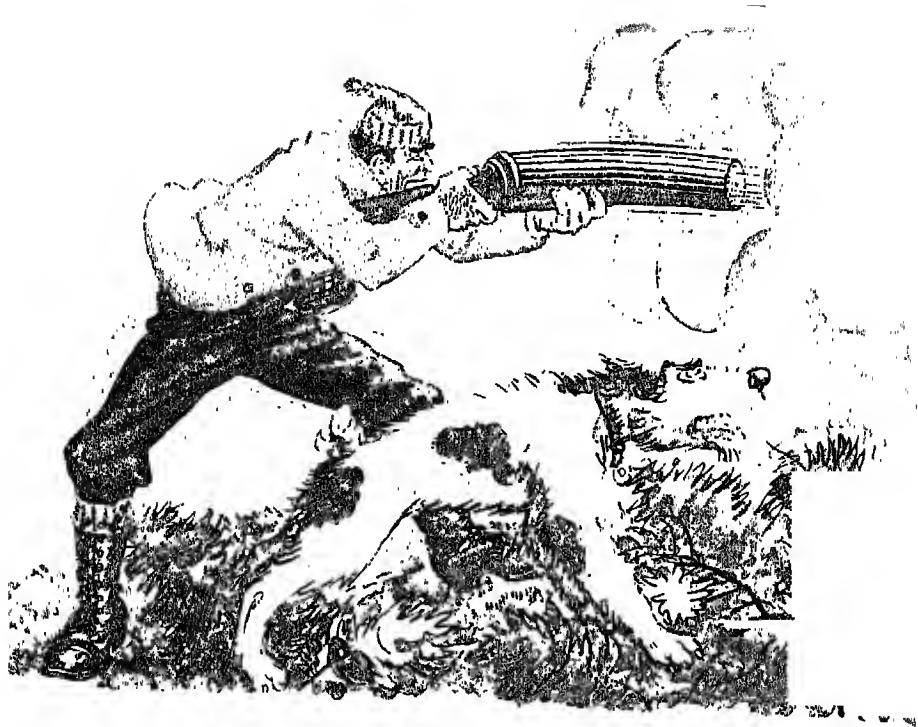
"If I cannot think, then I must act," said Paul Bunyan, makin' the best of things. "And I'll do that soon and sudden."

What to do was plain enough. Paul Bunyan could

see it all without thinkin'. Both times the wing-tailed terrible turkey had flown in a perfect circle, follyin' the course of Round River. To get the feathered thunderbolt on the wing, Paul Bunyan must shoot in a circle. So he first bent the forty-seven barrels of his scatter-cannon so that they would do just that—shoot their loads of cannon balls in an in-curve that would exactly folly the course of Round River.

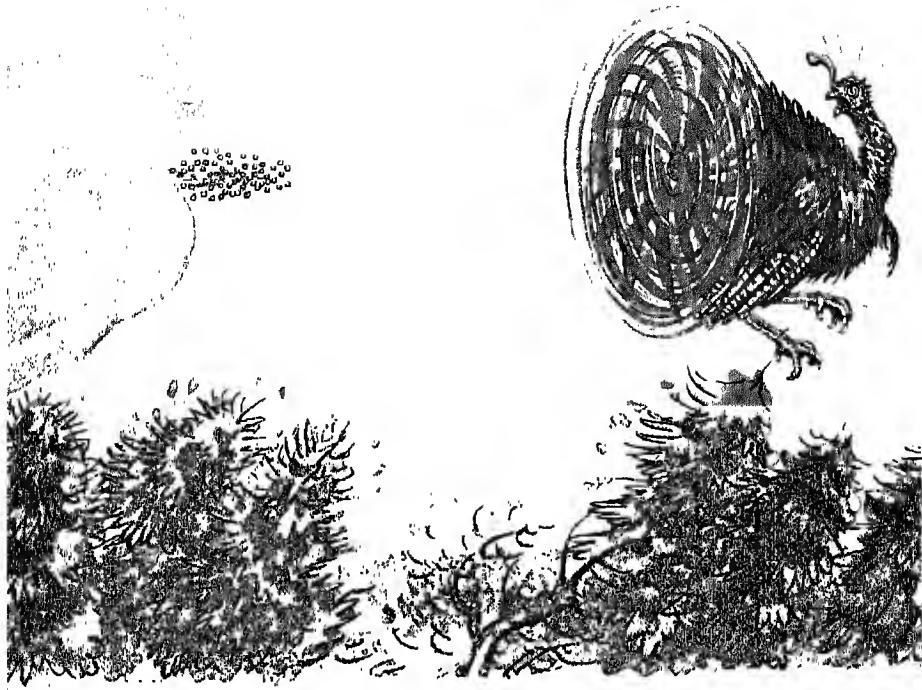
Next, it was plain that he must set up a lure to bring the ferocious fowl swoopin' down again. Paul Bunyan fixed a lure by pluckin' a colossal cattail from the riverbank and bindin' it to the pore stump left to Dublin. The dog whimpered, and he shed more tears at such a fake of a tail. He felt disgraced, indade, to have a cattail foisted on such a tremenjus dog as himself, and would have stuck it betwixt his hind legs and crept off in shame. But Paul Bunyan spoke to him sternlike, and Dublin, obejient wire-haired terror that he was, set up and took notice, flourishin' the shameful fake of a tail to please his master.

Well, the fake fooled the terrible turkey, which had no more brains than the small gobblers of our own time. Soon there was the mutter again, and then the thunder. A coppery streak bolted down from the blue sky, and the false tail was snipped up like lightnin'. So fast was it grabbed and gobbled that Paul Bunyan's scatter-cannon would have been no use at all, had not the terrible turkey gone red with wrath over the deceit played on him. He stopped in mid-air to spit the cattail out of his beak, and also to strut and pout—and that was the chance for the great hunter to bring him down.



For two seconds Paul Bunyan took careful aim. The terrible turkey hovered low, and so was on a level with Paul Bunyan's shoulders. While he hovered, he puffed and swelled, the terrible turkey did, till only his wattles showed like flames from his ruffles of coppery feathers. His wrathful gobbles sounded like the stormiest thunder now. The wing tail of him, spread like a windmill, whirled slow, just holdin' him above the trees.

Paul Bunyan's aim was set. He squeezed the trigger, and the forty-seven barrels roared as one cannon. The balls whistled and screamed, powder smoke fogged up like a storm cloud, the earth shook, the timber shivered, and waves rolled over the river from the mighty blast of Paul Bunyan's scatter-cannon. The terrible turkey took alarm in an instant, so he did.



The cloud of balls was hardly out of the muzzles before he was off at full speed, his side wings spread, his wing tail a whirlin' blur again, his body a red-headed coppery streak

"A second too late," groaned Paul Bunyan. "He's outflyin' my cannon balls. A curse on me now for bein' too careful and slow!"

The terrible turkey was gone. The streak and blur of him disappeared around the curve of the river. The cloud of cannon balls curved after him, but slower, and they were soon left behind.

Paul Bunyan was like to give up at that. He was minded to turn his back on the huntin' woods at once and return to his loggers with an empty bag. Never had he been so grieved, to know that this year he could give his loggers no fine Christmas dinner.

Dublin stood by him and licked his hand, tryin', pore dog, to wag the stub of a tail which was left to him.

"So we must go back, Dublin," said Paul Bunyan sadly, "without even a mince for the loggers. Dear, oh, dear, and such a curse!"

He swung his gun over his shoulder to go. Just then the terrible turkey thundered down the river again. It was roarin' thunder indade this trip, for the fowl had his wing tail whirlin' at the speed limit. Down the river he curved, and was gone. And now, from away back up the river, sounded the whistle and screech of the cannon balls, too slow indade for that feathered thunderbolt. Paul Bunyan blushed with shame to see them so far behind.

Now they were beginnin' to fall. White spouts of water and foam gushed up from the river as the cannon balls dropped, the spray flashin' in the sunlight, makin' rainbows bright to see. But Paul Bunyan took no joy in the sight. He was ashamed to think that his cannon balls were so slow that the terrible turkey might catch 'em from behind in the great circle of the river.

Paul Bunyan raised his eyes, to look behind the cannon balls which still whistled and whined down the river. And now Paul Bunyan got a hope, a flimsy and scrawny hope, but he needed no more. Paul Bunyan was that kind of man.

"Up and ready, Dublin!" he roared. "Sic 'em, boy! Up the river!"

That was enough for Dublin. What was up the wire-haired terror didn't know, but he lepped upriver. And with that Paul Bunyan threw up his scatter-cannon with the forty-seven barrels of it curved like a hoop, and he let fly. After the terrible turkey? Not

at all. Sure he'd tried that once. The bird was too fast for that. Paul turned his back and fired in the opposite direction. For when he'd said to Dublin, "*Up* the river, boy," he'd bent the forty-seven barrels to the other side. Down the river curved the big bird and was gone. So *up* the river curved the shot, whistlin' and screechin'. And Dublin after them.

There was a great sound as the terrible turkey flew head on into them new cannon balls. Feathers flew in clouds, and the river boiled and foamed as the cannon balls splashed down. The terrible turkey fell, but in a great rainbow curve, for his speed carried him on, turnin' him over and over, while the dog lepped in frantic chase of him.

Paul Bunyan, runnin' after both, saw the terrible turkey sail down like a coppery cloud, while Dublin



lunged up like a black-spotted white cloud to meet him. The great hunter reached the death-grapple just in time. With one snap Dublin had taken off the terrible turkey's head in return for his tail and was goin' after the rest of him. Paul Bunyan had to grope his way to the dog through a snowstorm of feathers, but he got there in time.

Dublin soon had the terrible turkey well plucked. And when Paul Bunyan saw the royal drumsticks of the fowl, the rich meat of his breast, the grandeur of his giblets, and all the rest, his gladness was so great that he was like to shed tears of joy.

"Would you but look at the drumsticks of him, Dublin!" cried Paul Bunyan. "What logger would ask for a rabbit stew, deer steak, or cinnamon bear roast when he can have such fine eatin' as this for his Christmas dinner? Tender and plump, juicy and drip-pin', crisped to a fine golden brown, stuffed till he bulges, this monster of a bird will be enough for twice seven hun'erd men. Here is the meat for the finest Christmas dinner ever heard of; yes, sir!"

Yet Dublin looked troubled. And Paul Bunyan knew why.

"Never mind," said the great logger cheerily. "I'll invent a recipe for mincemeat which will beat that from the mutterin' minces of the Round River woods. You leave it to me, Dublin."

And so Paul Bunyan did. He invented such fine mincemeat that cooks have used it ever since, and minces are never hunted any more for their meat at all. And the dinner from the terrible turkey was so ravishin' to Paul Bunyan's seven hun'erd men that they took his breastbone and made a mountain out of it, to stand forever as a moniment to the first Christmas

turkey dinner. And so we have had turkey dinners for Christmas ever since. To be sure, they are not terrible turkeys nowadays, for Paul Bunyan glued up the tails of all the young ones of the turkey tribe, and soon they had forgot how to fly with any but their side wings. But even our tame turkeys of today will pout and strut and spread their stiff tails, just like the terrible turkey of old. And their tails look like windmills, but never can the tails twist and turn to make turkeys fly like lightnin' and thunder. Nor can our tame turkeys bite off dogs' tails, but they will peck at them every chance they get, in memory of what the daddy of 'em all used to do.

There is a bit of sadness to remember, too. For the rabbit was made a coward by the loss of the tail with which he choked panthers in the old times, and the rabbit roars no more. Nor did deer, bobcats, and bears ever grow fine tails again. Neither do you see tails worth the mention on wire-haired terriers, these tiny descendants of Dublin, the tremendous terror who follied the first great hunter of the woods.

But sure it was worth it all to discover the glory of turkey for Christmas dinner. For that you must ever remember Paul Bunyan.

Old Larrity was silent. Jeff stroked his dog's head and stared out into the tall timber. Now, here in the autumn woods, he could imagine that he was Paul Bunyan and that Mike the pup was Dublin, a wire-haired terror as tall as a tree.

A Nautical Extravaganza

by WALLACE IRWIN

I STOOD one day by the breezy bay
A-watching the ships go by,
When a tired tar said, with a shake of his head:
"I wisht I could tell a lie!"

"I've seen some sights as would jigger yer lights,
And they've jiggered me own, in sooth,
But I ain't wuth a darn at spinnin' a yarn
What wanders away from the truth.

"We were out in the gig, the *Rigagajig*,
Jest a mile and a half to sea,
When Capting Snook, with a troubled look,
He came and he says to me:

"O Bos'n Smith, make haste forthwith
And hemstitch the fo'ard sail;
Accordion pleat the dory sheet,
For there's going to be a gale!"

"I straightway did as the capting bid—
No sooner the job was through
When the north wind, whoof, bounced over the roof,
And, murderin' lights, she blew!

"She blew the tars right off the spars,
And the spars right off the mast;
Sails and pails and anchors and nails
Flew by on the wings o' the blast.

"The galley shook as she blew our cook
Straight out o' the porthole glim,
While pots and pans, kettles and cans
Went clatterin' after him.

"She blew the fire from our gallant stove
And the coal from our gallant bin;
She whistled apace past the captin's face
And blew the beard off his chin!

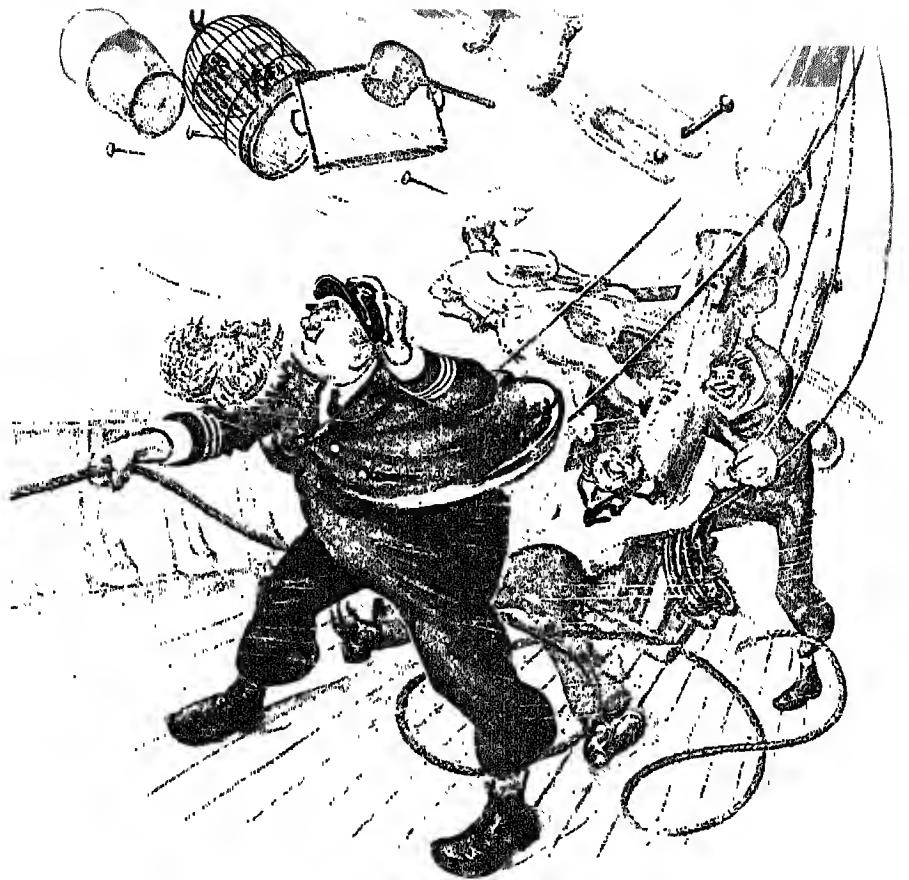
" 'O wizzel me dead!' the captin said
(And the words blew out of his mouth);
'We're lost, I fear, if the wind don't veer
And blow a while from the south.'

"And wizzel me dead, no sooner he'd said
Them words that blew from his mouth,
Than the wind switched round with a hurricane sound
And blew straight in from the south.

"We opened our eyes with a wild surprise,
And never a word to say—
In changin' her tack the wind blew back
The things that she'd blew away!

"She blew the tars back onto the spars,
And the spars back onto the mast;
Back flew the pails, the sails, and the nails,
Which into the ship stuck fast.

"And 'fore we could look she blew back the cook
Straight into the galley coop;
Back dropped the pans, the kettles, and cans,
Without even spillin' the soup.



"She blew the fire back into the stove
Where it burnt in its proper place—
And all of us cheered as she blew the beard
Back on the captin's face.

"There's more o' me tale," said the sailor hale,
"As would jigger yer lights, in sooth,
But I ain't wuth a darn at spinnin' a yarn
What wanders away from the truth."

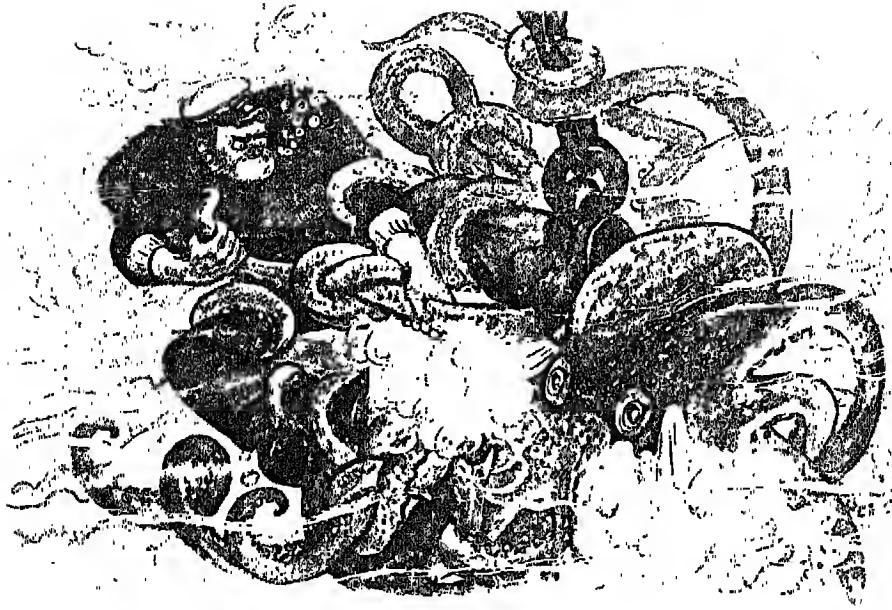
How Old Stormalong Whitened the Cliffs of Dover

by CARL CARMER

ONE name that all good salts recognize with affection and respect is that of the super-able seaman, bosun extra-peculiar, Old Stormalong—the biggest man that ever shipped before a mast, the most powerful deep-water sailor who ever holystoned a deck. I've heard tell he was born in New Bedford, but some folks claim he came from Barnstable or Wellfleet or some other one of those Cape Cod towns.

The first time Alfred Bulltop Stormalong attracted considerable attention to himself was when the boat he was on went out for whales and anchored somewhere in the North Atlantic. Stormie was bosun then. The lookout saw what looked like a school of whales off on the horizon, and Stormie ordered all hands for'ard to hoist the mudhook. His men heaved and heaved, but they couldn't get that anchor off the bottom. It would give a bit, and then something would pull it back down. Once they got it so far up, though, that they could see what was causing the difficulty. A giant octopus had satcheled onto the hook and was holdin' on for dear life with a dozen legs while his other dozen kept tight hold on the bottom.

Well, before you could say Jack Robinson, Old Stormalong dived overboard right on top of that octopus. Then there was a rollin' and a boilin' such as nobody ever saw in midocean before. The boat stood on her beam ends and pitched and tossed like



she was in the middle of the great-granddaddy of all the Atlantic squalls. Then, all of a sudden, everything was calm again, and up came Old Stormie from the bottom of the sea. He grabbed the anchor chain and came swinging aboard hand over hand.

"Lift her now," he said, as calm as you please, and the anchor came up as though it had been greased. "That fellow won't be troublin' another ship in quite awhile," he went on. "I tied every one of his arms in a different kind o' sailor knot, and he'll be a long time untyin' 'em."

Old Stormalong got sort of bored with seagoin' after that voyage. He said no boat was big enough for him, and he bought an inland farm over between Pittsfield and Holyoke. Folks out that way say his farm was so rich that if you planted tenpenny nails in it at night, they'd spring up crowbars in the morn-

ing. He had as fine a crop o' young colts as there was in the state, and he got them all in three days' time just by plantin' horsehairs down on the south forty in the dark of the moon. . . .

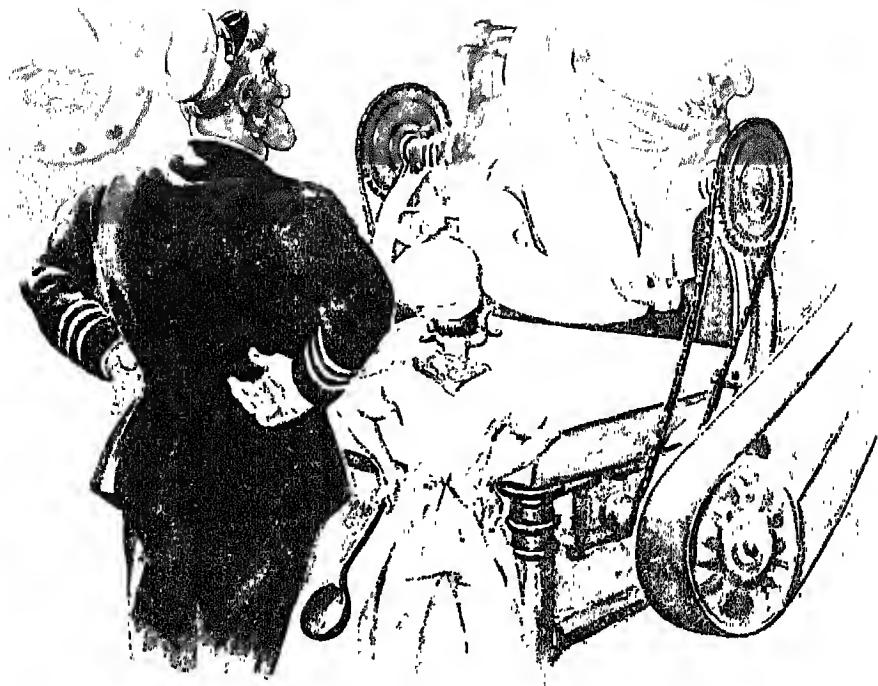
Old Stormalong got pretty homesick for the smells of the sea and the fo'c'sle before he'd been on land very long. So he sold his farm and set out for the Massachusetts coast. He hit salt water just a bit to the north of Boston harbor, and when he got there, he could just hear a sailorman's chantey coming across the water from far out to sea. It was the crew of the *Courser*, the biggest boat in the universe—so big, in fact, that it couldn't get into Boston harbor. It had anchored way outside and was unloading a cargo onto regular-sized boats for them to bring in. No sooner did Old Stormie hear of it than he plunged into the waves and began swimming toward it.

Well, when Old Stormie climbed aboard hand over hand on the anchor chain, the captain took one look at him and said, "It's Old Stormalong. You take the boat, Stormie. I'll rest a voyage home."

And so Stormie became captain of the *Courser*, and they put out to sea.

Now the *Courser*'s masts were so tall they had to be hinged so that the top sections could be let down when the moon or the sun went by. Her sails were so big that the only flat place large enough for them to be made was the Sahara Desert. And she was so big all over that she had to stay out in one of the oceans because no harbor could hold her.

Her rigging featured four topsail yards on the bowsprit, with the halyards leading down through a groove in the keel, up through the stern windows, and hitched to the first mate's geranium box. Her



windlass was satinwood inlaid with sea horses, and her galley was furnished with a Franklin County galley-sliding, telescopic stovepipe made of hard rubber, and with a machine for making sea-foam taffy candy for the sailors. Besides her regular rigging, she flew a sail something like a kite, called a "sky-fungarorum," which is set in light weather about seventy-five feet above the main truck and made fast by a double-running hitch under the binnacle and aft, through the galley, to the cookstove.

When the *Courser* got to midocean on that voyage, she ran into the worst hurricane in the last hundred years. Twenty-seven men working at the wheel couldn't keep her on her course, and by the time the blow was over and Old Stormie had figured out her

position by navigation, she was in the North Sea and southbound. The *Courser* was too big to turn around in the North Sea, and the only chance she had of getting back into free deep water was by running through the English Channel, and that looked too narrow to let her through.

"All hands over to soap the sides," yelled Old Stormalong. "Soap her extra heavy on the starboard."

Then Stormie took the wheel himself and eased her through. The Dover Cliffs scraped off every bit of soap on the starboard side—that's why they've been so white and shining ever since—and the *Courser* lost a little paint; but she came through, and Stormie let her run south for the Gulf of Mexico. It was while he was down there that he took sick from eatin' six sharks for breakfast and died from indigestion. The boys sewed him up in an extra mainsail and slipped him overboard.

They say the water raised three inches in those parts when he settled down to the bottom.

Storm Along, John!

(OLD SEA CHANTEY)

STORMIE's gone, that good old man,
To my way, hay, storm along, John!
Stormie's gone, that good old man,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

They dug his grave with a silver spade,
To my way, hay, storm along, John!
His shroud of finest silk was made,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

They lowered him with a silver chain,
To my way, hay, storm along, John!
Their eyes all dim with more than rain,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

An able sailor, bold and true,
To my way, hay, storm along, John!
A good old bosun to his crew,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

He's moored at last and furled his sail,
To my way, hay, storm along, John!
No danger now from wreck or gale,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

I wish I was old Stormie's son,
To my way, hay, storm along, John!
I'd build me a ship of a thousand ton,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

I'd sail this wide world round and round,
To my way, hay, storm along, John!
With plenty of money I would be found,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

Old Stormie's dead and gone to rest,
To my way, hay, storm along, John!
Of all the sailors he was the best
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

Neighbors Around the World



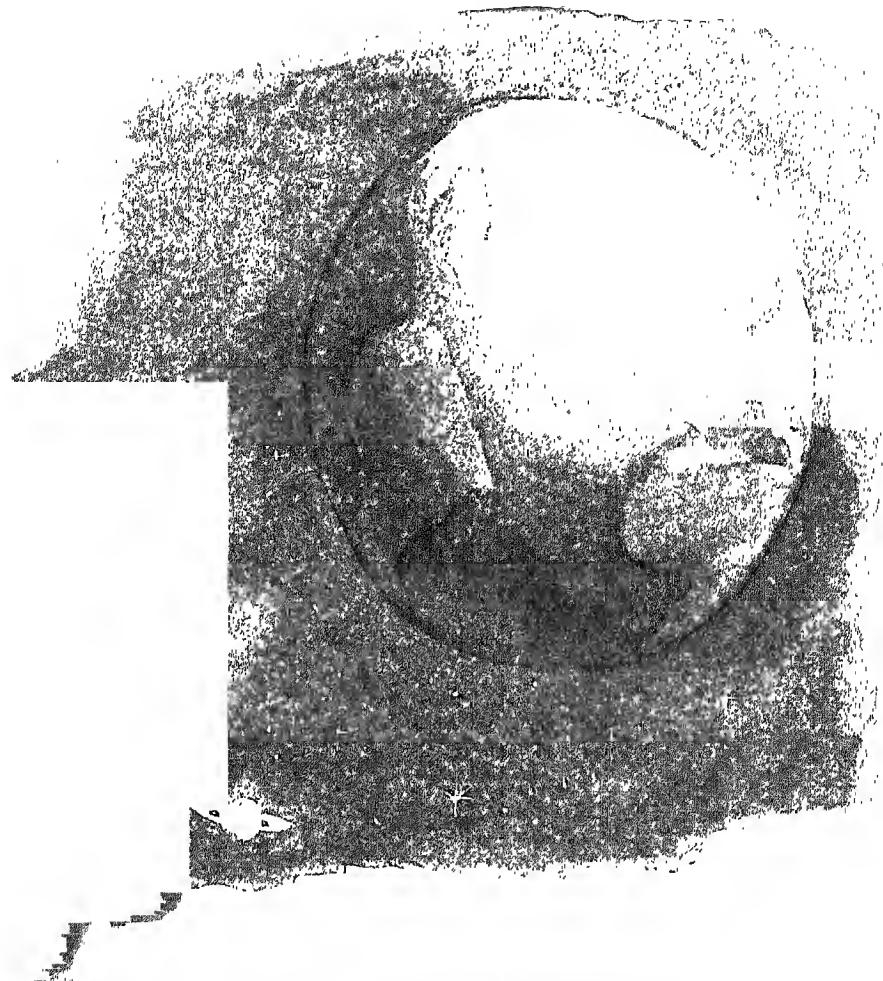
On the Moon

by EUNICE TIETJENS

IF I were living on the moon
Among the frozen mountains there,
And turned my face up in the night
To stand and stare,

I'd see our own earth in the sky
Just as we see the moon from here,
But bigger, ten times bigger, bright
And shining clear.





It would be turning slowly round,
And I could see the countries pass,
Shadows on silver, crisp and sharp,
As frost on glass.

America and Europe, too,
Asia and Africa I'd see.
They would be beautiful and dear,
And strange—oh, strange to me!

Cousin Kate from Budapest

by KATE SEREDY

JANCSI was up bright and early that morning and at work milking the cows. He was so excited he couldn't stay in bed. For today Cousin Kate was coming. She was the only cousin he had, and she was a city girl. A real city girl from Budapest. Ever since the letter came from his uncle, Jancsi had been the proudest boy on the big Hungarian plain. He was the only boy in the neighborhood who had a cousin in the city. And she was coming today, to stay for a long time. Father had told Jancsi what was in the letter. It said that Kate had had the measles last winter. Jancsi had never had the measles—he thought it must be something wonderful to have. And she was delicate, the letter said, too, so she was coming to the country. A *delicate* city cousin, who had had the *measles*—that was something.

If it were only Sunday, they would go to church and he could tell everybody about her. Sunday was the only time when Jancsi saw anyone outside his own family. Father had a ranch, with thousands of sheep, horses, cows, and pigs. He had chickens and ducks and geese; he even had donkeys; but he didn't have enough children to suit Jancsi. It got *so* lonesome for poor Jánksi, he would have given ten horses for a brother. He had it all figured out—he would give a donkey for even a sister. Not horses, just a donkey.

The ranch was miles and miles from the village. It was too far to walk, and they were too busy to

drive on weekdays. So, although Jancsi was ten years old and quite a man, if you asked his opinion, he had never been to school, and he did not know how to read or write. The ranch was the only reality to him—the world outside was just a fairy story. Jancsi thought that houses in Budapest were made of gold and had diamond windows. All the city people rode around on pure white horses and wore silk gowns. Cousin Kate would have golden curls, rosy cheeks, big blue eyes; she would wear a white silk flowing gown, and her voice would be like honey. Now—Jancsi is off in dreamland—some day a dragon will capture her, and it will be up to Jancsi to go to the rescue.

"Moo-o-o!" bellowed something close to him. And crash-bang went Jancsi together with the milking-stool. He sat and blinked. Málí, the mottled cow, looked at him with reproachful eyes. Reality closed around the hero—oh, yes, here he was in the barn, milking the cow.

"Jancsi! Ja-a-ncsi-i! Hurry up with the milk or you'll be late for the train!" It was his mother's voice calling from the house. He scrambled to his feet, scowled at Málí, and picking up the full pails made his way back to the kitchen. Mother took the milk from him. "I'll strain it today, Jancsi. You eat your breakfast and get dressed. And get a good scrub—why, you're all full of mud!"

Jancsi kept his back out of Mother's sight—the seat of his white pants would need explaining. He gulped down his bread and milk. Then, backing out of the kitchen, he ran to the well. He filled a wooden bucket with the icy water and, stripping off his clothes, stepped into it. With great splutters and groans he



scrubbed himself. Then he took a bit of salt from a mug and scrubbed his teeth with his fingers. Squirt-ing out the salty water, he set a new long-distance record; he even paused long enough to gaze at it admiringly and mark the spot with a stone.

"Can spit almost as far as Father," he muttered with pride.

He ran back to the house. His very best Sunday clothes were all laid out on the bench, near the big white stove—his embroidered shirt, the wide pleated pants, his shiny black boots. He put them on. Then with a sigh of satisfaction he put on his hat and strutted out. He heard the wagon—time to go!

When he saw the wagon drive up to the door, he gave a whoop of joy. Father had harnessed his four black horses with the very best brass-studded harness. Each horse had a big bunch of geraniums fastened to the headband, and long streamers of gayly colored

ribbons floated in the breeze. He jumped up next to Father, and off they went down the long poplar-lined lane leading to the main road.

It was early April, and fields and pastures were a fresh pale green. The poplars stood like solemn sentinels, whispering to the wind. Father was a man of few words; men never spoke, he believed, unless they had something important to say. Gossip was only for the womenfolks. Jancsi was quiet, too, busy with his own thoughts. He was going to the town for the first time in his life—he would see a train. Trains were a mystery to him. One of the shepherds had told him trains were fire-eating dragons; they roared, and snorted black smoke.

Soon they left the open country and entered the long village street. The village was always interesting; so Jancsi began to look around. Father turned to him. "I'll stop at the store to buy some tobacco. You hold the reins, Jancsi."

Jancsi slid over to Father's seat and grabbed the reins. He sat there, head up, shoulders erect, looking straight ahead.

Father came down the store steps, stuffing his pipe. Jancsi prayed for a miracle. If Father would only let him drive. . . !

The miracle came. Father walked around the wagon and, getting up next to Jancsi, said, "Let's see how you handle wagon and four!"

So Jancsi drove through the village like a king in a golden coach. The clouds of white dust around the horses' hoofs were like star dust to him. The glittering horses' hoofs were made of diamonds. Everything looked new and beautiful to him today. The endless rows of snow-white houses with their gayly

painted doors and shutters were like pearls in a row. The geraniums in the windows were a brighter red than ever. The church seemed taller, the grass greener. He flipped his whip impatiently at the barking dogs and almost rode over a flock of honking geese slowly plodding across the street. Then they were in the open country again. It was almost noon; the spring sun beat down on the shimmering fields.

Father pointed ahead. "See those houses and chimneys? That's the town and the station." Jancsi was all eyes and ears now. Soon the wagon was rattling on the cobbled street. They passed lots of buildings, and there were a great many people walking around. Father told him where to stop and, after the horses were hitched to a post, said, "Well done, boy!" This made Jancsi feel still better. Praises from Father were few and far between, but they were all the more satisfying.

Walking through the station, they came to the platform. "Those long shiny snakes are rails, Son; the train travels on them. It'll be here soon now."

Jancsi heard a great rumbling, snorting, and pounding in the distance. He felt the platform shake under his feet. Casting a frightened look at his father, he saw that Father wasn't afraid; so it must be all right. Then he saw a black monster rushing around the curve. It must be the dragon. It had an immense eye glittering in the sunshine. Vicious-looking black teeth, close to the ground. And black smoke poured out of its head. Then it gave a shrill scream, blew white smoke out of its ears, and came to a groaning halt. Men jumped down, opened the doors of the funny little black houses. Jancsi waited with eyes round and shiny like big black cherries. He expected

to see people in silks and velvets, glorious people. But not one of them had good clothes on; they were just everyday people dressed in drab grays and browns. Then he heard someone shouting, "Márton Nagy! Is Márton Nagy here?"

Father yelled back, "Here! Márton Nagy!" A man hurried toward them, dragging a little girl with him. Just any kind of little girl, with plain black hair, a smudgy face, and skinny legs.

"Well, thank goodness, you're here," said the man, wiping his forehead. "Here, take this—this imp, this unspeakable little devil—take her and welcome." He pushed the girl to Father. "Never again in my life will I take care of girls. I'm a self-respecting railroad guard; I handle anything from baggage to canaries; but I'd rather travel with a bag of screaming monkeys than her, any time." He gave her a final push. "Here's your uncle; he'll take care of you now. G'by and—good luck to you, Mister Nagy!"

All this tirade left Jancsi and Father speechless. Here was Kate, looking as meek as Moses, but evidently something was wrong with her. Father bent down and said, "Well, Kate, I am your Uncle Márton, and this is Jancsi, your cousin. We'll take you home now."

Cousin Kate looked up. Her dirty little face broke into a grin. "Oh, but you look funny!" she cried. "And I thought my cousin was a boy, and she's nothing but a girl!"

"But, Kate," said Father, "can't you see he's a boy?"

"I only see that she has skirts on and an embroidered blouse. Nobody's wearing embroidered blouses this season; they're out of style!"

Jancsi just began to realize that this dirty, skinny little girl in the plain blue dress was his cousin. He felt cheated—that was bad enough—but she called Father “funny” and said he was a *girl*—that was really too much! With fists clenched, chin stuck out, he advanced toward Kate. “I am a girl, am I? . . . I’m funny, am I? . . . I’ll show you!”

Kate was ready. She dropped her bag, took a threatening step toward Jancsi. They were face to face now, tense, poised, like two little bantam roosters, ready to settle the argument on the spot. Suddenly Father’s hearty laugh broke the tension. “You two little monkeys,” he cried, “now I’ll tell you that you are both funny! Stop this nonsense, both of you. Jancsi! Gentlemen don’t fight girls. Come on, we’ll go home.”

He grabbed their hands, and still laughing, walked



to the baggage room. Jancsi and Kate had no choice —they had to go; but at least they could make faces at each other behind his back. The fight was not over; it was just put off for the moment.

When they reached the wagon, there was more trouble. Kate declared that since the wagon had no top, she'd get a sunstroke. It didn't have cushions on the seat, so she'd break to pieces. She told Father to "phone" for a "taxicab."

"I'll wash your mouth out with soap, if you swear at my father!" cried Jancsi. *Phone* and *taxicab* sounded like swearing to him.

"She wasn't swearing, Jancsi," said Father; "she is just talking city language. *Phone* is a little black box; you can talk into it, and people many miles away hear you. *Taxicab* is a horseless wagon city people travel in." He turned to Kate. "We haven't any taxicabs here, Kate; so come on, hop on the seat."

Kate shook her head. "I will not. Ride in this old wagon indeed! Why, everybody will laugh at me."

Father's patience was fast wearing out. He just grabbed Kate under the arms and lifted her into the seat before she knew what had happened. "Come on, Son; we can't waste the whole day. You sit on the outside so she won't fall off."

They both got on the wagon. Kate almost disappeared between them. Father was a very big man, and Jancsi a big husky boy for his age. But what Kate lacked in size, she made up in temper. When she realized what had happened, she turned into a miniature whirlwind. She kicked and screamed, she pinched Jancsi, she squirmed like a "bag of screaming monkeys."

"Father, the man was right; she's a bag of scream-

ing monkeys!" said Jancsi, half angry, half amused, holding on to Kate.

Father was busy holding the horses in check. They were respectable farm horses, not used to the unpleasant sounds Kate managed to make. Soon they left the town and were traveling at a fast clip on the country road. Little by little Kate subsided. The long trip in the train and all the excitement were beginning to wear her out. She looked around. She saw the great Hungarian plain unfold before her eyes. Something in her was touched by the solemn beauty of it. Its immense grassy expanses unbroken by mountains or trees, shimmering under the spring sun. The dark blue sky, cloudless, like an inverted blue bowl. Herds of grazing sheep, like patches of snow. No sound, save the soft thud of the horses' hoofs on the white dusty road, and now and then the distant tinkle of sheep's bells, or the eerie sound of a shepherd's flute, the *tilinkó*. At times these plains, called the *puszta*, are the very essence of timeless calm. At times the *puszta* wakes up and resembles an ocean in a storm. Clouds, so low it seems you can reach up and touch them, gather above. Hot winds roar over the waving grass. Frightened herds stampede, bellowing and crying. But calm or stormy, it is magnificent. Its people are truly children of the soil, they are like the *puszta* itself. Good-natured, calm, smiling, they, like the plain, can be aroused to violent emotions.

Kate did not know all this, but she was touched by the greatness and calm of it. She was very quiet now. Jancsi looked at her and touched Father's shoulder. They smiled at each other—she seemed asleep. Jancsi felt almost sorry for her now, she

was so little and thin, so funny with her dirty little face. "Like a kitten," he thought, "the poor little kitten I found after the storm." He moved, to give her more room. She leaned heavily against him, her head nodding. He didn't see her face now; didn't see the slow impish grin, the awakening mischief in her eyes. He moved a little more, balancing on the edge of the seat. "Poor little kitten," he thought again—and "poor little kitten" suddenly gave him a hearty push which sent him off the wagon like a bag of flour. He landed in the dusty road, resembling a bag of flour indeed. He hurt something awful where he landed; it was the same spot Máli the cow had kicked that morning. Through the dust he saw the wagon come to a stop.

Father jumped down and, reaching Jancsi, began to feel his arms and legs for broken bones. "You great big baby," he scolded. "You want to ride wild horses? Can't even stay on a wagon!"

"Hey! Hey! Father! Stop Kate! Look, Father!" Jancsi yelled, struggling away from Father.

There was Kate, standing bolt upright on the seat, reins and whip in hand. She was grinning from ear to ear.

"Pushed you off, didn't I, little girl? Catch me if you can!" She whipped the horses, screaming at them, "Gee, git up, git up!" This was too much for one day, even for the horses. They lunged forward and broke into a wild gallop.

Father, shocked speechless for a moment, grabbed Jancsi by the arm.

"Come on, Son, we've got to catch this screaming monkey before the horses break their legs or she breaks her neck!"

They ran, panting and choking in the hot dust.
The wagon was almost out of sight now.

"Got-to-get-horses!" panted Father.

"We-could-catch-two from the herd here!" choked Jancsi, pointing to the herd they had passed that morning. They jumped the fence and were among the surprised horses before the animals became alarmed.

"Run with the horse, Son," cried Father. "Run with it, grab its mane, and swing!"

Exciting moments followed. They were used to



horses, but this was hard business, without rope or halter. Jancsi singled out a young chestnut horse. The animal reared, shied, baring his teeth, and started to run. But Jancsi's hands were already clutching his mane. The horse broke into a wild run, Jancsi clinging to him for dear life. He was carried like a piece of cloth, almost flying beside the horse. With a supreme effort he pulled himself up. Clutching his legs around the animal's neck, he reached forward to pull its nose down. Horse and rider were a mass of plunging, snorting animation. Jancsi was dizzy, but he gritted his teeth and hung on. Then he heard Father's voice through the tumult. "Let him run, and guide with your knees. Come on, *csikos*, you're a real son of mine!"

Slowly the horse quieted down. Jancsi pulled him around and headed for the fence. Father was riding a big mare, waving to him to follow. Soon they were traveling side by side—hot, dirty, exhausted, and, judging by Father's face, madder than hornets. They rode through the village without stopping to ask questions. The poplars on the ranch road whizzed past them.

There was the house now! There was Mother at the gate, waving madly with one hand. With her other hand she was clutching the blue skirts of a dancing, struggling little imp—a dirty, disheveled but grinning little girl—Cousin Kate from Budapest!

While Kate told her story, Jancsi cast half-amused, half-admiring glances at her. She might be just a plain little girl, but she certainly wasn't a sissy.

She was sitting in Mother's ample and protective lap, looking once more like a sleepy kitten. Father

was very angry at first, but he was so relieved to see her alive, he just couldn't stay angry.

"We were going almost as fast as Ben Hur in the movies," Kate said. "Only I lost those long strings tied to the horses and then I had to sit down; I had nothing to hang on to. And the chariot was swaying so, I got dizzy!" She kept on calling the wagon a "chariot." Jancsi didn't like it; it sounded almost as bad as *taxicab*. "Then we came to a long street with houses. Men in petticoats, like yours, Jancsi, came running out of the houses. They were all yelling, but couldn't stop the horses. But after a while the horses got tired running, an' I was sick to my stomach anyway; so I crawled back and lay down on the straw, and went to sleep."

"The poor mite was still sleeping when I found her," said Mother. "I saw the wagon turn in at the gate without a living soul on it. The horses were heading for the stable. I ran out. There was a girl curled up in the straw! When I woke her up, she started to jabber a lot of nonsense about 'chariots' and 'Ben Hurs' and Uncle Márton and Jancsi. 'Glory be,' I said, 'are you Cousin Kate from Budapest?' I picked her up and brought her in! The very idea, leaving a delicate child alone in the wagon with four wild horses!"

"Leaving—what's this?" cried Father, but Kate broke in hurriedly, "And then we saw you and Jancsi riding like the devil was after you!"

"Only it was the other way round—we were riding after the devil!" said Father. "Luckily the horses had sense enough to bring you home. But listen, my girl, you are rather a wolf in sheep's clothing!"

"M-m-m," said Kate with satisfaction. "I know. That's what Father always said. Oh! He sent you a

letter!" She reached down into her blouse and produced an envelope.

Father read the letter aloud:

My dear Brother:

I feel guilty for misleading you, so forgive me. My dear daughter Kate had the measles, and she is delicate and in need of fresh country air—all this is true. But she is more than delicate. She is the most impossible, incredible, disobedient, headstrong little imp. And she needs more than fresh air—she needs a strong hand! Pray don't let her innocent face take you in; when she looks like an angel, she's contemplating something disastrous. She is beyond me. I confess I have spoiled her since her blessed mother died. You always had a good hand with wild young things—your people always called you the Good Master; so I send Kate to you. I'll miss her terribly, but this is the best thing I can do for her.

So forgive me, Márton, and try to put a halter on my wild colt.

Your loving brother,
Sándor

There was a long silence. Everybody looked at Kate. She, with her eyes cast down demurely, was the very picture of innocence.



Lofoten Adventure

by NEILL JAMES

FAR within the Arctic Circle, off the rugged coastline of northern Norway, a group of mountainous islands jut from the blue fiords. Outlined against a background of the flashing aurora borealis, they form a colorful setting for the miracle which takes place there each spring—the coming of the cod. Just before the invasion of Norway by the Germans in 1940, I visited these islands—the Lofotens.

It was January when I left off tenting with the nomad Laplanders in Arctic Scandinavia and sailed around the North Cape to see the famous fishing fleet in action and to go fishing myself. I stopped off in Svolvaer, the picturesque capital of the islands. The city is built around a curve of a fiord. I was impressed by the neatly painted houses nestling among

giant rocks at the foot of high peaks which hedged the town in on three sides. Masts of many boats, roofs of houses, and white mountain peaks blended into one picture. A large fishermen's church, set on a promontory, dominated the life of the town. Citizens went about on sleds, skis, and ice skates in this up-to-date town, which had a movie theater, telephones, and radios as well as modern shops.

During the fishing season Svolvaer's population of three thousand increased to ten thousand. Already the crooked, snow-covered streets were crowded with husky Norsemen in dark woolens or shiny yellow oil-skins—the typical costume of the Lofot fisherman. They crowded the piers, milled around the streets, and overflowed into shops and eating places. Women were a rare sight.

This scene was duplicated in other hamlets wedged in between the foot of cliffs and the sea throughout



the islands. Sheltered harbors were crowded with vessels, and still the fishermen continued to arrive in little single-masted motorboats. By the end of January some fifty thousand men had found living quarters, mended tackle and nets, arranged for a supply of bait, and readied their boats. Now they awaited the coming of the codfish.

Housing was a problem when Lofoten's population of thirty thousand more than doubled. Some men lived on their boats, and from January through April the lights from the fishing craft presented the aspect of a great city at nightfall. Other men bunked with relatives or friends or lived in rooming houses. But the solution of the shelter problem for the majority was the *rorbu*, a small barracklike house equipped with a potbellied stove and from six to ten built-in bunks attached high on the walls. An anteroom served as storehouse for equipment, clothing, nets, hooks, and bait. *Rorbus* were usually built very near, or extending over, the water. Since the islands are treeless, fuel is expensive. Men often brought bundles of wood from home. They also brought sufficient food to last until the first catch of fish.

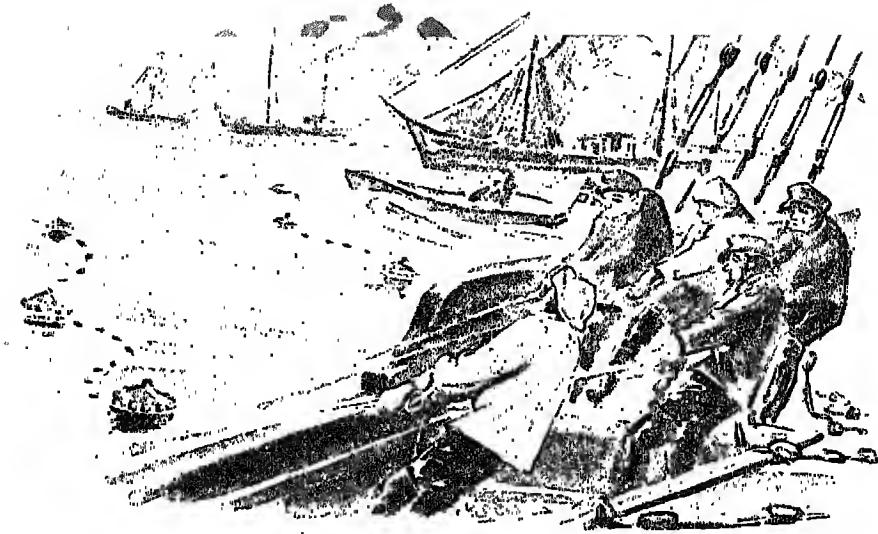
The warm waters of the Gulf Stream sweep north along the coast of Norway. Millions of codfish forsake the safety of the cold Atlantic Ocean and swim north during February, March, and April to spawn in the warm waters of the fiords which surround the Lofoten Islands. Here the cod find an abundant food supply in the form of the plankton, a tiny plant filled with imprisoned sunshine. Newly hatched cod remain here where food is plentiful until fall, while the older fish which escape the nets and hooks return to the Atlantic Ocean.

At no other place on the globe do such quantities of cod swarm in so small a space. Before the Nazi invasion of Norway the cod industry was of such national importance that it was regulated in every possible way. State hospitals at several points provided free medical service for the fishermen. Special courts were set up in Lofoten to settle disputes regarding fishing rights. The sea was divided, certain areas being allotted to net fishermen, others to hook-and-line fishermen. Neither could invade the waters of the other. These sections were further divided into smaller areas that were set aside for fishermen operating rowboats, small motor-driven craft, and large fast boats. No boat could be put to sea in the morning until a signal was given, and all must cease fishing by 8 P.M. Police, in fast-sailing inspection boats equipped with strong searchlights, patrolled the seas and enforced fishing rules.

At Stamsund I went out with the fishing fleet on the little cutter *Bolgen*, captained by Hans Molaysen. With us were the three Lund brothers, Ivar, Hilmar, and Hakon, who owned "lots" in the boat as crew.

I arrived at their *rorbu* at 5 A.M. The men loaded wooden tubs filled with coiled baited lines on board. The motor purred as we awaited the signal. When it finally sounded, there was a din of chugging engines as each craft of the huge fleet raced to be the first at the fishing grounds. As we emerged from the harbor, the fresh sea air was bitterly cold.

The men, a very jolly lot in gay yellow oilskins, hailed one another as they raced. After an hour's sail, the captain, without hesitation, headed right up to a buoy decorated with orange-colored glass balls which matched similar balls on board the *Bolgen*.



Our fishing lines were placed in parallel positions across the sea and anchored to buoys. Decks were already cleared for action. Tubs of baited hooks were moved aside, and empty tubs were placed in position to receive the line now about to be drawn in.

The captain remained in the steering room, and the crewmen hauled up a weighted three-hundred-foot line to which the trotline was attached. Ivar sat on a stool near a tub, and while a motor-driven winch hauled in the line, he coiled it in the tub. Hilmar and Hakon saw to it that each hook was snapped loose as the cod flopped to the deck. Occasionally the hatch was raised and the cod were dropped below deck.

When our boat was bulging with fish, we hoisted our auxiliary sail and headed for port. While the captain navigated, the crew cleaned fish, separating heads, fish, livers, and roe and placing them in barrels.

Merchants in rowboats darted among the returning craft, buying up the catch. We sold our load to the *Nordkap*, a large merchantman with black sails.

The early catches were packed in ice for shipment abroad, chiefly to England. Nothing was wasted. Tongues were cut from fish heads and smoked. The heads were dried and would be used as food for cattle. Docks were piled with fresh fish, and men in sheds worked making them into clipfish. This was done by slitting the cod in half, removing the backbone, and packing them in layers of salt. This clipfish would be sent to Spain, Portugal, the West Indies, Brazil, and the Argentine.

The principal product of Lofoten is dried cod. The fish, when cleaned, are tied by the tails in pairs and flung over a horizontal pole and left to dry. No salt or preservative is used. The dried cod are stored in warehouses to be graded and packed for shipment. Because dried cod remains sound for years, it used to enjoy a large market in tropical countries.

Every fishing village in the Lofotens had cod-liver oil plants, individually owned. The largest oil plants I saw were at Balstad. The manager of one of these was an Englishman, Mr. Hicks, who had lived in the islands for thirty-five years. When he discovered that a visitor from England was in the region, he cordially invited me to dinner in his apartment, which was in the plant itself. He told me that because of the cold climate, the abundance of fish, and the nearness of the factories to the fishing grounds, the cod-liver oil produced in Lofoten is considered the finest in the world. In a single year, he said, the United States imported from Norway 2,360,000 gallons of cod-liver oil.

I have not seen Mr. Hicks since that dinner at his apartment. But some months after I had returned to England, I heard his voice again this time

over the British radio. With intense surprise and interest I heard him give an eyewitness account of what had happened during a British Commando raid on Balstad.

"My apartment is in my plant," Mr. Hicks said. "I was interrupted at breakfast by the shouts of a factory worker. 'Come quickly! We are surrounded by soldiers!' I went out. Two British soldiers seized me. I was so excited that I talked Norwegian at first. They said, 'Clear everyone out. We're going to dynamite your plant.'

"I told them that it was British-owned, but they said that the Germans were using the oil, just as they had appropriated 80 per cent of the cod catch. The Commandos worked fast. There was a terrific explosion, followed by others as more plants were dynamited. Barrels of cod oil flew high in the air, and flames quickly destroyed the factories."

Mr. Hicks' voice was filled with emotion as he recalled that fearful morning. "While the radio loudspeakers were telling the excited fishermen up and down the islands what was going on, the Commandos, with the coöperation of Norwegian sailors, seized the telegraph station. They sank eleven Nazi patrol ships and captured two hundred German soldiers. They took with them all the Norwegians and their families who wanted to go to England. Three hundred Norwegians and I accepted that invitation."

Like Mr. Hicks I waited patiently in England, filled with the hope that freedom would soon be restored to Norway and that the exiled Lofoten Islanders could return to their home. When that day came, I would go once more to the mountainous islands and sail again with them to their fishing grounds.



Farmer of Paimpol

by CAROL RYRIE BRINK

THE MASTS of a dozen ships could be seen dimly through the mists of a damp February morning in Paimpol. The Breton fishing fleet was ready for the voyage to Iceland, and nearly two hundred of the bravest men of the little town were sailing away to be gone for six months. Six months of rough seas, of ice-coated masts, of sudden gales and blinding snows, of decks reeking with the smell of cod, and hands and garments stiff with salt! There would be nights when the two-masted ships would toss and groan in laboring seas, and days when the monotony of living a half year in one little boat would almost drive men mad, and always there was the danger of sudden, icy death.

Yet Perrik wanted to go. He wanted to go more than he had ever wanted to do anything else. Yann was going this year for the first time on *La Paimpolaise*. It was also the first time that Perrik and Yann had not done everything together. They had been like brothers ever since their fathers had gone down with the *Ste. Anne* on the coast of Iceland many years ago. Little Madame Guélou had lost her husband on the *Ste. Anne*, too, and, having no one left, she had taken the two orphan boys and reared them as her own. The pain of those far-off days had long been forgotten, and Madame Guélou and her boys had been happy.

Madame Guélou was silent now as she stood beside Perrik on the quay and saw Yann make ready to depart. Yann had grown into a great, broad-shouldered lad this year, and he looked very fine in his new blue jersey and oilskins.

"But I am almost as old as he," Perrik said bitterly. "If I had grown faster, they would have taken me, too. It is not right. I could be as useful about a boat as Yann. But instead of that I must be a farmer! A farmer of Paimpol!"

All the bitterness of a race of seafaring men was in Perrik's voice when he said *farmer*. Madame Guélou said nothing, but one of the young men on the boat called out, "Perrik will be raising artichokes," and everybody laughed.

One by one the ships went out of the basin on the full tide and were lost in the gray mist on their long journey to the coast of Iceland.

Madame Guélou touched Perrik's arm, and they turned away from the empty port. They had a long walk out toward the open sea before they reached home.

"If there were something here for me to do," Perrik

said, "there would be some sense in my staying. I am old enough to be a fisherman, as my father was."

"There are many things to do here, Perrik," said Madame Guélou. "With two hundred men gone, there should be more than enough for the few who are left."

They walked on in silence, but before they reached the cottage, Madame Guélou turned aside to a little churchyard, which they had not visited for a long time. There were not many graves, but on the walls were many tablets. The tablets bore the names of men who had been lost at sea, in the *Ste. Anne* and other ships. The names of Perrik's and Yann's fathers were there, along with that of Madame Guélou's husband. The inscriptions on the tablets read: *Perdu en Islande—disparu en mer—qu'ils reposent en paix.*

The words echoed in Perrik's ears as he walked on. "Lost in Iceland—disappeared at sea—may they rest in peace." But it was a brave life all the same—better than staying home. Perhaps next year he could go. There were other words which rang more bitterly in his ears: "Perrik will be raising artichokes."

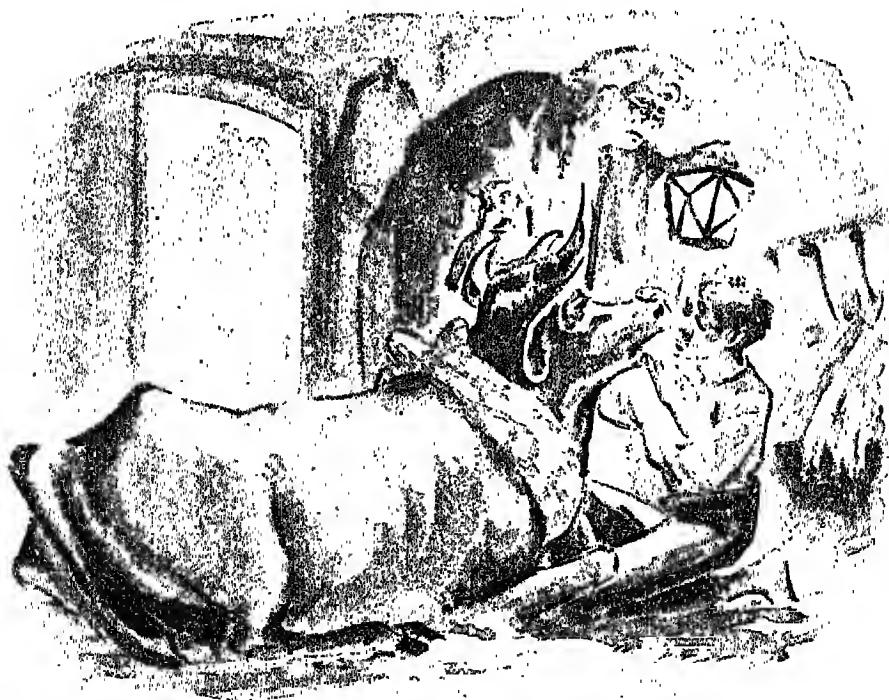
Madame Guélou had a little plot of ground about her cottage, and on it she raised flowers and a few vegetables, which she carried in to market in the summer. She had a cow, too, which Perrik milked for her. It was a very frugal life which they led, and Perrik knew that it had often been difficult for the little woman to feed and clothe her two big boys. Now Yann would be able to contribute to her support, for he would have a percentage of his catch of cod-fish, but Perrik was still considered too young to help. The thought was sharp and bitter in his heart.

The cold mists of February drifted away, and March came in with keen, strong winds from the sea. Perrik

thought of Yann's ship tossing somewhere in dark, foam-laced waters. There would be no news of her until August when the Iceland fishers began to return.

One March night Madame Guélou's cow was taken sick. Perrik noticed at milking time that her head drooped and her hay stood untouched. In the night her mournful bawling reached the cottage, and Perrik and Madame Guélou left their beds and hurried to look at her. Madame heated water and applied what simple remedies she knew, but the cow was no better. The little widow and her boy looked at each other in the yellow lantern light. If the cow died, their living would be poor indeed.

"If only Monsieur Yffiniac were here! He would know what to do. By morning it will be too late."



"I will fetch him," said Perrik. He took the lantern and set off along the dark, long path to Paimpol. It was not an easy walk by day, and on a stormy March night it would have been impossible for Madame Guélou. Perrik used his seaman's sense of direction, together with the flashes from the lighthouse behind him and the scattered lights of Paimpol, to keep him on his course. He brought Monsieur Yffiniac back with him in time to save the cow.

"Ah, Perrik!" cried Madame Guélou, "if you had not been here, we should have lost our cow." Perrik said nothing, but something new began to swell in his heart. Monsieur Yffiniac stayed for morning coffee. He was an old man, too old for the sea, and he was wise in the ways of both sea and land. In the clear morning sunlight he looked about the little patch of farm.

"You have a good place for artichokes here," he said.

"Artichokes!" cried Perrik angrily. Was Monsieur Yffiniac making fun of him, too?

"Yes," said the old man. "They are a great delicacy in Paris, and they say that there is good money in them. I have seen great fields of them growing near St. Pol-de-léon and Roscoff. You have the same kind of soil and climate here. Why don't you try them?"

April and May slipped by, and the stern Breton coast began to blossom into lines of gentleness. Perrik thought of Yann with the dark sea rolling about the ship. The hold would be half full of salted cod by now. The masts might still be white with frost, and the decks would certainly be white with salt. The little china Virgin would still hang smiling be-

hind her lamp in the smoke-stained cabin. It was a brave life, but the first sting of Perrik's disappointment was past. He bent his back in sun and wind over Madame Guélou's little patch of ground, and around him in June billowed a sea of artichokes. They were like big green roses, and Perrik carried them in to market when Madame Guélou carried in her basket of colorful flowers.

At the end of July, Perrik and Madame Guélou had made a tidy profit on the artichokes. So artichokes were not a joke after all! And then early in August the first of the Iceland ships came in. It was not *La Paimpolaise*.

Perrik went into town to see the ships come to dock. He helped unload and weigh the slabs of yellow fish, until his hands were stiff and cracked with salt. News of *La Paimpolaise*? No, she had not been sighted for several months.

This was the uneasy time of year. Old men, women, and children climbed to the high rocks along shore and looked out to sea, straining their eyes for sight of a schooner. One by one the boats returned—all but *La Paimpolaise*.

It was now almost the end of August, and Madame Guélou's wind-browned face grew drawn and lined with anxiety. She and Perrik said little, but Yann's return was always in their minds. When the last of the fishing boats had been in for several days, Madame Guélou made a pilgrimage



to St. Loup le Petit to light a holy candle before the image of the saint. Perrik knew the old tradition of the country, which so many of the women believed, that if the candle flame burned brightly, the son or husband was still safe; if it flickered and went out, he had been lost at sea.

When Madame Guélou returned, her face was relaxed into lines of peace.

"The candle burned, and Yann is safe," she said. But Perrik's faith was not so strong as was Madame Guélou's. He found it hard to sleep at night, knowing that Yann was still at sea. Often he rose and went down to the beach, standing beside the little light that flashed its beacon to the returning ships before they entered the narrow channel that led to the harbor of Paimpol. A very old man, who had long returned from the Iceland fishing, kept the light, and sometimes Perrik wondered how long the old man could continue to keep it, and who would succeed him when he had grown too old.

Toward the end of August, stormy weather blew in from the sea. The pines lashed and groaned in the wind. The waves burst in bombs of spray on the rocks outside the channel and harbor. Inside the harbor the returned ships lay snug and quiet, but *La Paimpolaise* was still missing.

One night Perrik rose in the dark and lighted his lantern. He could not sleep with the sound of wind in the chimney and waves on the beach.



The night was clear but windy, and there was no moon. He ran down toward the open sea, and, as he ran, he knew that something was wrong. It was the light. The little tower that held it was silent and dark. He ran to the door of the tower and shook it, but it was locked, and there was no reply to his pounding.

Suddenly, borne on the sea wind, Perrik heard the creaking of cordage, the faint shouts of men. A ship was coming in, and there was no light to tell her how near to the rocks she was. Going as far out on the rocks as he could, Perrik ran up and down, swinging his lantern back and forth and shouting.



Now he could see the lights of the ship. Would they see *his* light before it was too late? His voice was hoarse with shouting; his arms ached with swinging the lantern.

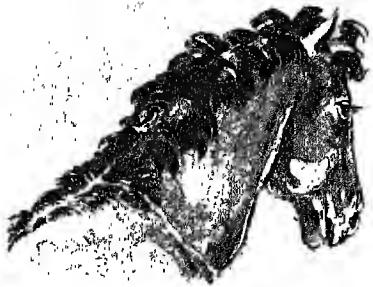
Still he shouted and ran, the foam breaking about his feet on the slippery rocks. Would they never see him? But at last there was a hail from the ship. She began to put about for deeper water. She was out of danger! Clear on the wind came the sound of her anchor chain dropping.

In the morning Perrik was the first to see her, lying at anchor in the clear summer dawn—and she was *La Paimpolaise*. Yann and the fishermen were soon on shore.

"Yes," said Yann proudly, with his arm about Perrik's shoulder. "It is best that some young men stay at home. We came through the perils of Iceland, but we should have been lost at the very doors of Paimpol if Perrik had not stayed at home to save us."

"And another thing!" cried Madame Guélou. "It is a disgrace to the town that only old men should be left to tend the lights. Think of that poor old man in the tower, struck with paralysis and unable to move to tend his light! Assuredly we need some brave *young* men to stay in Paimpol."

Perrik smiled. The sting of being left behind was all gone now. He, Perrik, was to be the new lighthouse keeper, the youngest keeper on the Breton coast, and he would have time for his artichokes, too. One could be brave and useful on land as well as at sea, it seemed.



The Horse of the Sword

by MANUEL BUAKEN

"BOY, get rid of that horse," said one of the wise old men from Abra, where the racing horses thrive on the good bermuda grass of Luzon uplands. "That's a bandit's horse. See that Sign of Evil on him. Something tragic will happen to you if you keep him."

But another one of the old Philippine horse traders who had gathered at that auction declared, "That's a good omen. The Sword he bears on his shoulder means leadership and power. He's a true mount for a chieftain. He's a free man's fighting horse."

As for me, I knew this gray colt was a wonder horse the moment I saw him. These other people were blind. They only saw that this gray, shaggy horse bore the marks of many whips, that his ribs almost stuck through his mangy hide, that his great eyes rolled in defiance and fear as the auctioneer approached him. They couldn't see the meaning of that Sword he bore—a marking that was not made by the color, which was a solid gray, but by the way that the hair had arranged itself. It was parted to form an outline of a sword that was broad on his neck and tapered to a fine point on his shoulder.

Father, too, was blind against this horse. He argued with me and scolded, "Maning, when I promised you a pony as a reward for good work in high-school English, I thought you'd use good judgment in choosing. It is true, this horse has good blood, for he

came from the Santiago stables; they have raised many fine racers, but this colt has always been worthless. He is bad-tempered, would never allow himself to be bathed and curried, and no one has ever been able to ride him. Now, that black over there is well trained——”

“Father, you promised I could choose for myself,” I insisted. “I choose this horse. None of them can tame him, but I can. He’s wild because his mouth is very tender—see how it has bled.”

My father always kept his promises; so he paid the few pesos they asked for this outlaw colt and made arrangements to have the animal driven up to our home in the hills.

“I used to play, but now I have work to do,” I told Father. “I’ll show you and everybody else what a mistake you made about my horse.”

Father agreed with me solemnly and smiled over my head at Mother, who wasn’t agreeing at all. “Don’t you go near that bad horse your father foolishly let you buy. You know he has kicked people.”

It hurt me to disobey Mother, but I consoled myself with the thought that she’d change her mind when I tamed my Horse of the Sword.

But could I win where all others, smart grown men, had failed? I could, if I was right. So early in the morning I slipped off to the meadow. The Horse of the Sword was cropping the grass industriously, but defiantly, alert for any whips. He snorted a warning at me, and backed away skittishly as I approached. “What a body you have,” I said, talking to accustom him to my voice and to assure him of my peaceful intentions. “Wide between the shoulders—that’s for strength and endurance. Long

legs for speed, and a proud, arched neck—that's the Arabian blood you have in you, Sword Horse."

I kept walking slowly toward him and talking softly, until he stopped backing away. He neighed defiance at me, and his eyes rolled angrily. Those big eyes were so human in their dare and their appeal. He didn't move now as I inched closer, but I could see his muscles twitch. Very gently I put my hand on his shoulder. He jumped away. I spoke softly and again put my hand on the Sword of his shoulder. This time he stood. I kept my hand on his shaggy shoulder. Then slowly I slipped it up to his head, then down again to his shoulder, down his legs to his fetlocks. It was a major victory.

That very day I began grooming him, currying his coat, getting out the collection of insects that had burrowed into his skin. He sometimes jumped away, but he never kicked at me. And next day I was able to lead my horse across the meadow, with my hand on his mane as his only guide—this "untamable outlaw" responded to my light touch. It was the simple truth—his mouth was too tender for a jerking bridle bit. The pain just drove him wild; that's all that had made him an outlaw. Gentle handling, no loud shouts, no jerks on his tender mouth, good food and a cleaned skin—these spelled health and contentment. Kindness had conquered. In a few weeks the gaunt hollows filled out with firm flesh to give the gray horse beauty. Reckless spirit he had always had.

Every morning I slipped off to the meadow—Mother was anxious to have the house quiet so Father could write his pamphlet on the language of the Tinggians, and so I had a free hand. It took only a month to change my find from a raging outlaw to a miracle of

glossy horseflesh. But was his taming complete? Could I ride him? Was he an outlaw at heart?

In the cool of a late afternoon I mounted to his back. If he threw me, I should be alone in my defeat and my fall would be cushioned by the grass. He trembled a little as I leaped to his back. But he stood quietly. He turned his head, his big eyes questioning me. Then obedient to my "*Kiph*"—"Go"—he trotted slowly away.

I knew a thrill then, a thrill of mastery and of fleet motion on the back of this steed whose stride was so smooth, so much like flying. He ran about the meadow eagerly, and I turned him into the mountain lane. I knew how a butterfly feels as he skims along. Down the lane where the trees made dappled shade around our high-roofed bungalow we flew along. Mother stood beside her cherished flame tree, watching my sister Dominga as she pounded the rice.



The Horse of the Sword pranced into the yard. Mother gasped in amazement. "Mother, I disobeyed you," I blurted out quickly. "I'm sorry, but I had to show you that you were wrong, that everybody was wrong about this horse."

Mother tried to be severe with me, but soon her smile warmed me, and she said, "Yes, I was wrong, Maning. What have you named your new horse?"

"A new name for a new horse, that's a good idea. Mother, you must name him."

Mother's imagination was always alive. It gave her the name at once. "Glory, that's his name. *Moro Glorioso*. Gray Glory." So Moro Glory it was.

Too soon, vacation was over and I had to go back to school. But Moro Glory went with me. "You take better care of that horse than you do of yourself," Father complained. "If you don't stop neglecting your lessons, I'll have the horse taken up to the mountain pasture again."

"Oh, no, Father, you can't do that!" I exclaimed. "Moro Glory must be here for his lessons, too. Every day I teach him and give him practice so that next spring, at the *Feria* races, he will show his heels to all those fine horses they boast about so much."

Father knew what I meant. Those boasts had been mosquito bites in his mind, too; for the people who lived in our *barrio* were known to be horse-crazy.

For instance, there was Father Anastacio, who fed his horse Tango better than himself, it was said. Tango was a beauty—nobody denied that—but the good Father's boasts were a little hard to take, especially for the *Presidente*.

The *Presidente* had said in public, "My Bandirado Boyo is a horse whose blood lines are known back to

the times of the conquistadors; these others are mere plow animals."

But the horse that really set the tongues wagging in Santa Lucia and in Candon was Allahsan, a gleaming sorrel that belonged to Bishop Aglipay. There were magic wings on his hoofs, it was said, which let him carry the Bishop from Manila to Candon in one flying night.

Another boaster was the City Treasurer—the *Tesero*—who had recently acquired a silver-white horse, Purao, the horse with the speed and power of the foam-capped waves.

The Chief of Police hung his head in shame now. His Castano had once been the pride of Santa Lucia, had beaten Katarman—the black satin horse from the nearby *barrio* of Katarman that had so often humbled Santa Lucia's pride. Much as the horses of Santa Lucia set their owners to boasting against one another, all united against Katarman. Katarman, so the tale went, was so enraged if another horse challenged him that he ran until the muscles of his broad withers parted and blood spattered upon his rider, but he never faltered till his race was won.

These were the boasts and boasters I had set out to dust with defeat.

Winter was soon gone, the rice harvested and the sugar cane milled. Graduation from high school approached. At last came the day of the *Feria* races, and people gathered, the ladies in gowns of many colors, the men in loose-flowing shirts over cool white trousers. Excitement was a wild thing in the wind at the *Feria* races, for the news of the challenge of the wonder horse Moro Glory had spread. I could hear many people shouting, "Caballo a Bintuangin—

the Horse of the Sword." These people were glad to see the outlaw colt turned by magic into the *barrio*'s pride. They were cheering for my horse, but the riders of the other horses weren't cheering. I was a boy, riding an untried and yet feared horse. They didn't want me there, and so they raised the entrance fee. But Father had fighting blood also, and he borrowed the money for the extra fee.

As we paraded past the laughing, shouting crowds in the Plaza, the peddlers who shouted, "*Sinuman*, delicious *cascarones*," stopped selling these coconut sweets and began to shout the praises of their favorite. I heard them calling, "Allahsan for me. Allahsan has magic hoofs." The people of Katarman's village were very loud. They cried out, "Katarman will win. Katarman has the muscles of the carabao. Katarman has the speed of the deer."

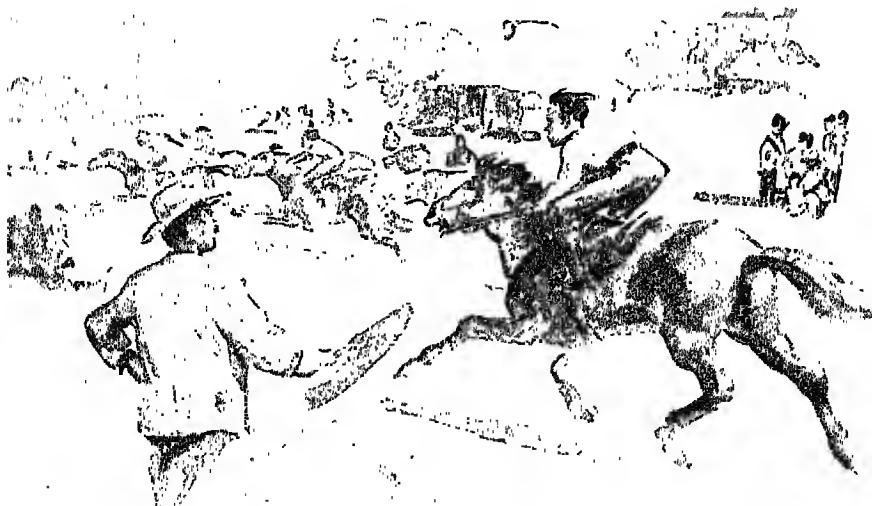
The race was to be a long-distance trial of speed and endurance—run on the Provincial Road for a race track. A mile down to the river we were to ride, then back to the judges' stand in the Plaza.



Moro Glory looked them over, all the big-name horses. I think he measured his speed against them and knew they didn't have enough. I looked them over, too. I was excited; yet I knew I must be on guard as the man who walks where the big snakes hide. These riders were experienced; so were their horses. Moro Glory had my teaching only. He must not spend his strength on the first mile; he must save his speed for a sprint. In the high school I had made the track team. An American coach had taught me, and I held his teaching in my head now.

The starter gave his signal, and the race began. Allahsan led out at a furious pace; the other horses set themselves to overtake him. It hurt my pride to eat the dust of all the others—all the way out on the first mile. But I knew it must be done. "Oomh; easy!" I commanded, and Moro Glory obeyed me as always. He ran that mile feather-light on his feet.

At the riverbank all the horses turned quickly to begin the fateful last mile. The flagman said, "Too late, boy," but I knew Moro Glory.



I loosened the grip I had held, and he spurted ahead in flying leaps. In a few space-eating strides he overtook the tiring Allahsan. The pace-setter was breathing in great gasps. "Where are your magic wings?" I jeered as we thundered past.

"*Kiph!*" I urged Moro Glory. I had no whip. I spoke to my horse and knew he would do his best. I saw the other riders lashing their mounts. Only Moro Glory ran as he willed.

Oh, it was a thrill, the way Moro Glory sped along, flew along, his hoofs hardly seeming to touch the ground. The wind whipped at my face, and I yelled just for pleasure. Moro Glory thought I was commanding more speed, and he gave it. He flattened himself closer to the ground as his long legs reached forward for more and more. Up, and up. Past the strong horses from Abra, past the bright Tango. Bandirado Boyo was next in line. "How the *Presidente*'s daughter will cry to see her Bandirado Boyo come trailing home, his banner in the dust," I said to myself as Moro Glory surged past him. The *Tesero*'s Purao yielded his place without a struggle.

Now there was only Katarman, the black thunder horse, ahead—but several lengths ahead. Could Moro Glory make up this handicap in this short distance? For we were at the big mango tree, and this was the final quarter.

"Here it is, Moro Glory. This is the big test," I shouted. "Show Katarman how your Sword conquers."

Oh, yes, Moro Glory could do it. Now he ran shoulder to shoulder with Katarman.

I saw that Katarman's rider was swinging his whip wide. I saw it come near to Moro Glory's head. I shouted to the man, and the wind brought his answering

curse to me. I must decide now—decide between Moro Glory's danger and the winning of the race. That whip might blind him. I knew no winning was worth that. I pulled against him, giving up the race.

Moro Glory had always obeyed me. He had always responded to my lightest touch. But now my sharp pull at his bridle brought no response. He had the bit between his teeth. Whip or no whip, he would not break his stride. And so he pulled ahead of Katarman.

"Moro Glory—the Horse of the Sword," the crowd cheered as the gray horse swept past the judges, a winner by two lengths.

I leaped from his back and caught his head. Blood streamed down the side of his head, but his eyes were unharmed. The Sword on his shoulder was touched with a few drops of his own blood.

Men also leaped at Katarman, dragged his rider off, and punished him before the judges could interfere. The winner's wreath and bright ribbon went to Moro Glory, and we paraded in great splendor. I was proud. The Horse of the Sword had run free, without a whip, without spurs. He had proved his leadership and his power. He had proved himself a "true mount for a chieftain, a free man's fighting horse," as the old wise man had said.

Golden days followed for *Moro Glorioso*. Again and again we raced—in Vigan, in Abra—and always Moro Glory won.

Then came the day when my Father said, "The time has come for you, my son, to prove your Sword, as Moro Glory proved his. You must learn to be a leader."

And so I sailed away to America, to test myself in the outside world. As Moro Glory had proved himself, so must I.

A Borneo Boy Explores America

by SAUDIN

WHEN I came to Sandakan from Kampong Ambual with the American explorers Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, I thought that Sandakan was a big place. When I went from Sandakan to Singapore, I thought that was a very big place, probably the biggest place there was. At the great size of Singapore I was not surprised, because many Malays come to Borneo from there and tell about it. Then we went from Singapore to Capetown, and that was even more mighty. So I asked men, was America as great as that? And men answered me that it was even greater. And now that I have gone to America with the Johnsons and returned to Borneo again, I think that Sandakan is only as big as the end of my little finger.

We left Singapore on a very big boat. White men did the work of natives on this boat, and spoke a language which was not English. We sailed to Colombo, and I bought bananas and coconuts and ate them there. Then the boat sailed on again and we came to India. I did not see very much of India because the animals that the Johnsons were taking to their country were sick and I was busy taking care of them. That was my job. Sally, one of the orangutans, was very sick in her stomach, and she died.

After India we sailed on farther and farther, and the waves became very tall, and the captain said to tell men that a storm was coming. I saw black mountains ahead, and I said, "We are running into mountains!" But men said, "No, that is fog." And it was fog. In



the fog we met a very cold climate and taller and taller waves, and a stronger and stronger storm. The boat threw itself from side to side for many days. I was sick, and the animals were sick, and nine small monkeys died, and the orang-utan from Kudat died, but I did not. But I was very glad when we arrived at Capetown, which is in Africa.

In the distance I could see that Capetown was white and shining, and the only thing that I knew like that was the stone-water that white men use and call ice. So I said, "There is ice on everything there!" But men said, "No, that is the houses and the streets shining in the sun." And so it was.

Mr. Johnson took me to land at Capetown, but there the man said I could not land because I was Chinese. I said I was not Chinese; I was Malay. Then I could land. But always it was like this, and men would think I was Chinese. I never told men that

I was a Murut because it seems that nobody knows about Muruts, but all people know about Chinese. So I said I was Malay because some people know about Malays.

In Capetown it was a very cold climate, and both the animals and I shivered. I had a shirt and trousers, and this is a great deal for a Murut to wear, but it was not enough. Mr. Johnson asked me if I had any more clothes, and when I said no, he took me to a store and bought me many clothes. He bought me shirts and trousers and short coats, and a very long black coat which hung down to my feet and had big shoulders and was very handsome, and a hat and nine neckties. He told me that I must close my shirt and tie up my necktie around my neck when I was in Capetown, as this is the custom there. All my new clothes cost ninety-five dollars and sixty cents.

We left Capetown, and the ship sailed on until we came to Dakar, which is also Africa, but is very hot. So I said to men, "Why is it so cold in one place and so hot in another place?" And men said, "Well, because it just is that way."

This time we were on the ship many days, and then we came to America. When we were going to land, the Customs man said to me, "You are Chinese; you cannot land." So Mr. Johnson said, "No, he is Malay, and I will send him back to Borneo in three months." The Customs man said, "Can you speak English and read and write?" I said, "Yes, a little." He said, "Read this," and handed me my passport. I could not read it, but I remembered what was on it, because Mr. Johnson had told me, and so I said what was on it. Then the man said, "O.K. Come into America!"

So we entered into America and went to a very

great village with a thousand thousand lights. It was night when we arrived, but when I looked up at the sky, it was very bright and red and sparkling, and there was light everywhere. And I said, "Is this morning?" And they said, "No, this is New York."

I was so astonished by New York that I just wanted to look and look and look at it. I forgot all about feeding the animals and my work. Every night men had their names put in the sky with bright lights so that they would not be forgotten, because there are so many people in New York that it would be easy to forget some of them.

All the time there was a great noise made by motor-cars and busses and trains. There were trains above me on bridges, there were trains below me, and there were more trains that were below the trains that were below. Always the trains were very full of people. I think if the trains all stopped and the people got off, there would be no space in New York for all the people. So the people take turns living in the trains. I used to walk and walk because I was afraid to get on those trains to ride, as I did not know how to get off or where I should be when I did.

The streets were very clean. They washed and polished them every morning. I thought there could be no sickness there with everything so clean.

The buildings were very tall. Sometimes I had to go in what men call an elevator. This is a little room that you get into, and very suddenly it goes up. And when it stops, your stomach does not stop. And when it goes down, you feel that everything has gone out of you. It is much worse than an airplane. I was always afraid in it, but said nothing, because I thought men would say, "He is just a jungle man!"

In winter there is a very cold climate in New York. Often I shivered and was cold, although I wore many clothes and my handsome black coat. All men wore heavy coats like mine, which hung down to their knees. But truly I was astonished at the women! They did not wear many clothes except around their necks, where they wore the skins of animals. They wore very little under this. Their stockings were just like nothing. Truly I was astonished that they did not feel cold.

In New York we put Mr. Johnson's animals in Central Park Zoo, and I went there every day to take care of them. At first Mr. Johnson went with me so that I would not be lost, and later I could go alone. But I was always afraid of the motorcars. I walked a great deal, up and down the same street and never far away, as I was afraid of being lost. At night I did not go away at all, because when lights were in the sky, all things became different and I was confused.

One day he told me to go to a cinema. When I went in, it was daylight, but when I came out, it was dark. It was only five o'clock, and in my country that is still daytime. But in New York in winter that is nighttime and the lights are on. When I looked up, I could see nothing but tall buildings and a red glow at the top of the buildings and no sky. All men were hurrying from here to there, all trains made noises, all lights blinked, and I became confused. I walked and walked but could not find where I lived. Mr. Johnson had written a letter for me, telling who I was and where I lived in case I should be lost. And, as I was lost then, I looked in my coat, and was much astonished to find that the letter was lost also.

I went to a policeman and asked him how to go to Central Park Zoo, because if I could find that, I

could find my house, which was near it. The policeman said it was ten blocks away; so I said, "Thank you very much," and walked on some more. Then I asked another policeman and he said six blocks farther, and I walked some more. But the next policeman I asked said, "Here is Central Park Zoo!" And there I was at the zoo, but I did not recognize it with the lights on. So then I found my house, which was very good fortune, because I had indeed been lost.

One day newspaper men came to talk to me, and they said, "Do you like New York? What do you like the best?" And I said, "Yes, I like New York, and I like best the red electric-light signs that run like streams of fire."

One day I was out walking and I came to a large place with many horses in it. I said to a man with a uniform, "Can I enter?" And he said, "You must buy a ticket." I said, "I will buy a ticket. Now can I enter?" And he said, "Sure!" So I entered, and I saw large and wonderful horses and handsome



men with beautiful colored uniforms. The men played music, and the horses danced to the music. I think the horses in New York are smarter than the policemen in my country. So I struck my hands together the way other people did, with astonishment and joy.

I went also to see boxing and wrestling. Boxing is all right, but wrestling is too rough. In my country we do not act like that unless we wish to kill men.

Mr. Johnson took me to eat at a place where you put money in a hole and take out a plate of food. The different holes have names on them to tell you what foods are concealed within. We had vegetable and potato and meat all cooked together in a flour wrapping, which they called a pie. I think this place was very cunning indeed, because the hole to receive a dime did not answer if you tried to put in a nickel.

Mr. Johnson took me to a club where they were going to talk to people about Borneo. When we arrived, he told me that I must stand up and talk to them in Malay. I said that it was useless for me to do so because they did not understand Malay. But he said that I must speak in Malay, and then he would tell them in English what I said.

I was afraid and ashamed, because there were so many people there, and I am not practiced in speaking to many people. But although I shivered as with cold, I talked, and I told them about my village with only thirty people in it, which was so small that I was astonished that they wished to hear about it. And when I finished, they struck their hands together to show that they were pleased, and then I sat down and Mr. Johnson talked. He showed them a roll of his film about the birds' nest caves at Gomantong, and the proboscis monkeys, and the walking fish. Afterward

people came up to me and said, "We liked what you said tonight. What did you say? Are you Chinese?" So I said, "No, I am Malay. Thank you very much."

Mr. Jim, who used to drive Mr. Johnson's flying-ship in Borneo, was in New York, too, but he did not live there. One day we flew to his home in a very large flying-ship, much larger than Mr. Johnson's, with many people in it. I was not afraid, because I was used to flying before, but it was very different from flying over Borneo. In my country I looked down on jungle, trees, and rivers of which I am not afraid, but here I looked down on buildings and trains which would be difficult to fall upon with comfort. In New York there were snow and ice on the wings of the flying-ship. It was very rough weather, the same as on our boat, and I was sick.

We went many miles before coming to Mr. Jim's village, but I do not remember the name of this village. We went into his house, and his people gave us food and drink. But I was ashamed to eat with them because I did not know how to eat the food cleverly as they did, because all my life in my country I was accustomed to eat with my fingers. It is difficult to carry the food with those small weapons to the mouth. I did not wish to be rude by not eating the food after their custom; so I pretended I was not very hungry, and I went to bed soon. The next day we returned to New York.

For two weeks I was sick. They took me to the hospital, but I didn't stay there, because I was afraid to, as people were dying there. So I got up from bed and walked back to my house and was sick there. The doctor came to see me many times, and after two weeks I was well.

One day Mr. Johnson said to me that in two days he must put me on a ship to return to Borneo. I was sad to hear this, because he was very good to me and America was so astonishing. I cried like a child, and I couldn't eat anything. First I thought that I would stay in America and work, but the next day I thought, "Well, never mind; if he says I must go, I will go."

This was the day before the New Year, and he bought me a watch for a present. I went to Times Square that night to see the New York people make a holiday. There were so many people that I was frightened and wanted to return to my house. I could not return because we were like fish caught in a fish trap.

Men blew things in my ears that made the noise of goats. I said to them, "Don't do that!" And they said, "Don't you like that? Don't people do this in your country?" And I said, "No!" I wanted to go home to bed, but I couldn't go home all that night. I couldn't go home until one o'clock in the morning, because it was New Year's in New York, and you can't go home on New Year's in New York.

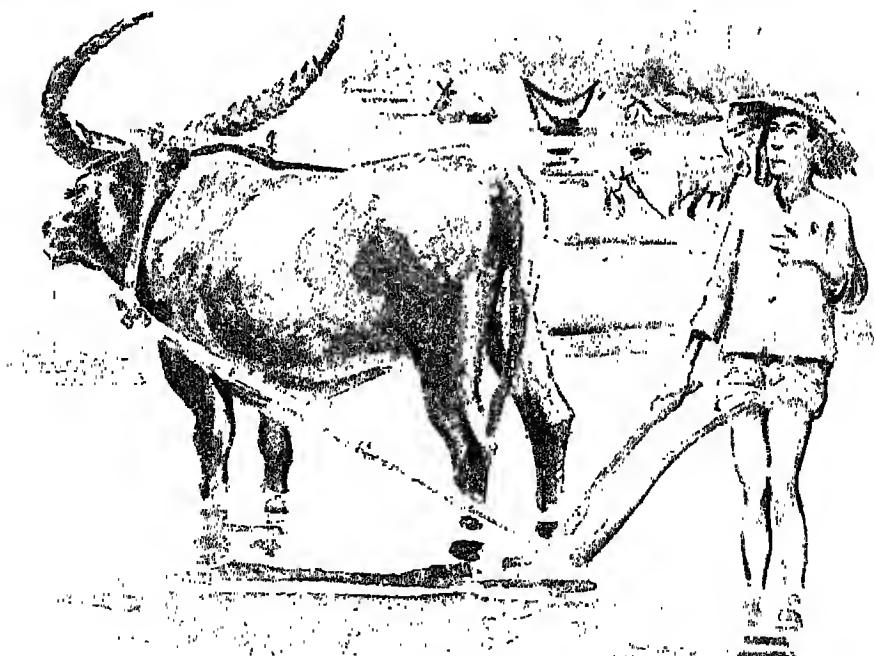
That was the first day of the first month, and I was sad because I had to sail for Borneo that day. Mr. Johnson took my hand, saying, "*Selemat belayer*" in Malay, and I said "Good-by" in English, which I think was polite. Mrs. Johnson took me to the Dutch ship *Kota Djandi*, and I felt so sad to leave them that I forgot to take my two blankets, two pillows, and my rubber shoes, but I remembered my nine neckties and my big hat and my black coat.

So I sailed for home, and when the ship arrived at Singapore, I took a letter to a man there from Mr. Johnson. The man took the letter and after he read it, he said, "Don't you know that your friend

Mr. Johnson is already dead? He fell in a flying ship many days ago, and he is already dead."

And I just looked at him, and I could not talk at all because I felt so sad and terrified. I could not believe that it was so. But I asked many men, and all men answered me that this was true. Then I cried like a child for two days and could not eat or sleep. And now I know my heart will always be sad for this man.

Now I will go back to my village and see my people. I will buy more buffaloes and plant more rice. When the harvest season comes, I will harvest my rice, and I will drink rice beer and take a wife. But although I will live as all men do here, never will I forget America.



Roadways

by JOHN MASEFIELD

ONE road leads to London,
One road runs to Wales;
My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails.

One road leads to the river,
As it goes singing slow;
My road leads to shipping,
Where the bronzed sailors go.

Leads me, lures me, calls me
To salt green tossing sea;
A road without earth's road-dust
Is the right road for me.

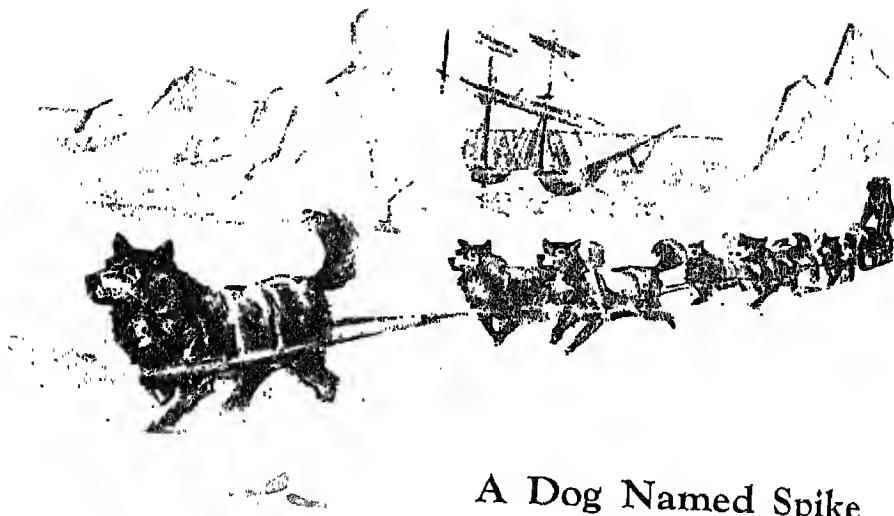
A wet road heaving, shining,
And wild with seagulls' cries,
A mad salt sea-wind blowing
The salt spray in my eyes.

My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south, and north;
Most roads lead men homewards,
My road leads me forth

To add more miles to the tally
Of gray miles left behind,
In quest of that one beauty
God put me here to find.

Nature Adventures





A Dog Named Spike

by JACK O'BRIEN

THIS is the story of an Eskimo sledge dog named Spike. He is the bravest, finest dog that I have ever known, and in saying that I am not forgetting many other fine huskies I have seen and handled. Spike won his fame in the Antarctic, serving men who explore around the Pole. To this very day he is spoken of whenever Antarctic adventurers meet and set pipes glowing cozily while they talk over the glorious days that are past. But first let me give you a picture of the land where Spike and his fellows struggled gallantly for their masters. It's the strangest, most dreary spot on the whole globe.

On an early December morning a wet, heavy fog rose up from the Antarctic Sea, while the air sparkled with frost. Two small ships moved cautiously through the slushy ice as though feeling their way among hidden dangers. And danger there was, too, for here was the home of the giant icebergs. These boats carried the men and supplies of the Byrd South Polar

Expedition. Every one of us on board stood tense and eager, straining for the first glimpse of the land toward which we had been steaming for many weary months.

Suddenly a slight breeze sprang up. Its coming seemed to increase the feeling of tenseness aboard ship. Then came the signals which sent all hands into action.

"Clang-clang-clang." Almost at the same time the bells in each engine room rang out—signals first to stop, and then to go slow astern. The captains were taking no chances. The breeze, mild and gentle though it was, might easily send a great berg swirling out of the fog and hurl us crashing to the bottom. Now the mists began to weave and spin before the wind, twisting like tattered streamers of silk. In only a few minutes the fog lifted entirely, and there before us, not more than a mile distant, stretched the Antarctic continent.

There wasn't a man on board, from Admiral Byrd down to the youngest deck hand, who had not spent hours reading all about the Antarctic. Every story, every picture, every exploration account ever recorded had been studied until we knew them all by heart. We imagined that when at last we saw the great icy wastes which surround the South Pole, we could then say proudly, "I remember that section. Amundsen described it just so," or maybe, "Captain Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton wrote that the Antarctic looked just as we are seeing it now." But somehow it didn't exactly work out like that. Somehow it was different; it was far more wonderful than any pen could describe.

I think it was the bigness of it all that gripped us most forcefully. No matter in which direction we

looked, to the east or west or straight ahead, the huge expanse seemed never to end. Just a vast blue-white block of ice across which small spirals of powdery snow spun like tiny waterspouts. At some points the ice sloped down to the water's edge. Again it towered upward, fifty, a hundred, two hundred feet straight into the chilly air, a sheer cliff rising out of the depths of the ocean.

And the silence! There before us stretched four and a half million square miles of continent upon which not a blade of grass grew to rustle gently in the wind. There was not a tree through whose leaves a breeze might sigh at sundown, not one animal to pad swiftly along forest trails, not a bird to call in fright or sing in happiness. Four and a half million square miles—an area larger than the United States and Mexico combined—lay wrapped in a silence that made the creak of ship rigging echo noisily across the sunlit waters. This size and silence made us hesitate to enter the strange land.

But as we edged up to the great ice shelf, the first spell of its vastness began to vanish. We had work to do.

The weather was fair, with the temperature at about ten degrees above zero and a twenty-four-hour sun. This constant daylight we knew would stay with us about three months more. Then darkness would settle down, and all thought of outdoor work must be abandoned. We had to hurry if we were to unload our gear and send the ships back north, for to winter ships in the Antarctic waters meant disaster. When the sea froze, the grip of the ice would crush the ships like wooden match boxes.

The ships moved carefully, one before the other,

as they came alongside the ice at a point where it rose about ten feet above the level of the sea. Men quickly leaped ashore, and long heavy hawsers were run out. Attached to the ends of these big ropes were hooks called "ice-anchors," which were driven deep into the snow to secure the boats during unloading. The anchoring attended to, Admiral Byrd called out a final warning before all hands went over the side.

"Move away quickly from the edge of the ice," was his order. "Remember you're on nothing but an ice shelf that breaks off as the tide wears it thin beneath the sea surface." Then he and three companions went overside and struck out inland on skis. On their backs were packs holding food, tents, and a small radio set. They were the advance party searching for a favorable place to establish camp.

The dogs were no less eager to get ashore than the men. For more than a month they had been cooped up in narrow kennels on deck, and they were wild for exercise. Round and round in great circles they raced as though suddenly gone mad. It was a sight to see, those hundred and twenty-five open-mouthed huskies tearing up the snow in every direction.

Spike led a group of fifteen, running ahead of them like a four-legged engine pulling a train of four-legged cars. When he turned, they would turn; when he rolled over, they would roll; and occasionally he upset the whole pack by dropping suddenly as they raced at top speed. The result was a tangled, squirming mass of yelping, happy dogs that were enjoying the mix-up as much as the men who stood watching it. There was no thought of hard feelings or of slashing with sharp fangs that day.



In appearance, as well as disposition, Spike stood out above the other dogs. First there were his paws, as big as the palm of a man's hand, unusually well matted with fur as protection against the cold surface of the snow. His legs were as big as a man's wrist and his chest broad and powerful, the sort of frame that is developed only after long hours in the harness, pulling heavy loads. His fur was soft and silky, gray as the morning mist, and his big plume tail arched proudly over his back.

His head was a picture. The tiny pointed ears stood upright like little tents. His eyes were grave and tender, yet twinkled with mischief. And when he stood looking at us with his mouth open, we were sure he was laughing. At times he'd push coaxingly against us, or rear up on his hind legs and slap us on the chest with his big paws, pleading for a romp. The great weight of him would nearly knock us off balance.

But he could be gentle, too. Every little husky

pup later born in the Antarctic became Spike's special charge. He'd take a whole bunch of the fat, staggering little fellows in his care, watching over them as alertly as their own mothers, lying for hours on his side as they tugged at his ears and tail or sprawled and tumbled down his sleek sides.

Word came at last from Admiral Byrd. He had found a suitable camp site, which he called Little America. The radioman came out of his shack with a message addressed to Larry Gould, our second in command, telling where the location was. Larry read the message; then he turned and said, "Unload. I'll lead on into camp and mark the trail."

Action began at once. The long sledges were run out, and Spike and the other huskies were strapped into their places by the drivers while other men lashed on the loads.

In a never-ending stream the supplies came over the side of the ships, tons and tons of them. The camp was fifteen miles inland on the continent, and that meant a lot of work for the dogs, because forty-two men were to stay in this desolate place for two, or perhaps three, years.

We loaded cases containing food of every description, clothing, houses, tents, stoves, and fuel, besides airplanes, automobiles, tractors, and the many spare parts for these machines; radio gear, gasoline, and oil. There were fifteen hundred tons of this gear in all. Every pound of it was hauled across those long, difficult miles by the dogs, proving once again that no polar expedition can exist without the husky dogs.

At last everything had been moved back to the camp site, and the ships were ready to sail north for the winter. As we stood watching them go, gilded in

frost and slipping into the fog like ghost ships, we had a distinct feeling of loneliness. Then it was that we truly realized how entirely we were cut off from everything and everybody.

The long winter period of cold and complete darkness was rushing on. When it came, all work out-of-doors would have to be stopped for months; so we drove ourselves to hurry. Deep pits were dug in the snow, and the house, made in sections, was lowered and bolted together. Over these cozy rooms we heaped snow to protect the walls from the terrific wind blasts which were to come. The airplanes, too, were secured beneath the snow in their hangars and fitted up with stoves to permit working during the Antarctic night. Nor were the dogs forgotten. Long tunnels were built for their kennels, and when all was done, they were comfortably settled for months of rest.

Just as we thought our little camp was entirely happy and content, Spike fell desperately ill. We could not name his ailment exactly, but we all knew that the main trouble was that the poor dog had worked himself nearly to death. Splashing through icy waters, plowing into deep drifts, and standing for hours in sharp winds while dripping wet, coupled with the fact that he had always done more pulling than any other two dogs—all these things were taking their price.

For weeks and months Spike lay critically ill, his aching limbs quivering and jerking in pain. His fur began to fall out. Admiral Byrd himself took Spike into his room, trying to make him as comfortable as possible on a pile of blankets. Everyone was wor-

ried about the dog, and not a day passed that some of the men did not drop in to pat the fine head, which would be raised weakly whenever a footstep was heard. Through it all, Spike never whimpered or complained. He would simply look at us with those gentle eyes, as though trying to tell us that he knew we were doing all we could for him.

The long period of darkness passed, and in October daylight returned. The camp throbbed with activity, for the time was approaching for Admiral Byrd's flight to the South Pole, a total distance from camp and back of nearly eighteen hundred miles across unexplored wastes. A party of six men were to go ahead of the Admiral by dog team, reporting back weather conditions and standing by, ready to rush to the assistance of the fliers in case they were forced down. Spike, still too ill to travel, was left behind in camp.

Now, traveling hundreds of miles by dog sledge in the Antarctic means that every bit of food and gear must be carried along. Once away from camp, we were entirely dependent on the loads we carried, loads that weighed over sixteen hundred pounds, enough to keep men and dogs going for three months.

It was a long, hard trip, but at last we stood by in the shadows of the big mountains far to the south and watched the plane thunder through the frosty air on its way to the Pole.

Our job over, we started on the long trek back to Little America. Then the dogs began to play out. With the constant hammering of the trail day in and day out, they weakened rapidly. We helped as much as we could, strapping ropes across our shoulders and pulling with them, but it wasn't much aid. Storms

swept down, forcing us to spend long hours huddled in our tents, our small supply of food dwindling with alarming speed. When we were able to travel, the dogs were so weak that if we dropped any extra burden on the sledges, however slight, they would stop and tumble into the snow from exhaustion. We battled on until about fifty miles from camp, and there the situation became desperate. It did not look as if we could advance another mile. Something had to be done—and we knew what that "something" was to be. We dreaded the very thought of it, but we knew that we should be forced to shoot some of the dogs and use the meat to feed the rest.

I shall never forget the day we made the decision. We sat there, six blackened, tattered, weary men, in a flapping tent which rattled noisily in the icy wind, drinking tea in an effort to drive the cold from our bones.



No one spoke. On the snow in the center of the group there lay a black, ugly-looking revolver. At last we finished our tea and prepared to draw lots. The loser would have to pick up that gun and go out and kill some of the finest friends man ever had. We didn't look at one another. We couldn't, for each knew what was in the others' hearts.

Then we heard a great yapping and barking from outside. That was strange—such a sudden display of energy. We looked at one another in wonder, but before any of us offered an explanation, we saw the answer.

A long, pointed nose poked its way beneath the door flap of the tent. Then two brown eyes came into view, and in another moment the whole wriggling, squirming body of Spike was in our midst, leaping on us as though his heart would break from the sheer joy of being with us again.



He was thin, and his fur had not yet grown back to its full thickness. But his spirit was there, the same wonderful spirit that had carried him through a winter of torture, the same fighting will which had led him out upon the trail in search of us, to offer us what aid he could. Afterward, they told us at camp that on the first day he had been let out he had streaked across the wastes toward the south, traveling as true as if the trail had been only hours old instead of months.

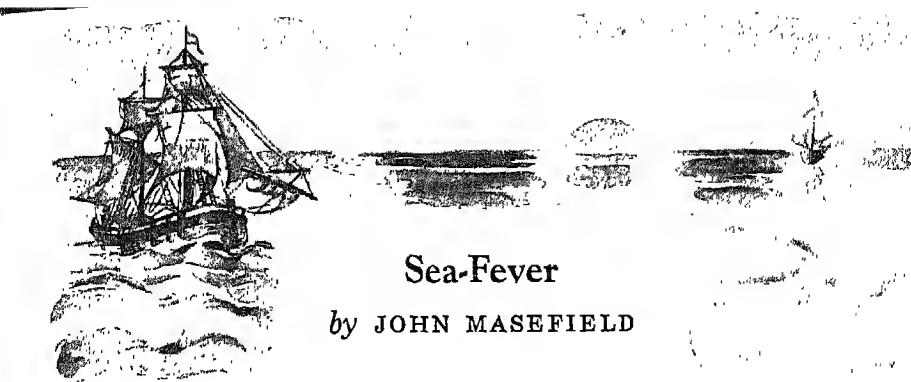
I don't say that some unknown sense deep within Spike had told him of our need. I *do* believe, however, that he knew his place was on the trail with us and the huskies, that his job was in the harness and not lying idle around the camp, now that he was able to stand.

Larry Gould was in charge of our party, and he made his decision quickly.

"Throw everything off one sledge that we can possibly do without," he ordered. "Double up on the teams and put Spike in the lead. We'll lick this thing yet," he added calmly, "and we won't lose a single dog."

Off we went. Every step of that fifty-mile dash into Little America was made because of Spike. Out there in the lead, barking, lunging against the breast straps, snapping, pleading, and whining as he moved tirelessly forward, Spike practically carried the other dogs along.

At last they caught his flaming spirit and pulled with the last ounce of strength that was in their bodies. We made it in three days.



Sea-Fever

by JOHN MASEFIELD

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her
by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the
sea gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant
gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-
rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick's over.

Blue Duiker

by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

LEAFLESS, gaunt trees, stretches of red sand, ridges of blistered rock—it does not seem possible that any animal could have a home in such a sunstricken land. Yet thousands of the wild folk live happily—and die suddenly—in the Sabi Bush.

On a late afternoon before the rains, a band of kimas, beautiful black-haired monkeys, gathered in the tops of myombo trees, whose curled pods keep up a continual clicking, night and day during the dry season, as they fly apart. With outstretched arms the monkeys called a mournful farewell to the sinking sun as the western sky ran through a gamut of soft tints, deepening at last into the grape-purple of a tropical night.

That night of the full moon, beneath the mimosa boughs, a princeling of the Bush was born. He belonged to the clan of the blue duiker, the smallest antelope in the world.

Curled up like a hare in a clump of thick grass, the duiker doe lay, star-watched through the long dark, with the tiny fawn against her heart. Only a few spires of grass and the courage and wisdom of the little mother lay between her newborn and the death which lurked all about them.

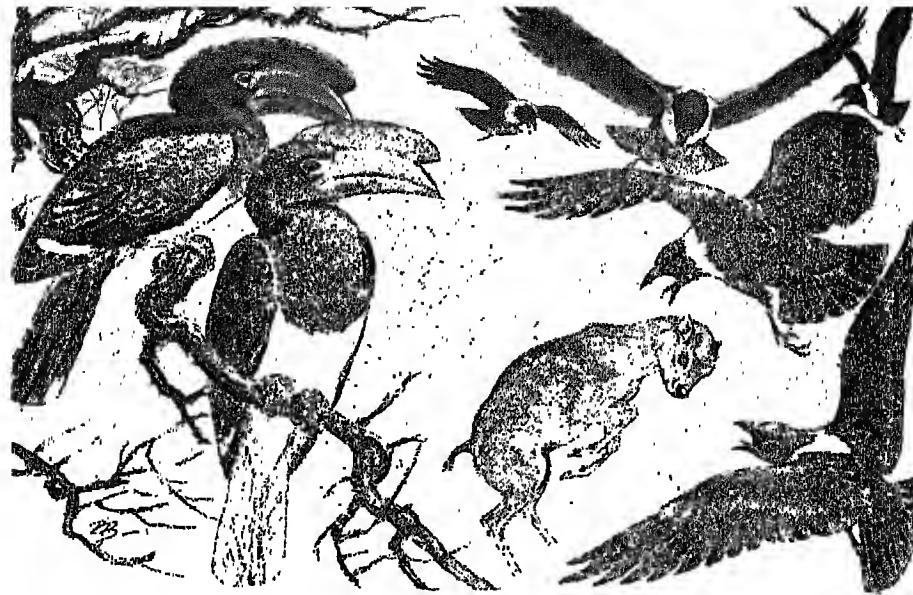
Once, as the two lay curled up together in a warm round ball, a sound which seemed to come from all points of the compass at once shuddered through the trees. But the doe never raised her head; well she knew that no lion hunts a duiker.

Surrounded as he was by dangers of all kinds, the little fawn grew apace, and soon, in spite of his whimpered protest, he was weaned and began to fend for himself.

At all times and everywhere, however, he was watched and guarded by his mother and by that sturdy little buck, his father, who, although he stood hardly a foot high, had a courage second to none in all the great antelope clan.

Before long the fawn changed his cream-colored coat for the blue-gray, trimmed with white, of the duiker lamb. By that time the wise doe, his mother, had taught him how to meet the ordinary emergencies of life. He knew to lie still. He knew, too, that the deep grass, full of runways and hidden tunnels, was the best help in any time of trouble and that little duikers who would live out their days should never be more than two jumps away from it. Also he became acquainted with the wiles and ways of many of the fierce hunters that were forever on his trail.

Sometimes in the early evening the duiker family, scattered here and there throughout the veld, would meet, and the lambs would frolic together like young hares in the misty moonlight, guarded by the vigilant does, with the rams always near at hand as a second line of defense. Usually, however, the little duiker had to find playmates and companions from other than his own kind. Early he learned that nearly all of the birds which he met were harmless, if not friendly. When the first berries began to ripen, the trumpet hornbills would appear, great helmeted creatures, whose braying calls echoed everywhere through the grassland. The duiker lamb would follow their progress from tree to tree, wagging his stump of a



tail and looking up at them in the most friendly way, but they never paid any attention to him.

The crows were more companionable. Sitting on a low bush they would make funny, chuckling noises when they saw the duiker lamb, and, flying close, would peck at his soft, blue-gray back. When he tried to butt them with his tiny spikes of horns, they would retreat with loud caws of pretended terror. Then they would fly very close, just in front of the lamb, which would chase them at full speed. Just as his outstretched head touched their feathers, the birds would alight on a low limb above his head and the game would start all over again.

There were other dwellers in the veld, however, of whom the young duiker early learned to beware. One morning as he and the doe were grazing at the edge of a ravine which often served them as a hide-out, an agama lizard with sea-green body and turquoise

tail came scurrying past. Then a column of harmless brown ants moved by in headlong flight. At the sight the doe hastened away into the depths of the ravine, but the lamb kept on feeding. Suddenly he felt a burning, stinging pain and turned to find that he had been overtaken by a column of the terrible warrior ants whose black armies are fatal to every living thing that cannot escape their approach. The young antelope fled for his life, and never again disregarded the warnings of his mother.

As month after month new experiences and escapes were added to his life, the duiker lamb became at last a yearling with much of that wisdom which the wild folk of the Bush must have if they would live out their days. Now, although he still fed with the old pair, he began more and more to depend upon his own resources.

Later on, in some mysterious way he formed a friendship with a full-grown bushbuck ram. Evening after evening the young duiker would come out of the ravine and, after testing the veld with eyes and ears and nose, start to crop the new grass, all starred with white and purple flowers. A moment later the bushbuck would appear and immediately begin to browse beside the yearling, evidently depending entirely upon the superior senses of his little friend. For some weeks this went on, and nearly every twilight would find the dark-brown bulk of the bushbuck towering over the blue pigmy that fed beside him.

Then came an evening when a lithe, tawny figure blotched with black stole through the shifting shadows toward the two feeding side by side. Only that fierce tiger cat, the serval, could slip so silently through the grass.

Inch by inch, slow as the minute hand of a watch, the spotted shape moved toward the grazing duiker. The next instant there was a piteous bleat from the little yearling as the bush-cat's claws sank deep into his flanks.

At the sound the bushbuck turned like a flash. The way was open before him—one bound and he would be safe. Yet with never an attempt to escape he wheeled and, snorting with rage, thrust at the tiger cat with that upward slash of his pitchfork horns which many a hunter approaching a wounded buck has found fatal.

No man could have evaded that terrible uppercut, but the serval is one of the fastest of his swift clan; swerving, the tiger cat escaped with only a gash in his side. The next moment he had cleared a five-foot bush and was gone before the buck could repeat the thrust.

The wounds of the little antelope soon healed, and by the end of that season none of the young duikers in the Sabi were swifter and more enduring or warier and wiser than that one. He still lived, however, with his parents and, although full-grown, turned to them in any unusual emergency.

Then came a day when the young antelope was forced to meet the most terrible danger of his life with only himself to depend upon.

It was just after dawn in the Sabi. In the distance the faraway hills showed like masses of rosy quartz against a pistachio-green sky. Suddenly the silence of the sunrise was broken by a long, wailing screech. The older bush dwellers of the veld recognized it as the pheal, that warning which the jackals give when some great danger is afoot.

Today as those messengers of doom raced over the grassland, far behind them a pack of wild dogs showed against the horizon, powerful beasts two feet high at the shoulder, brilliantly marked with splashes of yellow, white, and black, whose enormous ears and narrow four-toed feet distinguish them from all true dogs. White men call them hunting dogs; black men call them hyena dogs. They run in packs like wolves. Yet there is never a drop of wolf, dog, or hyena blood in their fierce bodies. They are the descendants of beasts which harried the world before the first Ice Age and which even the saber-toothed tiger and the cave bear feared.

That morning the duiker yearling had been feeding on the veld at the base of a distant hill when the pheal began. Although he had never heard the wailing shriek before, some instinctive fear led him to set out immediately for his hide-out in the ravine. Long before he reached it, he saw the wild-dog pack sweeping toward him in perfect silence across the plain, their round heads and bushy, white-tipped tails held low.

Led by an immense yellow brute, they quartered across the veld like a destroying fire, drawing cover after cover with a skill and speed that was fatal to every little animal who tried to hide out in the open that day.

Cape hares, cane rats as big as rabbits, springhaas, which look like little kangaroos but are a cousin to the porcupine, all fell an instant prey to the fierce pack. Only a pangolin, that strange survival of another world whose scaled, three-foot body resembles a huge pine cone, escaped. Rolling himself up into a tight round ball, his overlapping plates of horn

made the armored anteater safe from even the rending teeth of the hunting dogs.

As the pack neared the ravine, the leader caught sight of the young duiker crossing the last bit of bare plain which lay between him and his hide-out, a blue streak against the red sand. Without a sound the great dog leaped high in the air and saw where the grass stems quivered as the little antelope dived into one of the runways which led everywhere beneath the undergrowth.

At the sight of their leader's spring the well-trained pack spread out and flanked both sides of the ravine. Always before, when hunted, the yearling had found the tunnels beneath the grass sufficient to baffle any pursuer. Always before, he could follow the lead of the old ram and his mate. Today both had departed for safer feeding grounds, and for the first time in his life the young antelope had to depend entirely upon himself.

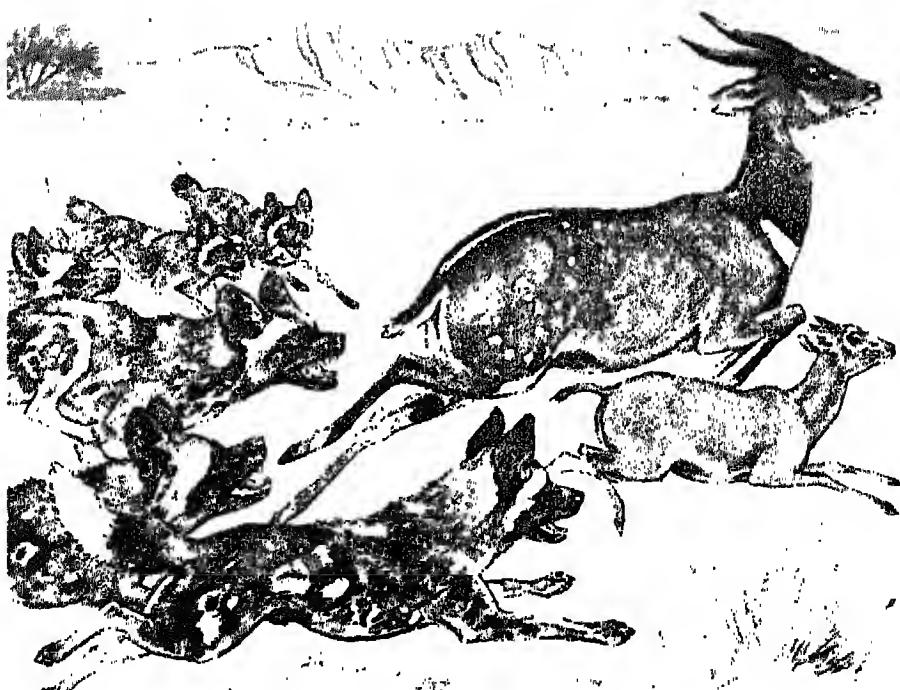
The wild dogs followed him through the grass with almost no slackening of their speed. Double and turn and twist as he would, there was always the rustle and thud of padded feet close behind him, and wherever one of his runways led into the open he could see fierce heads lurking among the bushes.

As the cruel hunters closed in upon him, the terror of a hunted animal ran like an icy poison through the young duiker's blood and blurred his brain so that he could think of nothing but flight. At the edge of the ravine instead of trying to double back, he sprang out into the open and sped across the bare plain in a burst of speed that left his fierce pursuers spread out far behind. A few moments of running at that rate cleared the mists from his brain, and as he saw in

memory the Sabi River gleam like a golden ribbon across the veld, some instinct told him that there alone was safety.

Slackening a speed impossible to keep up, the hunted animal settled down for the long run to the river. Suddenly there was a whistling snort close beside him; and out from a bushy hollow shot the dark-brown figure of the bushbuck ram, who for some reason had stayed behind when all the other dwellers in the veld had fled. Leaping high into the air, the buck discovered the danger which menaced them both. For a moment he turned irresolutely first to one side, and then the other, but when he saw from both directions scattered groups of wild dogs rushing toward him, he turned and followed his comrade.

Then followed a desperate race, with life and



death as the stakes. It was a long five miles to the Sabi River. The way was open and the surface of the red plain hard, just the kind of going that a wild dog likes. With their fierce muzzles lowered until they brushed the sand, the pack seemed fairly to flow over the ground in a dappled stream of black, white, and yellow, while the brown and blue antelopes kept ahead in a series of magnificent bounds which grew steadily shorter as the distance told on the endurance of the hunted pair. Little by little the wild dogs, running craftily as ever, began to gain, and when at last the river gleamed tantalizingly near at hand, the pack was less than a hundred yards behind.

Then the grim leader called upon his reserves of speed. The antelopes could hear the beat of the hurrying feet behind them sounding louder and louder as, running like a greyhound, the leader came on, followed by two of the fastest dogs. Almost in a moment the lead was cut down by half. The river was only three hundred yards away, a distance short enough in space but long indeed in terms of struggle and endurance, of life and death. And now the three dogs were so close that only a scant yard lay between them and the heaving flanks of the little antelope.

Then the ground sloped sharply. The hard-pressed pair drew ahead, and suddenly the wide river stretched away at their very feet, gleaming like a topaz in the sun. Staggering, lurching, almost falling from weakness, with one last effort the fugitives leaped high into the air, disappeared in the amber depths, and swam desperately toward the farther shore.

As he reached the edge of the high bank, the crafty old leader of the wild dogs sank his narrow, four-

toed feet deep into the sliding sand and checked himself at the very brink of the river. Not for all the duikers in Africa would he have plunged into that tawny water. It was not so with the younger dogs. Unheeding his caution, they sprang far out into the water after the escaping pair.

Suddenly a number of black knobs showed just above the surface of the river, downstream from the swimmers. They looked like knots on half-sunken logs, save that no logs could have floated upstream as did those dark objects in the water, slowly at first and then so swiftly that little ripples showed in front of each one.

Suddenly the shapes which had been slowly drifting toward the swimming dogs were directly behind them. There was a gleam of evil yellow eyes, a glimpse of monstrous saw-toothed figures beneath the surface—and the dogs were gone. Only a swirl in the orange-copper water showed where their fierce bodies had been a moment before plowing at full speed toward the escaping antelopes.

A moment later the bushbuck and the duiker plunged through the shallows on the opposite side of the river, staggering with weakness; there was a slithering rush behind them and the huge jaws of a twenty-foot crocodile clashed just behind their slim legs as, with a desperate bound, they both reached the safety of the farther bank.

For a moment the two stood panting and dripping in the sunlight. Then, with a twitch of his small tail, which probably meant defiance to all hunting dogs and lurking crocodiles, the little antelope trotted away, followed by his larger comrade, to find new feeding grounds.

Four Little Foxes

by LEW SARETT

SPEAK gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound,
For in my windy valley, yesterday, I found
Newborn foxes squirming on the ground—
 Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
 Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring; oh, give them no alarm.
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them
 from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—
 Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
 Step softly.





Wild Animals Come to Dine

by AGNES AKIN ATKINSON

IT WAS on a clear night, eleven years ago, that we first saw our wild animal friends.

We turned out all the lights in our new home and sat in our darkened living room, facing a wide plate-glass window which extends from ceiling to floor. Eaton Canyon was like a gulf below us. Tall peaks of famous Mount Wilson were outlined against the light of a full moon.

As we sat quietly enjoying the lights and shadows cast by the full moon, we saw a black and white object scoot across the yard. It darted so quickly into a hole in the loosely laid rock wall that we scarcely knew where it had gone. We had built that low wall on the edge of the canyon to keep our children from tumbling down the steep bank.

"Can it be possible," we asked ourselves, "that wild animals have found us and have come to give us a welcome to our new home? Or are we trespassing on their hunting ground?"

We stopped our quiet talking and closely watched the moonlit yard. We did not want to miss one single thing that might scurry about out there in the moonlight. We were as still as hiding mice; our breathing seemed almost too loud.

Once again an animal slipped from a hole in the wall and swished into another so quickly that all we could see was a streak of black mingled with white. Later we learned that the streak of quickness was none other than the little California spotted skunk.

Our curiosity was almost at the breaking point. We whispered excitedly. No sooner had we abandoned our chairs and seated ourselves on the floor, where the light of the moon could not shine on us, than a gray fox appeared on the wall. With great caution but apparent ease he jumped into the yard and inspected bushes and rocks that had been touched by some one of us that day. At last, satisfied that the strange smells meant no harm, he trotted into the darkness and was lost from our sight.

A wild fox, right in our own back yard, only about fifteen feet away from where we sat behind darkened walls! If we had not seen him with our own eyes, we would not have believed that such a thing could possibly have happened. Yet it did happen and has happened many times since that night.

Hoping that the way to an animal's heart was through his stomach, I eased up from the floor and tiptoed into the kitchen for food. Bread, scraps from our table, and fruits were placed in a bowl. I

even took the chops for next day's lunch. Tiptoeing back into the dining room, I softly opened the door leading on to the terrace. Cautiously I tiptoed out into the yard. I stopped. I listened. No animals were to be seen or even heard. In the yard and not far from the big window was a flat rock extending out from the low wall. On it I placed my offering of food.

No sooner had I again taken my place on the floor than a big black and white skunk poked his nose through a hole in the wall. He sniffed the strange odors, jerked his nose back, and disappeared into the darkness. Though we waited and watched, nothing came to inspect the food. Almost before we realized what was happening, the full moon had slipped behind the house. It was as if a curtain had suddenly been drawn between us and the flat rock. We stood up and stretched our cramped bodies. Again we all talked at once.

The next morning the food was still there, untouched, on the flat rock.

The second night, after an early dinner, we placed the leavings from the table which had been carefully saved throughout the day, together with a small bit of fruit, on the flat rock. When everything was quiet for the night, we again turned out the lights, and sat on the living-room floor, waiting for the moon to light the feeding rock. It was not long before an animal sauntered from the shadows, ambled to the feeding rock, and inspected our offering. Through the dimness we could plainly make out the hazy form of a Virginia opossum. The ratlike creature stood still, looking asleep though standing up. Without taking even one bite, and for no reason so far as we could

see he ambled back from where he had come. We did not see him again until the next full moon.

On nights when the wind blew more than usual, we saw no animals. We had yet to learn that the noise of the wind in trees and bushes made the animals more cautious, more alert. Since that first night we have learned that the brightness of the moon as well as the noise of the wind makes the wild creatures more careful to keep in the darkest shadows.

The nights that followed found us on the floor in our accustomed places, waiting, watching, hoping. Usually we were rewarded by the appearance of a skunk or perhaps a fox.

Each night the moon rose later and later. Its light grew fainter and fainter. Soon the whole out-of-doors was as dark as was the living room without lights. Each morning we took away the food of the night before and washed the rock. At nighttime we placed fresh food on the clean feeding table.

Then, one morning about three weeks later, we discovered that the food was all gone. The rock had been licked clean!

Right then we determined that we would try to coax these animals into our yard every night. We wanted not only to see them and to make them our friends, but to try to take their pictures as well.

From that time on, the food disappeared every night, every bite of it. The animals seemed to understand our meaning.

We were delighted with the hazy forms we had seen, but we were not satisfied. We wanted to be able to see these small creatures on dark nights as well as in the moonlight.

Our next step was to try to light the feeding rock.

We placed a lighted floor lamp inside the living room and in front of the big window. The lamp lighted the room more than the yard. The animals could stand in the darkness and see us inside the room. Though they cautiously came and grabbed a bite, they seemed more disturbed at seeing us than by the strange light.

The next night we placed a small desk lamp on the outside window sill. A heavy green-shade protector kept the light from the room. Though this was better than the floor lamp, yet somehow it didn't do the work properly. Night after night it burned a welcome. Night after night we sat up, watching until the wee, small hours. We saw no animal. In the morning the food would all be gone. We knew then that our furred friends had waited for the light to disappear.

It was weeks before the animals discovered that the quiet light would not harm them. A big black skunk was the first animal we saw come fearlessly into the light. Cautiously he climbed over the rock wall. He



stopped now and then, lifted his black nose high, and sniffed. On he came, down the near side of the wall. He strutted about and around the feeding rock as if the light were not there. Though his plumed tail was high in warning, nothing happened. He walked to the rock, climbed up the few inches to the food, and poked his nose close, sniffing like a rabbit. He reached out a paw, turned over pieces of bread, found a chop bone, took it in his mouth, and backed away against the wall to enjoy his find.

Having gnawed the bone to his heart's content, the skunk went back to the food and pawed it, scattering the contents here and there. His tail was kept high; the tip hung down like the curved fingers of a raised hand. Skunks are not afraid of anything. Why should they be?

Before the skunk had eaten all he wanted, a gray fox jumped up on the wall. He bobbed his head up and down at the light, then seemed to forget it. He was apparently very hungry and impatient to get his share of the dinner, yet was afraid to venture too near. The skunk's raised tail was a warning. But when he could no longer stand the tantalizing smells, he leaped to the ground. For a few seconds he stood still as if in deep thought. Suddenly he hurried to the rock and snatched a bite of food from under the skunk's very nose.

But the skunk was quicker than the fox! Before we knew what had happened, we saw the fox rub his head in the sand. He sneezed and threw sand all over his body. Looking sick and licked, he slunk away from the mischiefmaker and disappeared into the darkness. Suddenly the room was filled with a sickening odor. Great was our sympathy for the fox.

Now that the animals had learned not to be afraid of the desk light, we decided to fasten a permanent floodlight on the outside right-hand corner of the big window. A protecting shade-reflector was placed around the light socket, in which we used a 60-watt electric globe. This was the nearest we could come to a moon. It was a perfect setup, yet the animals were afraid of its brightness. Though we watched almost all of that night, no animal came. But once again the food was all gone in the morning.

It wasn't many months before all the animals were accustomed to our man-made moon. From that first night until now there has scarcely been a night when we have not sat in our living room, either dark or lighted, and watched the animals. They have learned the sound of the voices of our family, and they come to dine when we are talking and laughing. When the room is filled with strangers and no animals come, not even a skunk, we blame it on the unaccustomed tones of our guests' voices.

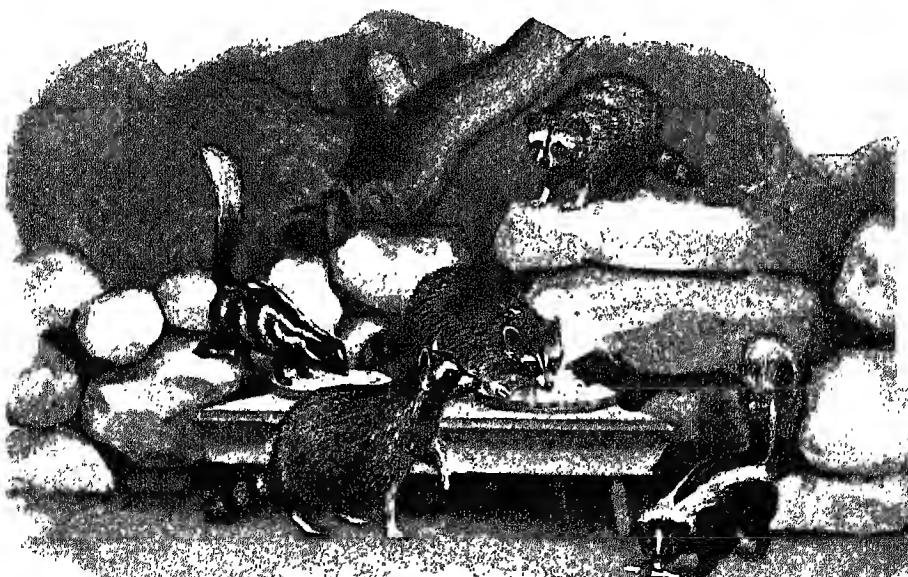
In the beginning of this experience, no two animals ate together, except for a mother and her babies. Even a skunk would not eat with another skunk. The first comer took possession of the food. There he stayed until he had eaten his fill or was driven away by some bolder animal. Perhaps this is the law of the forest.

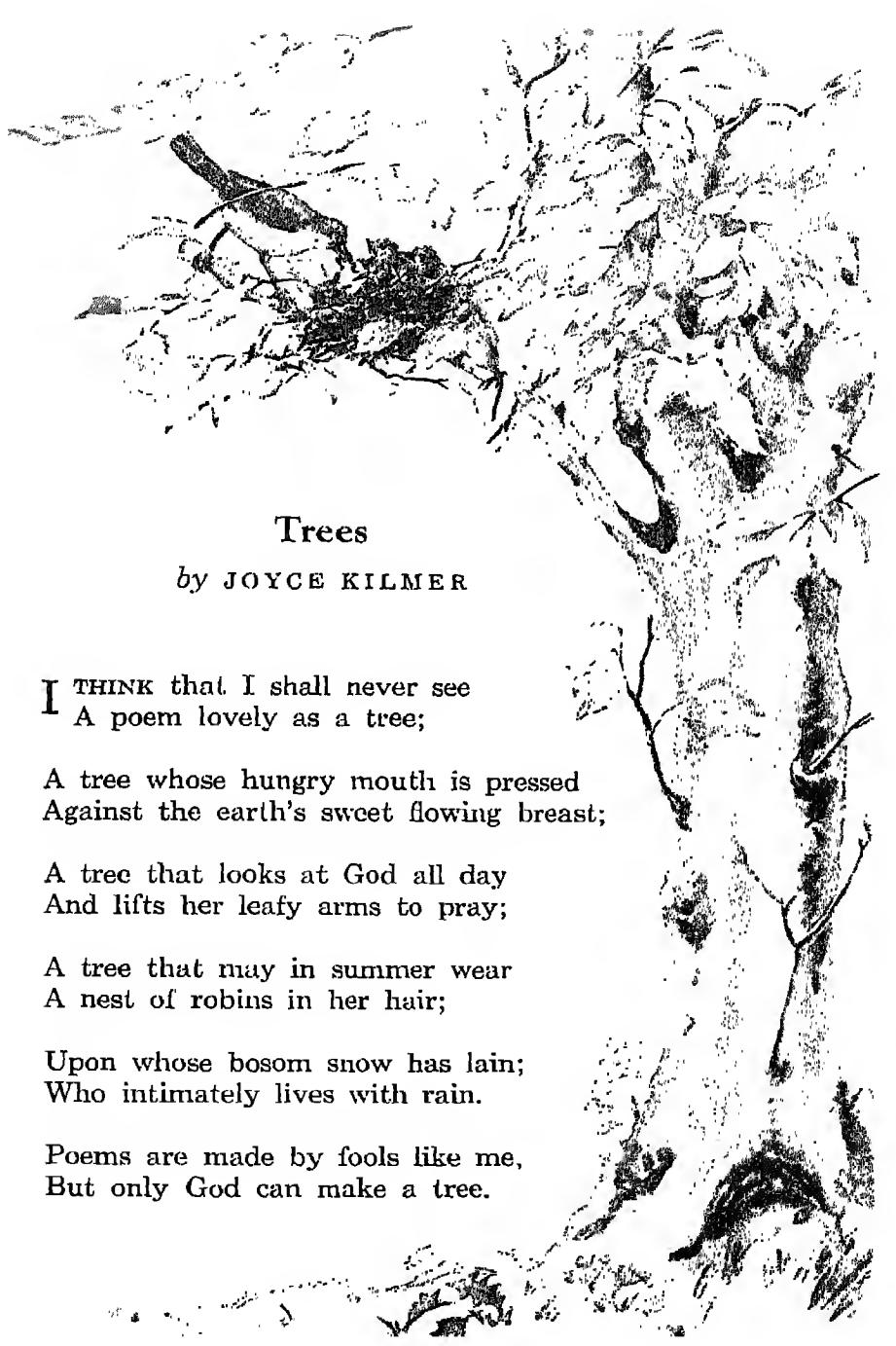
But after a time one animal discovered that there was more food than he could eat alone. And so on the following night he allowed others of his own kind to eat with him. It was not long before many skunks dined together like one big family. Almost before we realized what had happened, we found ourselves running an animal cafeteria.

Eleven generations of big black skunks, little California spotted skunks, gray foxes, raccoons, opossums, ringtails and weasels, as well as trade rats and other rodents, have come and gone since that thrilling first night.

During the past eleven years these small wild friends have never been disappointed. If we are away for a night, the gardener "feeds up" and turns on the light. In rain, cold moonlight, or wind, the light shines a welcome; the food silently waits, not only on the flat rock, but also on a specially arranged feeding table set against the low wall.

The wild animals of our neighborhood can now bed down in peace and security in the canyon below our home. A portion of this wooded section has been set aside by the city of Pasadena as a wild-animal and game sanctuary.





Trees

by JOYCE KILMER

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Ungor Guards the Flock

by RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

UNGOR, the mountain ram, stood with head lifted, uneasily sniffing the wind. Behind him on the bare Northern slope huddled the little flock of which he was the guardian: four ewes and two lambs. In front, a hundred feet below, lay the great Yukon, its dark waters hidden beneath a heavy coating of ice and snow. Overhead a leaden sky arched toward far-off snowy peaks.

Suddenly the ram uttered a startled snort. The bleak wind that came roaring across the wide valley carried with it the unmistakable threat of danger—the familiar doglike odor of Lupe, the timber wolf!

Turning abruptly on his small flintlike hoofs, Ungor trotted past the waiting flock and began to climb. With the lambs and the ewes forming a line behind him, he made his way upward over glistening outcroppings of black rock, over rippling streaks and banks of green ice, through drifted patches of feathery snow that rose and swirled about his gray flanks—up and up toward the white summit of Kimora.

Halfway up the great mountain he halted between two masses of sheltering rocks and gazed downward again toward the wide valley. On the far side, at the edge of the snow-covered ice, squatted a dark shape, its lifted head almost black against the white background. As Ungor watched it, the wolf rose and began to cross the river. Loping with quick eager strides, the creature left a long curving line of deep imprints in the soft snow.

Ungor continued to watch until his enemy was hidden beneath a bulging shoulder of the mountain; then placing himself at the head of his flock, he began once more to climb. Ice particles tinkled about his feet. Steam from his black nostrils rose cloudlike to vanish swiftly against the gray sky.

Onward and upward he continued to lead the way, until at last he reached a narrow wind-swept ledge high above the white valley. For perhaps a half dozen yards the ledge was scarcely more than two feet wide; then it broadened and ended against a high, overhanging rock. Sure of foot and undismayed by the abrupt drop at his left, Ungor led the flock as far as the sheltering rock; then turning, he retraced his steps, halting at the beginning of the narrow part of the ledge. His small black eyes gleamed as he stood guard, waiting, listening. More than once in his long life he had found shelter from his gray enemy on this confined ledge.

Suddenly from somewhere down the mountainside rose a sharp, strident note followed by a prolonged howl. Ungor turned his head slightly, one curved horn thrust aggressively forward. Behind him the ewes and the lambs stirred uneasily and pressed closer to one another. Again sounded the sharp, strident note, eager, triumphant, full of savage menace—and much nearer.

Ungor advanced a stride or two and then halted again, his head lowered, his broad body completely blocking the ledge. While he remained there, firm on his legs, no wolf could possibly reach the flock! In front of him, perhaps a dozen feet distant, hung a frozen cascade. Around that jutting ice-shape Lupe must come if he was to set foot upon the ledge.

Once more the strident, savage note mingled with the wild voice of the wind. A bleak, quivering silence followed the sound—a strange and expectant hush that lasted for fully a minute. Then a dark muzzle thrust itself past the cascade, and a moment later Ungor was face to face with his lifelong enemy—Lupe, the timber wolf! The seconds passed while the two confronted each other—the wolf with sharp, upstanding ears against the snow, powerful white teeth flashing, yellow eyes wide and bold and unblinking; the ram with stout curving horns lowered, guarding the passage.

Suddenly Lupe leaped to the attack! At the same instant Ungor charged, hurling the attacker back upon his haunches. With a snarl of rage the wolf



leaped again, his gleaming teeth slashing into the ram's shoulder. Then a horn against the creature's breast tossed him backward again—backward and a little to one side, so that he was obliged to scramble frantically in order to keep from going over the ledge.

Feeling the firm rock underfoot again, the wolf gathered himself for another onslaught. For an instant his gaze shifted to the far end of the ledge, where the lambs huddled close together behind the ewes. Then once more he charged, low this time in order to escape those powerful thrusting horns. But Ungor was ready for him! He struck the wolf squarely and, huge and active though he was, hurled him violently against the rocky wall. A mass of snow, dislodged from a niche, went sliding down on to the ledge to be stirred into vapor by the ram's pounding feet.

Once more the wolf retreated. Ungor held his position, silent, stubborn, almost motionless. Blood from his slashed shoulder formed a widening purple patch on his thick gray wool. Overhead the sky became a shade darker. Blue vapor began to fill the valley, and the far-off summits looked amazingly, dazzlingly white in a darkening world.

Suddenly Lupe twisted his supple body abruptly about in the narrow space and trotted past the frozen cascade, leaving the whole ledge to Ungor. Out of sight of his enemy, he raised his head and gave voice to a long-drawn howl of rage and disappointment—and challenge!

But Ungor knew his advantage and refused to leave the ledge. Without changing his position, he waited with head upraised, his little black eyes watching the space beyond the hanging mass of ice. Long years of experience told him that Lupe would return.

Out of sight behind the frozen cascade, the wolf continued to howl, and the icy crags tossed the savage notes to and fro. Ungor blinked his eyes, waiting. . . . waiting. . . .

Beyond the hills across the river the northern lights were beginning to play. A luminous band of quivering white, low on the horizon, extended far toward the west and east, now brightening, now fading, now brightening again. Swiftly it widened and then began to send forth great rippling streamers of pink and green and violet light—dancing, shaking, fluttering ribbons that lengthened and shortened, spreading fanwise outward and upward. The air snapped and vibrated.

Ungor felt odd little prickles beneath his heavy coat. Now and again the thick dry wool would snap and give forth tiny sparks. At times the waving varicolored streamers, suddenly brightening, would cause him to turn his head. Then he would turn back, his patient gaze upon the blue depths of space beyond the cascade.

Suddenly he stiffened, at the same time throwing his weight aggressively forward. Two spots of burning gold, close together, had abruptly appeared within the blue depths! They grew larger, brighter, as the great wolf picked his way slowly forward. With head lowered, the ram awaited the attack.

It came swiftly, just as the two lambs, catching sight of the wolf, began to bleat piteously. With a high-pitched snarl, the gray shape charged along the narrow ledge. A curved horn dug into his breast, and he uttered a howl of pain. The next instant his sharp muzzle was beneath the ram's guard, and sharp teeth sank into Ungor's throat. Lunging to the right,

the ram tried to shake his enemy off, tried to thrust him toward the yawning blackness that filled the valley; but Lupe's grip was firm and his great supple body too heavy to be tossed easily aside.

Behind Ungor the little flock, dependent for protection on him alone, pressed close against the overhanging rock, the ewes ranged in front of the bleating lambs. The waving streamers of the northern lights flickered and played above the wolf and the ram in their struggle to the death.

A powerful downward pull brought Ungor to his knees. He struggled upward again and succeeded in flinging the attacker against the wall—but he was unable to break the wolf's savage grip.

Now was the time! As the ram quivered and relaxed, Lupe let go his hold, intending to strike higher on the throat. But he had underestimated the remaining strength of his victim. As the sharp teeth left his flesh, Ungor jerked his head swiftly sidewise and lunged awkwardly back along the ledge—and the wolf's teeth came together with a loud click on empty air.

Surprised by his failure, the wolf stood motionless for a second in the middle of the shelf—and in that fleeting fragment of time Ungor gathered himself for one last desperate effort. With horns lowered almost to the level of his feet, he flung himself forward—not directly at his enemy, but at the narrow space between his enemy and the wall of rock.

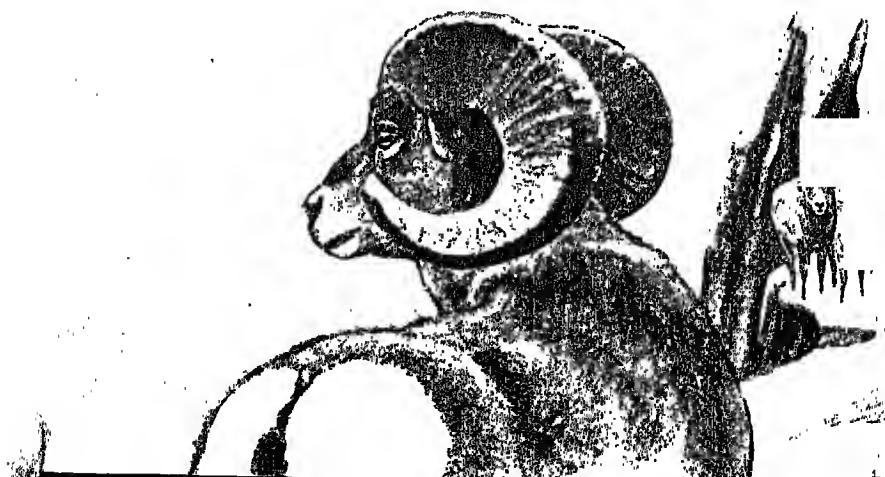
Again the great wolf was taken by surprise. Before he could save himself, the ram's broad speeding body was between him and the wall. The impact of it thrust him outward! In vain he arched his unbalanced body, while his teeth sought a grip upon his enemy. It was of no use. With jaws wide and legs frantically

pawing, he went over the edge! The dancing ribbons of pink and green and pale violet played momentarily on his body, and then he was gone—vanished in the thin, murky air of the valley hundreds of feet below.

Ungor knew he had won! Lying on his side beneath the frozen cascade, he stared with unblinking eyes into space, content just to rest. A deep patch of soft feathery snow was pleasant against his torn throat; it would stop the bleeding.

The minutes passed. The moving ribbons flamed and faded, to flame again more brightly. The wide valley lost its look of twilight sadness. Far below, the snow-covered river was like a vast bright floor on which the mountain gods might dance. To the north the remote gleaming peaks seemed to rock and sway in the tingling, strangely vibrant air.

Ungor raised his head at last and with mild eyes viewed the brilliant spectacle. His flanks no longer heaved, and the blood no longer flowed from his throat. Stiffly and with difficulty he pushed himself to his feet and turned cautiously about on the ledge. Then, under the radiant flaming arch of the sky, he made his way in triumph toward his waiting flock.



The Falling Star

by SARA TEASDALE

I SAW a star slide down the sky,
Blinding the north as it went by,
Too burning and too quick to hold,
Too lovely to be bought or sold,
Good only to make wishes on
And then forever to be gone.

The Night Will Never Stay

by ELEANOR FARJEON

THE night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky;
Though you bind it with the
blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.

Polka-Dot Pets

by OSA MARTIN JOHNSON

PERHAPS I am more interested in animals than most folk are. At least I have spent more time with animals than most people have. That is why it annoys me to hear anyone refer to every creature outside the human family as a dumb animal.

Animals, of course, are dumb in the sense that they cannot talk our language, but they are not stupid. Wild or tame, they are smart and intelligent. In many ways they are much like you and me. They will return love for love or hate for hate. They yearn for kindness and affection, and they shrink from cruelty and distrust.

During my career as the companion of my husband, Martin, on his motion-picture explorations into many far-off places in this world, I have owned many pets. What I have learned about animals leads me to believe that they differ from one another quite as much as people do. Many people think a dog is just a dog, a cat just a cat, a bear just a bear, and so on. I am sure that they are wrong about this. I have found that animals in the same family differ as much as human brothers and sisters. I had a splendid opportunity to observe this while rearing my polka-dot pets, four cheetahs I found while on our last expedition into Africa.

I named my pets according to their dispositions. One was called Goi, which means slow and lazy. Another we called Cheep, because she was always nosing around uttering the birdlike sound *cheep, cheep*. The

third cheetah was named Koli, which means that he was a little rowdy and always into mischief. The fourth we called The Thinker. She appeared to be very serious-minded. She would squat on her haunches and stare into space or turn her head slowly from side to side as if she were trying to solve some deep problem. I had a great deal of fun with my cheetahs. They were lovely, lively pets. And I must admit they taught me more than I taught them.

Martin and I were on the trail of the golden lion when I found my cheetah babies. Natives brought us tales of a great blond king of the beasts, and Martin would not rest until we found him. The journey took us up to the slopes of Mt. Kenya in British East Africa. There we picked up the lion's trail, and best of all, we discovered a lonely water hole to which scores of animals came to drink. We built a blind of thorn brush and leaves in which we could hide and take pictures of the animals.

We were lucky. The lion came to the water hole and posed before our cameras, not knowing we were there. He was a beautiful beast with a sleek coat that glistened as if it had been dipped into the glowing rays of the sun. This great lion stalked to and from the water with great dignity. The expression on his face made me think of a wise and kind old judge. Watching this huge beast stretch his mighty muscles and yawn lazily on the plain, you would think that it would be safe to walk over to him and stroke his smooth fur as if he were a gentle house cat. However, there was a peculiar and cruel expression in the slant of his wide brown eyes which let us know that he would tear us to pieces if we invaded his kingdom.

Martin was delighted by the beauty of the golden lion. He never tired of taking pictures of the beast. He determined to find the lion's den. Accompanied by our native boys, he spent many weary days following the lion's tracks. These led to a cave on the mountainside, the opening of which was lighted by the morning sun.

Martin remained near the cave nearly all day, waiting to see if the lion would appear. But by night-fall there was no sign of the majestic beast, and Martin returned to our camp.

Next day, with our native bearers toting equipment and food, we trudged to a vantage point in front of the lion's cave and built a blind of bushes and leaves. There we remained all night. Long before daylight Martin had the lens of his camera trained upon the mouth of the cave. We waited patiently and were rewarded by seeing the lion stalk slowly from a clump of grass and walk majestically to the cave. Martin was as thrilled as a young boy with his first bicycle, as he ground out foot after foot of film.

Then an amazing thing happened. The lion entered the cave—and came right out again. There was a puzzled expression on his face. He walked back and forth for a while as if perplexed by some strange circumstance he could not understand. Then he strode solemnly away from his den and disappeared into the brush.

Both Martin and I were baffled. We could not imagine what could have frightened a lion from his own home. Then, to our surprise, we saw four baby cheetahs grope their way out of the cave. It is my belief that their mother had hidden her little ones in the lion's den for safekeeping.



I was so excited at this unusual development that I threw caution to the winds and rushed to the cave. The four baby cheetahs looked like small gray kittens. They were so young they could not see, although their eyes were open. It was no trouble at all to capture them. All we had to do was pick them up.

The babies weighed about a pound apiece. I carried two in my arms. The cheetahs, of course, were too young to realize that anything unusual was happening to them. They just snuggled close to me and made their funny little *cheep-cheep* noise, showing no sign of fear. I felt extremely proud of my pets as we walked back into camp.

Of course, I had something to worry about. These babies were hungry. I sent all our camp boys out to visit the native tribes and obtain milk from goats, which these people raised. It was necessary for us to establish a regular milk route to obtain supplies for our pets! I fed each one of the babies with a bottle, just as a person would feed a human baby. I made them a bed out of blankets.

I was anxious to rear the cheetahs into strong, healthy animals, and devoted much of my time to them. I put limewater in their milk to make their bones strong. I also gave them cod-liver oil and milk of magnesia to keep them from having indigestion. The babies thrived on this care and gave me as much attention as if I were their own mother. Their appetites increased daily, and they were always clamoring for food. They soon became a handful at feeding time. While one was getting its milk from the bottle, others would struggle for their share. They climbed all over me fighting for their food.

After the cheetahs were a few weeks old, they began to follow me about camp wherever I went. At night I could not get rid of them. They invaded my bed and slept all over it, sometimes keeping me awake until I was forced to chase them out of the tent. Martin did not escape this annoyance either. I was awakened one morning by hearing his voice, loud and stern, giving some determined orders to the cheetahs. I looked over to see two of the rascals perched on his pillow. A third was on his chest. They were boxing each other with their forepaws. Martin, awakening suddenly, swept them all to the floor with his arm. The cheetahs thought this was great. It was a game. They enjoyed rough play; so they jumped right back

upon Martin's chest. They continued bothering him until he was forced to get up and place them in a pen we kept for just such occasions.

I could not keep from snickering as I watched Martin come back into the tent wearing only one slipper. Martin looked in my direction, but did not say a thing. He did not have to; his expression was angry. When I saw him on his hands and knees looking under his cot, I snickered some more.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter enough," he growled. "First those wild-cats of yours come in and spoil my sleep, and then I find that somebody has stolen one of my slippers."

By then it was time for all of us to get up; so I got out of bed. I reached for my slippers, to find them gone. A search under the cot failed to reveal them. I was sure there were no regular thieves in camp and thought for a moment that Martin was playing a joke on me. I mentioned this suspicion, and the tone of voice in which he answered left no doubt that I was wrong.

We searched all over the tent and could not find our slippers. We knew none of our boys would take them, and there were no other people around. It was quite a mystery until I had a hunch. I went to the bed I had fixed for the cheetahs, and there, sure enough, were the slippers buried under a blanket. After that, slippers or shoes were never safe. The cheetahs would hide them every time they got a chance, just like naughty puppies.

The little pets were very active and playful. They had a game of leapfrog that was funny to see. One would start running, and the other three would take after him. Finally all would meet, bump noses, and

go rolling over. It was a rough game, but they enjoyed it and did not get hurt. I enjoyed watching the babies play and sometimes took part in their rough-and-tumble sport, but it cost me an embarrassing moment one day.

I was standing beside a small stream near our camp, all dressed up in freshly laundered clothing, when along came my four hoodlums playing their game of leapfrog. When they came together, the leader bounced into the stream, and the others fell in with him. I laughed to see such a funny sight.

Now the riverbank of the stream was covered with dusty red soil. When the cheetahs crawled from the water, they rolled themselves in it, covering their fur with a layer of red mud. Spying me, all four ran and jumped on me, smearing my nice clean clothes.



I knocked them off, but it was too late. And, to make matters worse, Martin was looking on, enjoying the sight immensely. Of course I had to change clothing, but before doing so I gave my mischievous rascals a good scrubbing and did not even become angry at them.

Before long I began to notice the different characters unfold in my cheetah family. Koli, one of the males, developed into a regular little toughie. He assumed control of the family and began to boss the others about. He was the roughest of the lot in the rough-and-tumble games they played. Goi, the other male, and Cheep, his sister, were the clowns of the family and continually sought to attract attention to themselves by the funny capers they went through while we were with them. The Thinker grew into a coy little miss, a bit shy toward us. She was a regular little flirt in the house. She would stretch her forelegs, arch her back, and look over her shoulder or peek out from behind a chair in a manner which told us plainly that she wanted all our attention for herself. I'm sure I saw her wink at Martin one day.

The Thinker acted as a mother for the whole group, however, and she seemed to supply the intelligence for her family. When our pet gibbon ape, Wah Wah, invented a game of grabbing one of the cheetahs by the tail, carrying it up a tree, and dropping it to the ground, The Thinker was the one who figured out a scheme for protection. She began to watch for the ape's appearance. When she saw him, she would give a signal, and the four of them would take after Wah Wah, with Koli in the lead. Wah Wah always scampered for cover, too, and kidnaped one of the cheetah babies only when he found it alone.

We also had two puppy dogs which seemed to be jealous of the cheetahs. The puppies were much larger than my cheetah pets and chased them around our lawn. This did not last long, however. The little cheetahs stood their ground, hissing and spitting. The puppies were thoroughly bluffed, and before long were being chased by the cheetahs.

The cheetahs became cuter when they reached the age of three months. They weighed about nine pounds each, and the baby fur was wearing away, distinctly revealing the black "polka dots" of their sleek hides. We gave them the run of the house until they became too rough and noisy for our peace of mind. In the mornings they invaded our beds, sometimes for a nap, but more often looking for a romp. When tired and contented, the cheetahs sat at our feet or curled up on our laps, drowsing as we stroked their furry coats. Each one sounded as if it were equipped with a tenth of a horsepower motor as it purred in contentment, just like a kitten.

The last time I saw my polka-dot family in Africa was one bright morning when they were chasing each other in a circle, which included a trip around a flower garden and a leap to the crotch of a tree five feet from the ground. They appeared happy indeed as Martin and I left them and flew away in our big airplane, *Osa's Ark*, on a journey that was to end in New York City.

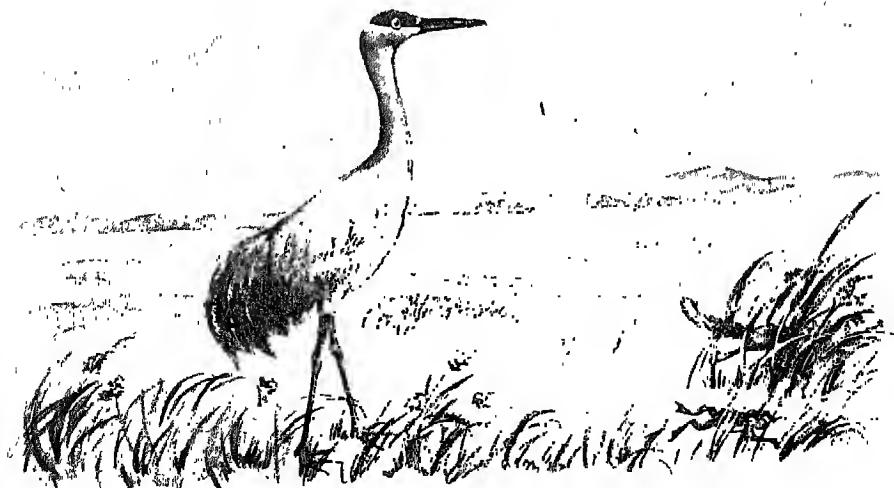
Our pets were transported to America by train and boat. Of course it was impossible to keep them with us in America; so we found them a beautiful home in the zoo in St. Louis. My polka-dot pets are happy in their new surroundings, but I often wonder if they miss me as much as I miss them.

The Sandhill Crane

by MARY AUSTIN

WHENEVER the days are cool and clear,
The sandhill crane goes walking
Across the field by the flashing weir,
Slowly, solemnly stalking.
The little frogs in the tules hear
And jump for their lives when he comes near;
The minnows scuttle away in fear,
When the sandhill crane goes walking.

The field folk know if he comes that way,
Slowly, solemnly stalking,
There is danger and death in the least delay,
When the sandhill crane goes walking.
The chipmunks stop in the midst of their play,
The gophers hide in their holes away,
And hush, oh, hush! the field mice say,
When the sandhill crane goes walking.



My Strange Hobby

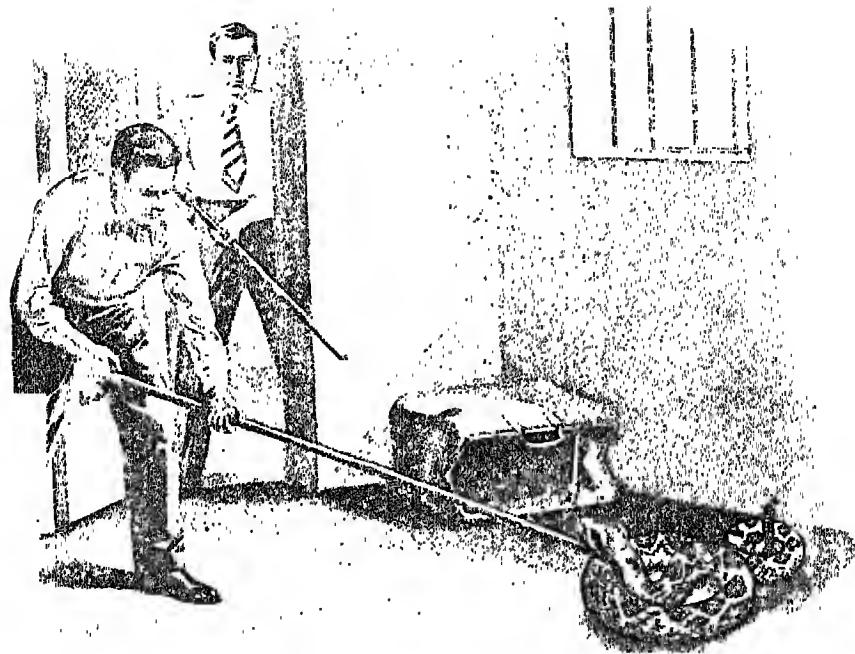
by RAYMOND L. DITMARS

MY FIRST big snake was a six-foot Florida diamond-back rattlesnake. It belonged to Dr. C. Slover Allen, whom I had met at the Museum of Natural History, in New York City, where I worked as an assistant. He had completed his study of serpent poison, and told me I could have the rattler for my collection.

Dr. Allen met me at the door of his home, and we went to the basement. The rattler was in a coal bin, the upper part of which was walled in with netting. The snake was coiled in a corner. It had a head nearly as broad as my hand, and its body was fully ten inches around. Its rattle buzzed harshly.

The owner evidently wanted to see how I would tackle the snake before turning over such a dangerous creature to me. I opened a screened door in the side of the bin and entered. I had brought a big handbag and propped this open. There were two long poles in the cellar. The doctor seized one and stood by. As I advanced toward the serpent, it struck at me, but I was beyond its reach.

I had great respect for that rattler. And I was thrilled. But looking back to this first meeting with a highly powerful, savage, and deadly reptile, I can remember distinctly that I was not afraid. This is not said with any thought of boasting. I was greatly interested in the snake, and I thought that in one of my quiet cages I could get him to eat (which Dr. Allen had been unable to do).



Shoving a pole under the snake's neck, I slid him toward the handbag, raised the front part of his body off the floor, then rested this upon the edge of the bag. The rattler kept buzzing, and the creature watched us, turning its head from one to the other of us if we moved. Gradually it drew its body upward and into the bag. I snapped the bag shut by hitting its side prop with the pole. Dr. Allen appeared well satisfied and said he would come to see my place.

When I reached home, I carefully unlatched the handbag, and when the viper slid out, I guided him with the pole to an open cage. He glided in.

My next unusual specimen was a young boa constrictor, barely a yard long. It had been sent to the museum from a fruit boat, and I was permitted to

keep it, since the museum already had several boas. Here was a chance to get started. I asked for an afternoon off and went down to the boat. Here I found that serpents often come into the country on fruit boats. The people at the dock told me of some places where I might get snakes without cost. Everybody explained that most of the snakes were killed when discovered, but they all promised to save snakes for me if I would call for them. I sent linen bags to the people who promised to help me. In this way I was able to add some very pretty tropical reptiles of harmless kinds to my fast growing collection.

The collection was increased still further by a vacation trip. On this trip I collected some timber rattlers, copperheads, blacksnakes, milk snakes, water snakes, and spreading adders. Dr. Allen gave me the address of a man in Florida, and from him I bought some king snakes, indigo snakes, coachwhips, and several kinds of the harmless water snakes of the South. This man also sent me a batch of poisonous water moccasins.

One day a letter came to the secretary of the museum. It was given to me. The writer was R. R. Mole, owner of a newspaper in Port of Spain, Trinidad. Mr. Mole appeared greatly interested in snakes and had a collection of living specimens. He wished to get some North American snakes for study, and wanted to exchange specimens from his part of the world.

That was one of the big nights in the snake room at home. Two great chairs faced the cages. My father was sitting in one of the chairs. I occupied the other. The letter from Mr. Mole was in my lap.

Most of the small cages were now filled, but only one big one contained a snake. This was Dr. Allen's

big diamondback rattler. Day after day it had rattled as I entered the room.

My father was looking intently at the diamondback. "That's a terrible viper, boy," he said. "I hope you never become careless among these things."

I told him that he needn't worry. The letter was the burning question at the moment. I examined all my cages. Certain snakes had already become my pets. I could not give them up. But there were others that I felt I could part with. Taking a pad, I wrote the following list for shipment to Mr. Mole:

Two timber rattlesnakes, two copperhead snakes, two water moccasins, two king snakes, two coachwhip snakes, one indigo snake, one chicken snake, four black racers, one mountain blacksnake, four spreading adders, two milk snakes, six striped snakes, six water snakes, six ringneck snakes, twelve brown snakes.

"Going to Mr. Mole in exchange," I said, handing the list to my father. He seemed pleased that so large a number of snakes would soon be leaving the house.

In a day or two I had all the snakes packed into a single crate, with two trays divided into compartments. The specimens were in linen bags, each with its proper label. A detailed letter was mailed on a vessel preceding the shipment.

Weeks passed; no word came back. Three months went by. Somehow I was not disturbed, but I became all the more eager as this silence continued. Remembering how I had fallen down on some of my collecting days and not found a thing, I had a hope that Mr. Mole was searching for specimens in order to send me a good variety.

Coming home one evening and going to the snake

room, I saw a long envelope on the table. It bore Trinidad stamps. Ripping it open, I found a letter from Mr. Mole that read:

Your exceedingly interesting shipment arrived in perfect condition. Every specimen was alive. There were a number of kinds in the lot that I had long been anxious to see and study. I have delayed the return shipment, as it was my hope to send you as interesting a lot from Trinidad. I especially wished to get you a bushmaster, and recently one was caught. It is a beautiful creature and rather young (about eight feet long). The case that I have sent you contains:

One bushmaster (Be extremely careful in handling it.)

Two fer-de-lance

Four coral snakes

Two cribos (yellow rat snakes)

One black and yellow rat snake

Two emerald tree snakes

One Cook's tree boa

Two boa constrictors

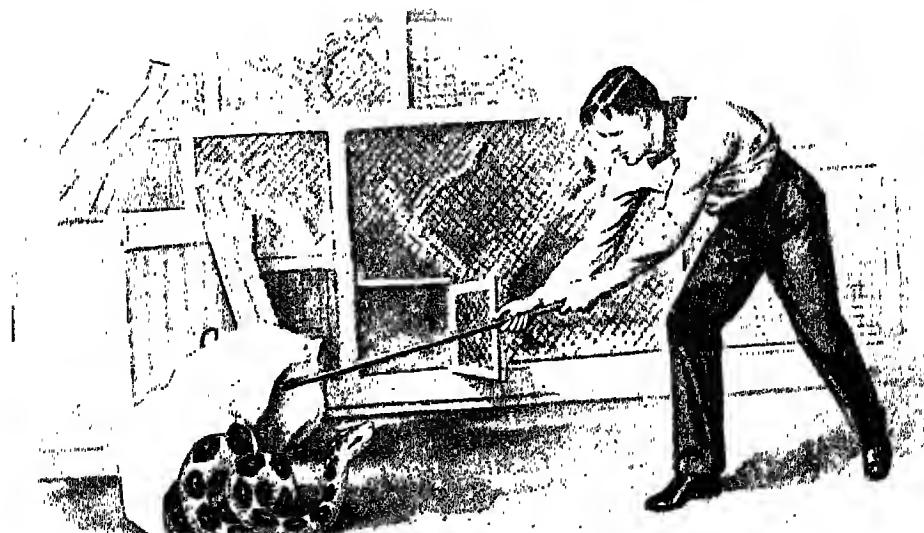
The next day the case of snakes was delivered to my home. Two expressmen, carrying it at arms' length, managed to swing it around the stairways to my upper floor. But it wouldn't go through the door. So they left it outside the snake room. This, I decided, was just as well. If they had entered the room, banged the door, and started the rattlers buzzing, they might have dropped the case and fled.

I insisted upon being alone during the unpacking. Taking hammer and pry bar, I went upstairs and at it. The boards of the cover were pried off and laid aside. In a short time I had unpacked the rat snakes, the tree snakes, and all the other specimens—except

one. Now I removed the bag containing the bushmaster. The great moment had arrived. I was going to see a bushmaster! It was to occupy one of the long cages, and as it was in a very deep bag, I reached for a staff to turn the bag upside down. There were several of these staffs in handy corners. They were mop handles, with a crook of heavy, bent wire at the end. They were very useful in transferring a poisonous snake from one cage to another, as the crook could be shoved under a snake without greatly disturbing it. Then the viper could be slid forward or lifted, if the crook had been worked to about the center of its body so that it hung balanced upon it.

Getting the point of the crook under the bottom of the bushmaster's bag, I lifted the bag higher and higher. This meant that the snake was sliding nearer and nearer to the mouth of the bag, which had been untied. But the nearer it came, the more its coil expanded and it was tight across the bag, which stopped its outward progress. Yet it was moving.

Part of the coil could now be seen emerging from



the bag, moving as steadily as the rim of a wheel. The color of the bushmaster was startling—alternate salmon pink and jet black. I was so astonished and so impatient to see more that I reached down with my hand, grasped the bag, and snatched it almost completely away from the amazing creature.

The glance I got of the bushmaster was not more than a flash, before things began to happen, but from that flash I could have sat down and written a fairly detailed description of the creature. It is enough to say here that the serpent was far longer than I had believed. It was about three inches in diameter at the central part and gradually, gracefully became smaller toward the tail. Its head was large and very blunt at the snout.

The serpent's eyes were quite large and set above pinkish jowls. The eyes were particularly noticeable because of their hue, which was reddish-brown. My attention had centered on the eyes because the bushmaster's head was coming toward me. I stepped well back, as it looked as if it could strike a full four feet. As I moved backward I bumped into one of the big chairs. Immediately I shoved the crook of the staff against the snake, which was entirely out of the bag by this time.

Pushing the staff against a part of its loop so that I could get around the chair and gain more distance, I saw that it had an alarming way of moving forward on the staff. As fast as I pushed it back, it gained on me. The condition was dangerous. I hadn't realized that a viper could prepare to strike so far. There was no rushing or quick glide forward. The disturbing thing was this continuous motion, which I could not stop. I wasn't taking any chances of

being anywhere but at arm's length of that staff. My thought was of the bushmaster's horribly long fangs and great amount of poison.

The snake had backed me halfway around the room when I spied a broom. I had passed it, but it was within reach of the crook of the staff. I gave it a hard jerk, and it clattered behind me. The snake was coming between the rungs in the rear of one of the chairs. As it was braced and constantly surged forward, I sought more distance before picking up the broom. So, taking a quick step backward, I kicked it a bit farther behind me, then picked it up.

Thrusting the broom forward, I shoved it squarely in the bushmaster's face. It didn't strike, but pulled its head back and shook it. I followed this with several more jabs, which changed the snake's actions. It pulled its body into a tight coil and was satisfied for the moment to do no more than to beat a tattoo on the floor by shaking its tail.

I guessed that it had received one of the surprises of its life—and it had certainly given me the worst jolt of mine. But I was encouraged by my success and quickly gave the serpent more of the broom treatment. It turned, glided beneath the chairs, and, fortunately, headed toward the cage. By pushing the crook of the staff under its head, I succeeded in guiding the reptile upward, and it went into the cage. I was perspiring freely when at last the glass panel was slid shut.

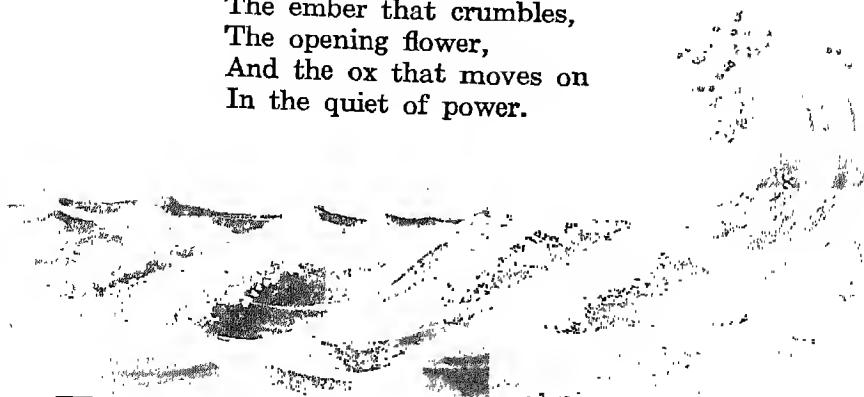


Poem of Praise

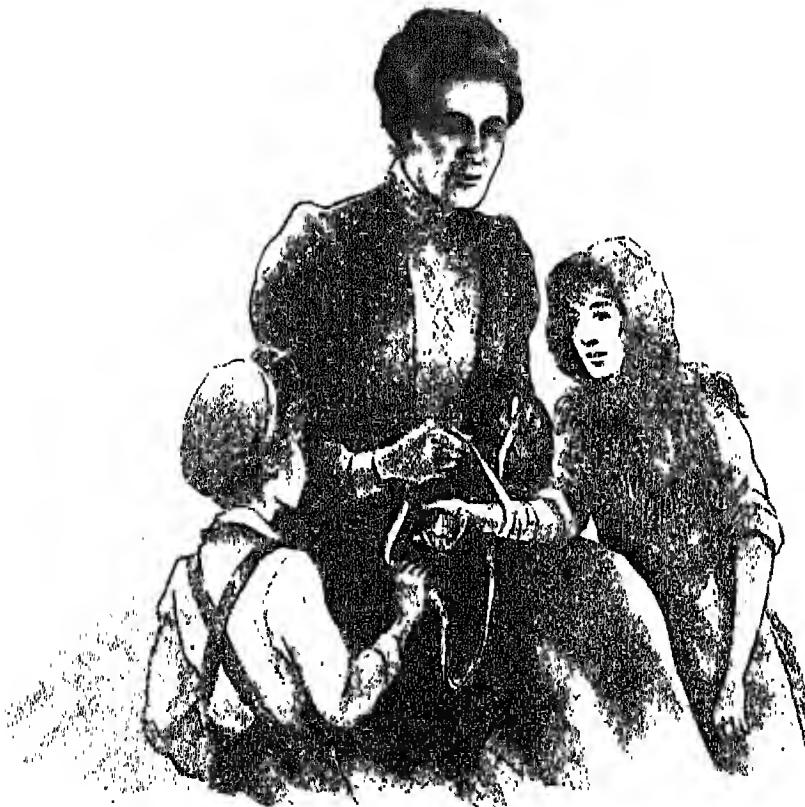
by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

SWIFT things are beautiful:
Swallows and deer,
And lightning that falls
Bright-veined and clear,
Rivers and meteors,
Wind in the wheat,
The strong-withered horse,
The runner's sure feet.

And slow things are beautiful:
The closing of day,
The pause of the wave
That curves downward to spray,
The ember that crumbles,
The opening flower,
And the ox that moves on
In the quiet of power.



Heroes of Service





Nathan Hale

by NANCY HALE

"THE boy was only a couple of years out of New Haven when he joined up. He'd hardly got started. He'd been teaching school, you know, up at East Haddam and then down in New London, and it looked as if he was shaping up into a fine teacher. He'd made friends everywhere, and the girls always liked him. They say he was a good-looking boy.

"Then the war came. Things had looked bad to us Americans for a long time, but when the first gun was fired on that April day, it seemed to light a sudden strong fire in everyone's heart. It seemed to call out—'Americans!' The boy's brothers, John and Joseph, volunteered first off. It was a patriotic family—the father'd been a deputy in the old Connecticut Assembly. The boy himself had signed up with the school for a year. He wasn't the kind to let people down, but he did write and ask to be released from his contract two weeks early. He joined up in July, as a lieutenant in Webb's Seventh Connecticut.

"Well, you know how things went after that. The boy was in camp up near Boston all winter. It wasn't an exciting siege. But there was a lot to do getting the men to reenlist. Most of their terms of enlistment ran out in December. The General was worried about it. Our boy offered the men in his company his own pay for a month if they'd stay that much longer. Anyway, the siege was maintained.

"He got a leave in the winter and went home. Maybe that was when he got engaged. Alicia Adams.

A lovely girl; they would have made a handsome couple. When spring came, the enemy evacuated Boston, and our army went down to New York, where real trouble was threatening. The boy'd been made a captain by that time. He was twenty-one years old.

"Our Long Island campaign was just this side of disastrous. Morale was none too good, afterward. I don't suppose the General was in a worse spot in the whole war than he was for those three weeks right after the Battle of Long Island. There we lay, facing the enemy across the East River, and no way of knowing what they had up their sleeve. Surprise was what we feared. The answer to that was companies of rangers, to scout around and find out what was up. Knowlton's Rangers was organized, and our boy switched over to it. He wanted action, you see. But the rangers weren't enough. The General wanted to know two things: when the enemy was planning to attack, and where. Nobody could tell him. The General let it be known that he'd welcome volunteers to spy.

"Now people didn't take kindly to the word *spy* around these parts. It didn't mean excitement or glamour or any of those things. It meant something degrading. It was a job they gave to bums, who didn't care. But the General said he wanted a spy. Well, our boy volunteered. His friends tried to talk him out of it. They spoke of the indignity; they also told him he'd make a terrible spy—frank, open boy like him.

"But his idea was, the job was necessary. That was the great thing. Its being necessary seemed to him to make it honorable. He was sent through the enemy lines dressed up like a Dutch schoolmaster.

"He didn't make such a bad spy, after all. He got

what he went after, and hid the drawings in his shoes. He was on his way back, crossing their lines, when they caught him. They found the information on him. He admitted he was over there to spy. You know what a spy gets. They hanged him in the morning. He wrote some letters to his family, but they were destroyed before his eyes, they say. But in his last moment they let him say what he wanted to. Later one of their officers told what he'd said.

"There he was, with the noose around his neck. He hadn't got much done. He'd got caught on the first big job of his life. He wasn't going to marry Alicia Adams, nor to have any children, nor to do any more teaching, nor to finish fighting this war. He stood there in the morning air, and he spoke and said who he was, his commission and all. And then he added, 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.'"

You could tell the story like that, simply, because it is a simple story, and when you'd finished you'd have told about all there is to tell about Nathan Hale. There isn't even a contemporary picture of him. Most of the friends to whom he wrote didn't keep his letters. He was just a young American who'd gone to war, who'd lived for twenty-one ordinary enough years before—in the day's work—he died for his country.



One of his brothers, Enoch, was my great-great-grandfather. When I was a child there was a small bronze statue, about four feet high, that stood in the corner of the living room at home. It was just about my height, but it wasn't another child. It was a young man, with his wrists tied behind him and his ankles bound. I passed it several times a day, every day of my childhood. Sometimes I used to touch the bronze face. It was a small-scale replica of the Nathan Hale statue at Yale.

I must have been told his story, because I always knew it. But my father never went on about it, if you know what I mean. There his story was, for what it might mean to you. Some of my other ancestors were the kind of characters that have a whole legend of anecdotes surrounding them, pointed, stirring, or uproarious. But the young man with his hands bound had died at twenty-one, a patriot, as stark and all alone and anecdoteless as young men of twenty-one must be.

Once I was set upon the knees of an old gentleman whose grandmother had been Alicia Adams. She had married and had children, and lived to be eighty-eight, a pretty, sparkling old lady. And when she died, she said, "Where is Nathan?" But about the young man himself there were no family reminiscences, no odd little jokes, no tales beyond the short, plain story of his life and death. He had had no time to do anything memorable but die.

Nevertheless . . . It was my job as a child to fill the kitchen scuttle with coal from the cellar. I was not a brave child, and to me the long corners of the cellar seemed menacing and full of queer, moving shadows—wolves? robbers? I cannot remember when I first

started taking the thought of Nathan Hale down cellar with me for a shield and buckler. I thought, "If he could be hanged, I can go down cellar." The thing was, he was no impossible hero; he was a member of the family, and he was young too. He was a hero you could take along with you into the cellar of a New England farmhouse. You felt he'd be likely to say, "Aren't any wolves or robbers back there that I can see."

Well, I am grown up now, and I know very little more about Nathan Hale than I did then. There is, of course, a mass of details about his short life. A devoted scholar named George Dudley Seymour has spent years in collecting all that can be collected about him. There's a wartime diary. They know his friends. He played football and checkers at camp. He drank wine at Brown's Tavern and cider at Stone's. But when you add all these little things, you only affirm the peculiar simplicity of the story.

Hale is a symbol of all the young American men who fight and who die for us. Partly he is a symbol because he was the first of our heroes in the first of our own wars. He was the first to show the world what Americans are made of. The reason they destroyed his letters home at the time of his death was, they said, so that "the rebels should not know they have a man who can die so firmly." He showed them.

He is no Washington or Jefferson, although he ranks with the heroes. Washington was a great general, and Jefferson was a genius. All of our nation's heroes are great men who are great by their minds and by their deeds and by their careers. All except Hale. His special gift to his country, and to us who love that country, was the manner of his death.

He is the young American. He is the patron of all the young Americans who have grown up as he did in quiet, self-respecting families; who have gone to college and done well, and had fun too; who have started out along their life's careers, well spoken of, promising; and then broken off to join their country's forces in time of war without an instant's hesitation; knowing what must be done and who must do it. He was no different from them. He was an American boy. Everything that can be said of them can be said of him. In the letters of his friends written about him after his death, certain words keep cropping up. They sound oddly familiar. "Promising . . . patriotic . . . generous . . . modest . . . high-spirited . . . devoted . . ." His friends fitted the words to Hale. They fit Americans.

Nothing was more American in Hale than his taking on the duties that led to his death. It was a dirty job, spying. Nobody wanted it. He took it. There's something about that, taking on a dirty job that's got to be done, that rings a bell. It's an American custom of American heroes. He wasn't a remarkably articulate boy. His letters are nothing special. He just jotted things in his diary. But he became the spokesman for young American fighting men who have to die for their country. He chanced to say the thing they think; the thing they mean, when there's not even a split second to think. He stood there at Turtle Bay on Manhattan Island. Don't think he declaimed. He wasn't that kind. He had those few moments, and he was thinking about all the different things that were ending for him. He said, and I think it was more like a remark,

"I only regret . . ."

Braille's Golden Key

by ARCHER WALLACE

ONE day in the spring of 1812, three-year-old Louis Braille was playing in his father's workshop in the village of Coupvray, near Paris, France. Monsieur Braille was a harness maker, and on that particular morning he was boring holes with an awl in heavy leather.

"*Eh, tiens!*" he exclaimed in disgust as the awl slipped off the thick hide without piercing it. Laying the tool on his bench, he stepped across the room to get a stronger awl from the rack on the wall.

Little Louis looked up at the sound of his father's voice and caught the glint of the awl's sharp blade.

"Pretty stick!" he said and toddled across the floor. Picking up the tool in his chubby fists, he made a stab at the leather. As he bent down, the awl slipped and pierced his eye. Sharp screams brought his father running, but it was too late. For many days the child suffered intense pain, and soon the inflammation spread to the other eye. Before long, three-year-old Louis Braille was in total darkness, never again to see the light of day.

As he grew older, Louis heard the other children talk about the fun they had outdoors and about the fine stories they were learning to read in school. Sitting alone day after day in his dull, dark little world, Louis wondered what it would be like to be able to see the things around him again and to read of other wonderful things.

One day Monsieur Braille heard that there was a

school for the blind in Paris, and when Louis was ten years old, his parents sent him to this school to learn what he could. They did not expect him to learn much, for schools for the blind in those days were not very well equipped.

"Can you teach me to read?" That was the first question Louis asked his teachers at the school.

The teachers would make no promises. Few blind persons ever learned to read well, one of the teachers told him. One reason for this was that special books had to be prepared with the letters embossed, or "raised," on the heavy paper, so that the blind person could trace their shape with his fingers.

The teacher took one of the books from the shelf, opened it, and, guiding the boy's sensitive finger, placed it upon one of the raised letters.

"That is *c*," the teacher said. "And this is *a*, and this *t*. C-a-t spells *cat*."

Eagerly Louis traced each letter over and over again. "I will learn to read," he said, and by the determined set of his lips, the teacher knew that he would keep his promise.

Louis Braille did learn to read. In a short time he had read every book for the blind in that school. He was able, also, to help the other pupils, for, sightless himself, he was more keenly aware than were his teachers of the blind children's difficulties.



Some years later Braille was appointed teacher in the school where he had started as a pupil. But although he helped many blind children learn to read, he was always worried by their painful struggles. Many of them found the task too hard and gave up to the bleak despair that only the sightless can know.

"There must be an easier way," young Braille said over and over. "Something easier than trying to feel all the way around each letter. Now if the letters were only little dots—little raised bumps—"

He got a piece of light cardboard and a round stick—not so different from the awl that had cost him his eyes. One dot would be *A*; two dots, one above the other, would represent *B*. Carefully Braille pressed against the cardboard. He turned it over and felt it eagerly. Yes, the stick had poked out raised bumps that were easily and quickly read. Day and night he worked at the task of making an alphabet, and at last, in 1829, he succeeded.

His system consisted of six raised points, or dots, which can be felt quickly so that fingers take the place of eyes. By shifting the arrangement of the dots into different combinations, all twenty-six letters of the alphabet could be made. Louis was exultant. Now with some sort of ruler to guide them, the blind could learn to write as well as read. Before long the perforated metal ruler and the stiletto of the Braille system were standard equipment in schools for the blind all over the world. Books were translated into Braille, and through these books, blind persons found happiness that they had never hoped to achieve.

Of course it requires many more pages to write a book in Braille than in ordinary print; even a short

story takes many pages. The pages themselves are big—9×11 inches. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* has to have a whole shelf of ten bulky volumes. The Bible in Braille occupies several shelves.

The cost of printing books in Braille is so expensive that in most countries government libraries provide books free. No postage is required, so that even the very poorest may avail themselves of Braille's marvelous invention. In the New York Public Library alone there are over thirteen hundred works printed in Braille, including many favorites of sighted children—*Tom Sawyer*, *Robin Hood*, *The Jungle Book*, and many others. Several magazines, too, have Braille editions.

In 1929, the one hundredth anniversary of Louis Braille's invention, a granite statue of Braille was unveiled in the little French village of Coupvray, where he had been born. From all over the world people came to pay tribute—both those with eyes to see and those who could only feel with trembling hands the granite outlines of the statue's face.

Helen Keller, an American woman who had been blind since babyhood, read of the event in a Braille newspaper and wrote this tribute to the *New York Times*:

The blind who once sat brooding through sad, interminable days of emptiness, now look with rapt gaze upon the universe as they read with their eyes in their fingers. . . . Yes, the blind can now work, they can study, they can sing, they can add their share to the good and happiness in the world. And it was Louis Braille, a captive bearing a yoke as cruel as their own, who found the golden key to unlock their prison door.

Working with Edison

by WILLIAM A. SIMONDS

ON A foggy morning in November, 1878, fifteen-year-old Francis Jehl sat on the plush seat of a local train from Jersey City to Philadelphia. In one hand he held tightly his most precious possession, a small volume that Mr. Lowrey, his former employer, had given him on bidding him good-by.

It was entitled *A Handbook of Electrical Testing*, a subject beyond most boys of that period, but not beyond Francis Jehl, who had recently won the coveted goal of a job with Thomas Edison. Francis had planned to study on the trip to the inventor's laboratory, but the swaying of the cars, the sudden starts and jerks, finally compelled him to stop reading.

At last the trainman called, "Menlo Park," and Francis scrambled to the door and down the steps.

A footpath led from the station across a meadow toward a small group of buildings, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant, which Francis knew was his destination. Walking briskly, he soon reached the laboratory, but once there he paused uncertainly, not knowing which way to turn until a bold-mannered office boy appeared and curtly inquired what Francis wanted.

"Oh, so you've come to work here, huh?" he said when Francis explained. "Well, if the Boss won't speak to you at first, hang around until he does. Just go on up the stairs and you'll see him."

The steps turned at right angles and ascended straight to the second floor. As the boy arrived at the top, he took in the entire length of the room. It

extended from one end of the building to the other and was as quiet as the lower floor had been noisy.

A small pipe organ stood at the far end, a queer thing, Francis thought, to find in a laboratory. Between it and the head of the stairs were a number of tables, long and rectangular, literally covered with physical and chemical apparatus.

He recognized some of the instruments. There was a machine which generated sparks by friction when the handle was turned rapidly. Test tubes and Bunsen burners lay everywhere. Shelves bearing rows of bottles and labeled jars lined the walls.

The boy turned and saw Mr. Edison. He was seated at a table near the front of the room, bending closely over something on which his assistant, a man with a black curly beard, was working. Neither seemed conscious of the boy's presence.

Slowly, almost on tiptoe, Francis walked over to them.



"I—I—er—I'm the boy Mr. Lowrey—er—spoke to you about, Mr. Edison——"

Hastily he handed over the note of introduction.

"Um-m, I remember now. Francis Jehl, eh? What experience have you in this sort of work?"

Francis spoke up eagerly. He told of his studies at the Cooper Institute night school, and how he had helped the instructors with their chemical apparatus.

Mr. Edison sat with one hand cupped to his ear while he listened and finally stopped him. "That's enough. That's enough. When can you start?"

"Why—er—right away."

"All right. Put that satchel down, and I'll show you what I want."

The inventor pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. Not far from the table was a chest of drawers set on a sort of platform above the rest of the floor, and behind it was a sink. He led the boy there and pointed to some glass jars, wet cells of a battery. They were filled with acid.

"I'm going to need some current tonight. Get to work on these and clean them. Then refill them. I'll show you how it's done."

Francis spoke up proudly.

"I think I know how to do it, Mr. Edison."

"Very well. There are fifty glass cells there. After you've cleaned and refilled them, let me know. I'll inspect your work."

With that he rejoined his assistant, and Francis took off his coat to go to work. It was a tedious task. Each heavy glass jar in turn had to be carried to the sink and emptied. The zinc plate had to be rubbed off with mercury and rinsed again before the cell could be refilled with acid.

Francis hunted around until he found the necessary utensils, most of them near the sink. He found where the bichromate of potash was stored. Then in a mortar he ground up the chunks to powder and prepared his solution. He also, as he had been taught, diluted the acid and finally decided the job was ready to show Mr. Edison.

A little diffidently he stepped to the table and waited until he could catch the inventor's eye.

The inspection was a severe one. Mr. Edison went over the jars one by one. He felt each of the hundred binding posts to see if it had been tightened. Every one passed. Francis' instructors had impressed on him the fact that loose connections cause lots of grief and lost time, and it happened that Mr. Edison was particular about that very point.

"Well," he said at last, "I see you know the ropes."

That was praise enough for Francis. He felt that he had passed a hard test satisfactorily.

By that time the dark November day was fast nearing its close, and throughout the building, upstairs and down, the gas lamps had been lighted. Their gleam threw a blurred glare out of the tall windows. In those days the gas mantle had not yet been devised, and the gas flame was smoky and flickering.

The boy followed Mr. Edison back to the instrument table, where the man with the black curly beard awaited his chief's return. Suddenly the inventor stopped and turned to Francis.

"Where are you going to stay?" he asked.

"I don't know. I came right up here from the station——"

"So? Then you can have the rest of the day to yourself."

He walked to a front window overlooking the veranda and pointed past the office building to a drab-colored frame house a short distance down the road.

"I'm sure you can get a room there. Go over and talk to Mrs. Jordan."

After expressing his thanks, the boy regained his satchel and trudged downstairs. He smiled at the suggestion that he take "the rest of the day." There wasn't much of it left he told himself. At the bottom of the steps he found the office boy, Johnny Randolph.

"Did you get the job? Huh?"

Francis nodded and then asked a question of his own. "Say, who's that man helping Mr. Edison upstairs? What's his name?"

"You mean Mr. Batchelor. Charles Batchelor. He's English."

Johnny screwed up his face into a mischievous grin and then sobered quickly.

"But you'll get along with him all right. You'll like Kruesi, too. At least, I do."

"Who's he?"

"You'll find out quick enough. He runs in and out all the time. Likely to pop in any minute. He's boss of the machine shop, and he has to figure out and make all these things that Mr. Edison invents."

There was another worker in the laboratory, named Martin Force, who spent most of his time on the second floor making himself generally useful. Francis got well acquainted with him on the following day, when they worked together on what Mr. Edison called an "electric candle."

Soon after Francis reached the laboratory, Mr. Edison told him to assist Martin.

The task proved to be an exceedingly tedious one, and tiring. In a mortar they pounded and kneaded two substances, iridium and a white oxide of zirconium, mixing them evenly together. While they were at it, Mr. Edison sat at the instrument table studying the peculiarities of a new kind of thermo-regulator.

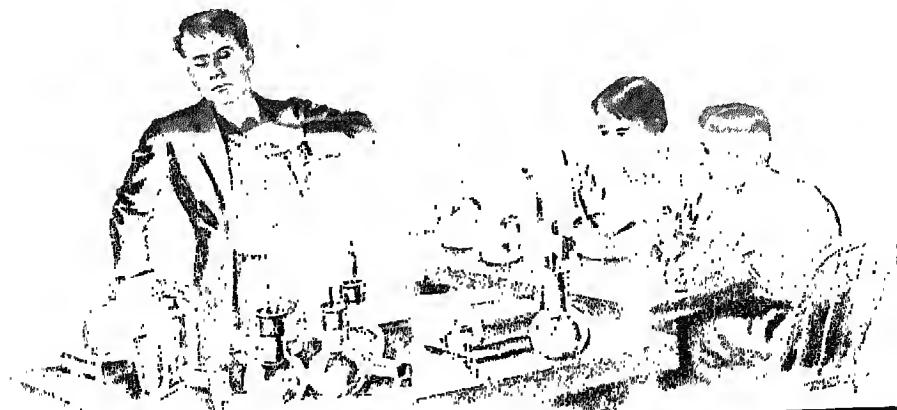
"The Boss is trying out a strip of platinum foil," Martin Force told Francis.

"Instead of a spiral?"

"Yes. It looks like a thin piece of cardboard. He's going to see whether it burns out as fast as the spirals do. He told us last night of another idea. It's to have a sort of loader or magazine attached to the lamp, filled with little carbon rods. Every time one of them burns out, the loader will automatically insert a new one and keep it going."

"That's a good idea."

While they talked and pounded the mortar, they watched the progress of the experimenting. Suddenly there was a bright flash as the thermo-regulator fused, followed by an exclamation of disappointment from Mr. Edison. He pushed back his chair, threw one leg up on the table, and stared at the opposite wall.



"He isn't daydreaming," remarked Martin. "He'll come out of it all of a sudden and have something new figured out."

As if to prove the truth of this statement, Mr. Edison dropped his leg to the floor and ran his hands abstractedly through his bushy hair.

"I'm going downstairs and try something," he announced abruptly, as he rose and moved toward the head of the steps.

After an hour had passed, Mr. Edison returned, followed by a younger man about twenty-five years old, who was plainly a stranger.

"That must be the mathematician," declared Martin. "I heard the Boss tell Mr. Batchelor one was coming to work here. Named Upton. He went to Princeton College. He studied in Germany under Helmholtz, too."

Francis had read about the great Helmholtz. He looked with a new interest at the stranger. Mr. Edison was standing at the front window, directing him to the boarding house. A moment later the young man, after thanking Mr. Edison, was on his way downstairs. Within a half-hour or so he was back and went to work straightway with Mr. Edison on the lower floor.

The pounding and kneading went on. When the shrill whistle blew at noon, Francis did not leave, for Martin had told him it was meant only for the men in the machine shop and not for those in the laboratory.

He was hungry as a bear when Mr. Edison finally returned upstairs and told him—and Martin as well—that they could knock off for dinner. Martin dug out his dinner pail, while Francis hied over to Mrs. Jordan's for a hasty meal.

When Francis returned to the laboratory, Mr. Edison was inspecting the mixture in the mortar.

"Better keep on for a few hours yet," he directed.

"You'll get lots of this," remarked Martin cheerfully, as he and Francis continued their pounding and kneading. "Some people think that inventing is a lot of fun, but they're all wrong. It's nothing but long, hard work, and most of the time you can't see that you're getting anywhere."

"Well, Mr. Edison seems to have got somewhere."

"Yes. But it's because he keeps at a thing until he knows all there is to know about it. Before he started on this electric-light business, he got all the books and journals that had ever been written about gas and read them all so that he would know how the gas light works."

"That must have been a big job."

"Another thing about him is that he keeps track of everything and he notices lots of things that nobody else does. The motograph is a good example. Did you ever hear how he happened to discover it?"

Francis shook his head.

"He was watching the tape of paper slip along over the roller in the automatic telegraph, and all of a sudden he found that when an electric current passed through it the paper got slippery. Lots of men had watched the same thing, but he was the only one who *noticed* it. Then he wondered what made it do that. He started figuring and experimenting, and finally puzzled it out. You'll see plenty of that sort of thing yourself if you work here very long."

"Look at this mixture we're making. Lots of men would tell us to stop because it ought to be good enough. But not Mr. Edison."

During this long explanation Francis listened closely, for it gave him a better insight into the kind of master he was working for.

Later in the afternoon the monotony was broken by more visitors. At Mr. Edison's request the secretary led them about the laboratory until the inventor himself could show them the phonograph.

The visitors gathered around the instrument table when Mr. Edison indicated that he was ready. He moved over beside the machine and in a few words, loud enough for Francis to hear, explained its mechanism.

A wide strip of tin foil had been wrapped around the cylinder, and he set the mouthpiece against one end, with its needle touching the foil.

"This mouthpiece is an artificial diaphragm," said Mr. Edison. "Whenever you speak into it, the sound of the voice jars the diaphragm, which has in its center, as you see, a fine steel point."

He then placed his mouth in the opening and his right hand on a crank, which in turn moved a fly-wheel and caused the cylinder to revolve.

"I shove the mouthpiece up against the foil so that the steel point touches it above one of the grooves, and then turn the cylinder with the crank and talk. The vibrations arouse the disk, and the steel point pricks the tin foil. It really makes stereoscopic views of my voice, recording all I say."

With that he leaned forward and with great dignity repeated the familiar verse about Mary and her little lamb. The visitors listened intently.

As soon as the verse was finished, he set back the mouthpiece with its needle point to the edge of the tin foil and turned the crank slowly. The words came forth so drawlingly that they were almost ludicrous.



With a twinkle in his eyes, Mr. Edison suddenly speeded up the crank. The words flew out of the funnel in an indistinguishable jargon.

"O-o-o-h!" exclaimed one of the ladies. The exhibition fascinated all of the listeners.

Mr. Edison tore the sheet of tin foil from the cylinder and replaced it with a fresh one.

"There is no electricity about this machine," he explained. "It's as simple as a sewing machine."

He now proceeded to cough into the funnel, and then sneezed and laughed into it. Next he rang a small bell and followed it by whistling a tune—an air from the *Grande Duchesse*. Standing over his mortar, Francis almost forgot to pound as he waited for the uncanny

machine to repeat the sounds. It did so, perfectly, one after the other.

"Now," said the inventor. "I'll show you some of its possibilities."

In a deep bass voice he recited the first verse of an old ballad, "Bingen on the Rhine." Then the needle was reset, and while the machine was repeating the words, he shouted several exclamations in a high, shrill voice. At the close of the verse, the cylinder and its matrix were reset once more, and the recitation came out of the funnel, interruptions and all, in a most amusing way:

"A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers,
—*Oh, shut up!*—

There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
dearth of woman's tears,

—*Oh, give us a rest!*—

But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed away

—*Oh, what are you giving us?*—

And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.

—*Police! Police!*—

The dying soldier faltered and he took that comrade's hand

—*Oh, you can't recite poetry!*—

And he said, 'I never more shall see my own, my native land.'

—*Oh, put him out!*—"

Everyone laughed, including Mr. Edison. After a bit he sobered. "You may think this is only a toy," he went on. "But I showed you this stunt to let you see how Adelina Patti can sing her sweetest arias, and this instrument can catch and reproduce them exactly as she sang, and at the same time the music of the

accompanist. We can put a whole orchestra on one of these sheets of tin foil."

Suddenly he turned his head and called, "Martin, come here and sing bass for me."

That meant that Francis had to continue the work on the electric candle alone, but he didn't mind. He was thoroughly enjoying the entertainment.

A double mouthpiece was placed over the diaphragm. While Mr. Edison sang in a loud voice at one side, Martin struggled at the other with his deep bass.

When the cylinder was reset, their voices burst forth so vigorously that the audience was startled. Again there was a chorus of "O-o-o-h's" and "A-h-h's."

"We're going to substitute a circular plate for the cylinder, and clockwork instead of the crank," the inventor went on. "It will make the movement more regular and accurate. Down in New York City we're getting ready to have a publishing office."

"What do you intend to publish?" a visitor asked.

"Music and novels. We will record concerts by brass and string bands, instrumental solos, vocal solos, and so on. The sheet of tin foil bearing the impression will be multiplied to any extent by electrotyping, so that persons can select any group of compositions they desire. The music can be reproduced by any phonograph with all its original sweetness and expression."

"But how can you record a whole orchestra, with the instruments far away from the mouthpiece?"

"The phonograph will be attached to a hole in one end of a barrel. From the other end a funnel will project like those used for ventilating steamships. This will receive the entire music from the orchestra, but of course not in so great volume."

"How much will one of the music sheets cost?"

"I expect to be able to sell an ordinary sheet of music for twenty-five cents. You can have a phonograph in your parlor with an album of selected phonograph matter lying beside it. You can take a sheet from the album, place it on the machine, start the clockwork, and have a symphony performed. Then by changing the sheet you can listen to a chapter or two from a favorite novel, and this may be followed by a song or a duet. At its close, the young people may enjoy a waltz in which all may join, for no one need to be asked to play the dance music."

The visitors exclaimed again and left, enthusiastically naming Edison a modern wizard.

By the end of the week Francis had begun to feel at home in the laboratory and to become very fond of Mr. Edison. The work was harder than he had ever dreamed. And there was no such thing as regular hours. The Boss himself didn't seem to know what it meant to stop working. He wasn't contented with something that was good enough or "almost right." When something failed, he refused to give it up. He wanted to know what made it fail. A failure was merely the signal for the commencement of a new experiment. And nothing was "too hard to do."

All this might sound as if Mr. Edison were a difficult boss, but Francis found him to be quite the opposite. He seemed to have a blessed sense of humor, which he revealed at the most serious moments and which took all the sting out of a temporary setback or a particularly tedious job.

At first Francis didn't know quite how to take these good-natured sallies, because he had been trained in a law office, where conduct was dignified and solemn.

Before long he was enjoying them and even looking forward to them—they came out so unexpectedly.

Strangely enough, his respect for his Boss grew as rapidly as his fondness. Mr. Edison was a man with whom one could become familiar in a respectful sort of way, for he possessed a magnetism that drew one to him. There was something about his character and mental abilities that commanded respect.

Francis mentioned this to Will Carman, the book-keeper, when they rode up to Jersey City together one Saturday. Francis was on his way home for his first weekend visit; Carman was going to take in a show.

"I can't say I've ever seen him discouraged," replied Carman. "Never. You'd think a man so hard of hearing as he is would give up once in a while, but not the Boss! He's even working now on an ear trumpet so that deaf people can hear better."

Carman liked to reminisce about the Boss.

"I'll tell you a story that shows you have to get up early in the morning to get the best of him. Lots of people think he's easy because he's so good-natured. There was an old telegrapher who came to Menlo Park to look him up after the Boss got famous. The Boss was always glad to help his old friends, but this fellow wasn't a friend, and he kept hinting around all afternoon and bothering Mr. Edison.

"Finally, he asked the Boss for a chew of tobacco, and Mr. Edison dug up an old plug that was musty and mildewed. The man made a wry face and said, 'Good heavens, do you chew such stuff as that?'

"The Boss leaned over and whispered in his ear, 'I buy it to keep the boys from begging it from me.'

"He didn't have to say any more. The old-timer knew that the Boss had guessed what he was there for."

As they crossed on the ferry from Jersey City, they saw Bedloe's Island in the distance. There the French people were going to set up the new statue of the Goddess of Liberty.

"I went down to Madison Square to see her forearm," Francis recalled. "It was on exhibition there."

"Do you know what Mr. Edison said about her?" asked Carman. "He said if he could put a metal diaphragm in her mouth, he could make her repeat the Declaration of Independence so loud it could be heard all over Manhattan Island."

The idea made Francis chuckle.

"You needn't laugh," Carman went on. "A man asked the Boss once why he didn't invent a machine that would drill a hole when you talk into it. He thought a moment and said, 'I guess I can.' And he did."

"How did he happen to think of the phonograph?"

"Oh, it came to him when he was working over a telegraph machine. He made a rough drawing of his idea and gave it to John Kruesi. Nobody in the world but Kruesi could have taken the sketch and made such a good job out of it."

"Were you working at the laboratory then?"

"Yes. I saw it all. In the drawing there wasn't a coil, a magnet, or even any wires. Kruesi couldn't figure out what the machine was supposed to do. When he brought it in to the Boss, he asked about it."

"What did Mr. Edison say?"

"He said, 'The machine must talk, Kruesi.' That sounded so strange that Kruesi shook his head. It fooled me, too. I spoke up and bet a handful of cigars that it wouldn't talk. John agreed with me and bet the Boss two dollars. The Boss just said, 'All right,

boys. Wait.' He took the model, tried the cylinder, checked it all over, and asked for a sheet of tin foil. We were watching every move, for it was all new to us."

"Gee, it must have been exciting!"

"Not yet. We were just curious. He wrapped the sheet around the cylinder and began to turn the crank. Of a sudden there was a loud scratch, and the tin foil tore across its face. We winked at each other.

"John Kruesi was standing behind the Boss, and he tapped his forehead as if to say the poor Boss was out of his head. Charley Batchelor remarked, 'Keep your shirts on, boys.'

"The Boss went right ahead, as if the tearing of the tin foil meant nothing. He fitted another sheet more carefully and tried the needle back and forth to be sure it wouldn't scratch a second time.

"When everything seemed right, he began to turn the crank. At the same time he spoke the verse about Mary and her little lamb into the mouthpiece.

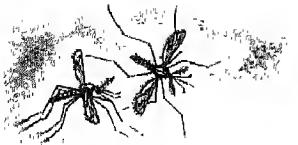
"Of course you can guess the rest. After he had finished, he turned the machine back, and suddenly it began to talk. It was uncanny. It repeated the whole verse just as the Boss had spoken it."

"What did you do?" Francis demanded breathlessly.

"Nothing. We could hardly believe our own senses. We were the first human beings that had ever heard a machine talk like that. We knew that our Boss was a genius."

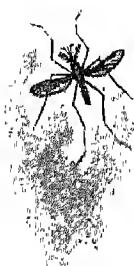
"What's that?"

"Well, I don't know. The Boss says genius is ninety-nine per cent perspiration, and I guess he's right. He says all an inventor needs is a jackknife and a bean pot. At any rate, that night he won fame for himself that will last as long as sound exists."



Walter Reed

by ROSEMARY AND STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT



“O YELLOW JACK’S here,
With his yellow flag flying.
And everywhere, everywhere,
People are dying.
Our doctors and nurses
Work on till they fall,
But he stings us and slays us,
In spite of them, all!

“He scourges the tropics
And all the warm South,
But the North has been seared
By the breath of his mouth.
What might shall withstand him?
What skill drive away
The dread yellow fever
That sickens the day?”

It was not a wizard,
With philters and charms,
It was not a champion,
A champion-at-arms,
But a lean army surgeon,
Soft-spoken and slight,
Who read the dark riddle
And broke the dark might.

He found the mosquito
That carried the pest;

He called volunteers
For a terrible test.
They walked in Death's valley
—And one, to Death's door—
But Yellow Jack, Yellow Jack
Slaughters no more!

There is valor in battle
And statues for those
Who pepper and puncture
Our national foes—
But, if you are looking
For heroes to cheer,
You needn't look farther
Than Reed and Lazear.



The Doctor of Labrador

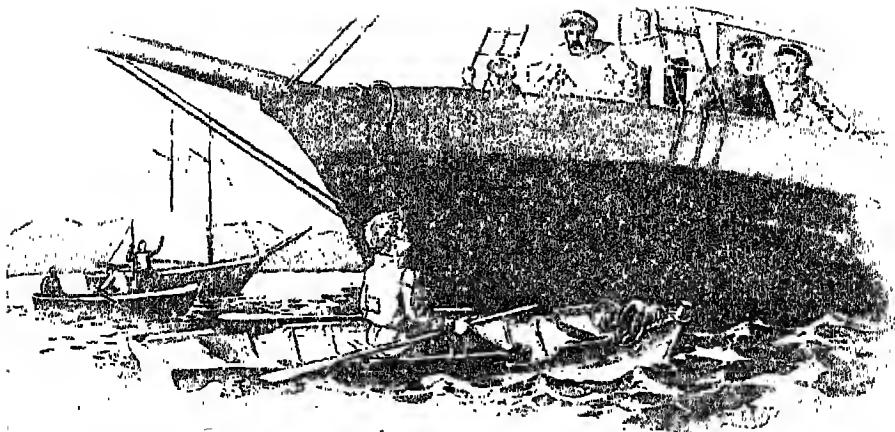
by GENEVIEVE FOX

THE Labrador fishermen were excited. They stared open-mouthed. Where did that boat come from? Not from anywhere along the coast. They could tell that from the cut of her sails. What was she doing in this little run? She carried no net and no dory; so she wasn't after fish. She couldn't be a trader; there was no sign of barrels of oil or boxes of salt. She flew the Union Jack, but what was that blue flag with words on it in white? They couldn't read, and anyway the name "Royal National Mission for Deep Sea Fishermen" would have meant nothing to them, for in that year of 1892 the Mission's work on Labrador had scarcely begun. Now she was dropping anchor. Well, they'd give her a welcome, whatever she wanted.

In less than five minutes the fishermen had discovered that aboard this strange ship was Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.

"It's a doctor. He's come yere on purpose to take care o' we!" The message flew from boat to boat and from one fisherman to another almost as swiftly as if a breeze carried the words or a telegraph ticked them out. Dipping oars splashed. The dories began to cluster around the *Albert*, bringing word of this one on such and such a boat who had been ailing all summer and that one on shore who "needed a doctor bad." Men kept asking, "Can ye haul teeth?"

A starved-looking, ragged young man came alongside in a rowboat that looked as if it would drop to pieces. He sat staring up at Grenfell. "Be you a



real doctor?" he asked finally, as if such a thing couldn't be true. "Us has no money, but there's a very sick man ashore. Be you a real doctor?"

Wilfred Grenfell had found his life work. Year after year, along the stormy coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, he sailed his hospital ship. Many times he made long trips inland by snowshoe or dog sled, for news of the English doctor spread wherever two men met in this lonely land. No longer did Labrador men ask, "Be you a real doctor?" They knew he was both a real doctor and a real friend.

It was Easter Sunday, and Easter was late that year of 1908. Yet there were no signs of spring in Newfoundland. The harbor was still ice-locked.

The air was like crystal, and the landscape was sparkling white and clear blue. Yet this morning Dr. Grenfell scarcely saw the shining day or felt the tingle of the bracing air. Two men with a team of dogs had come dashing into the village of St. Anthony with the message, "Come at once!" Now he must race with time for a sick boy's life, and his thoughts were all concentrated on winning that race.

Jack, his little black spaniel, missed not a move his master made. Dr. Grenfell was harnessing the dogs in a terrific hurry. Now he was packing up the sled with blankets, medicine kit, pork buns—which were biscuits with little pieces of pork in them—a thermos bottle full of cocoa, whale meat for the dogs, firewood.

Crack! went the doctor's long whip like a pistol shot. "Haul up, Brin," he called to the brindled leader of the team; "Come on, Jack," to the spaniel. They were off for a cottage sixty miles away on the other side of Hare Bay, followed by the team of the two men who had brought the message.

Dr. Grenfell's dogs were strong and fresh. They needed little urging. By the time twilight was blurring the shore line, twenty miles of the journey had been covered—a good afternoon's run for huskies.

That night the doctor, who was usually a sound sleeper, kept waking up and listening. Disturbing sounds came through the cracks of the walls of the cottage where he spent the night. Not the howling of the huskies—they were always making the night hideous with their voices, and Dr. Grenfell had long since learned to sleep through that doleful sound. It was the wind. It had changed direction and was driving mist and fog in from the sea. That meant soft snow tomorrow. And what a heavy sea! The ice was breaking up out there, with rumblings and loud reports, piling up "ballicaters," great barricades of ice, all along the shore. That meant there would be no such thing as slipping quickly along over the ice. Well, they'd have to make a crack-o'-dawn start.

Before the sky was even gray, lanterns were gleaming inside and outside the cottage. Dogs were being

harnessed. The doctor ate his breakfast of pork buns and washed them down with cocoa. "You go ahead and I'll catch up with you at the log tilt across the bay," he told the driver of the other team. Since his huskies were so much faster than theirs, he was giving the two messengers a two-hour start.

By the time the doctor's team was starting, rain was falling. Soft snow, ballicaters, and now rain! "Come on, Jack. We'll get there somehow."

Wait a minute. There was a small island out in the bay and a bridge of ice reaching to it. From that island to the other side was only four miles. Could he make it? To be sure there *were* some great cracks in the ice. Still it looked fairly strong. A boy's life might be the price of going cautiously around. "Urra!" he called, and Brin turned sharp left. So far, so good. They were on the island. The doctor peered ahead again. The ice out there was rough; it had been broken up by the waves and then packed together by the wind. Should he risk it? He thought of the boy and of the boy's parents watching for him. "Haul on, Brin! Come, Jack."

The rocky point four miles ahead that loomed just above Brin's ears drew nearer and nearer. Now it couldn't be more than two miles away . . . now a mile . . . only a quarter of a mile more.

Why! What had become of that wind—the wind that had been pushing the masses of ice together? It was blowing out to sea. All at once the whole mass they were on began to loosen and separate into ice-pans. Perhaps he'd better go back. He turned around. Behind him were only floating pans separated by great black gaps of open water. There was no turning back now. There would be no going for-

ward in a few moments. Go it, Brin! Go it, Doc and Moody and Jerry. Go it, Sue and Watch and Spy! Run for your lives. Run for your master's life!

Grenfell threw himself on his hands and knees beside the sled, so as to spread the weight of the load over a wider space. All the time he was urging the dogs forward. Oh, Brin! Don't hesitate like that. Haul on! Haul on! Why *couldn't* the brindled dog understand?

Too late! One instant's hesitation had spelled disaster. The sled began to sink. The dogs had to pull twice as hard as before. Then they began to sink. Suddenly the dogs and master were all in the icy, slushy water. Quickly Grenfell cut the traces of the harness so as not to be pulled down by the floundering huskies. Only the leader's trace he kept, wound tight around his wrist. Wasn't there an icepan they could climb onto? Good for Brin! He had found one—a very small one. Hand over hand, the doctor pulled himself by the trace toward the leader and at least a few moments' safety. Almost there now. Then Brin, as if possessed by an evil spirit, slipped out of his harness and left his master stranded. Everything



began to be more and more of an effort the longer Dr. Grenfell stayed in the ice-cold water. How drowsy he was beginning to feel! He mustn't give in to that feeling. He'd freeze to death if he did. Grabbing hold of the trace from another dog's harness, he again began struggling desperately toward the floating bit of ice. Slowly and with difficulty he pulled himself up beside the leader. The rest of the dogs followed. Master and dogs huddled close together to keep from falling off the small ice raft.

What to do next? The doctor took stock of his situation. The icepan was being pushed all the time farther from shore. It would break up in almost no time in open water. Gone were his coat, cap, gloves, and oilskins. Behind him, on the half-sunk sled, lay thermos bottle, warm blankets, wood—everything he needed to keep from freezing. He *must* find a larger icepan. There, about twenty yards away, was one that looked fairly substantial. He'd make a try to get there. Splicing the traces of Brin and Doc, the two leaders, he tied them to himself. Would they pull him across?

He urged them. He shouted at them. Again and again he pointed to the larger pan. No. They were not going. They would not leave this bit of ice. He seized the struggling, resisting animals and threw them into the water. Back they climbed. Again he pushed them off, and again. Each time they climbed back beside him.

What should he do? Desperately Dr. Grenfell tried to think of some way to make his team understand what he was trying to tell them. Jack, the little spaniel, looked up into his face and wagged a plumpy tail, as if to ask, "Can I help?"

"Yes, Jack. Perhaps you're the very one who can help. See that pan out there? I'll throw this little piece of ice on it. There. Go after it!"

Off dashed the spaniel, as readily as if he were chasing a stick in his own dooryard. Presently a little black spot lay in the middle of the icepan. Brin and Doc eyed the spaniel. Then they jumped in and started swimming toward Jack. The doctor followed. The other dogs, now on the loose, floundered after them, and all but one reached the goal safely.

Grenfell saw at once that this pan was anything but safe. It was larger than the other, but they were still on sish ice—small bits ground off icepans held together by a thin coating of surface ice. The wind was bitter and blew offshore. They were drifting back the way they had worked so hard to come. And nobody would think of looking for them in the middle of Hare Bay. Even if a fisherman saw black specks out here, he'd take them for seals. As for the men who had gone ahead, by the time they missed him and came all the way back, well, he'd either be frozen or drowned. Better not think ahead! Just do the next thing. Right now the next thing was to do something about his back. The wind drove right through his flannel shirt. His eye fell on his long sealskin boots. He had taken them off to empty the water and ice out of them. Slitting them with his hunting knife, he tied the pieces of skin to his shoulders and back, making a windbreaker. There. That was better.

Slowly, but surely, the pan floated seaward with its load. In a short time it was drifting past the island. Back there again, after all this struggle! Now the bridge of ice to the opposite shore was gone.

There was no chance of getting to land. In spite of the sealskin windbreaker, the cold seemed to penetrate to the doctor's very marrow.

"I've got to do it! That's all. I've got to have their skins or I'll be frozen stark within the hour." A look of grim desperation was in his face.

Quickly and mercifully he killed three of the dogs—Moody, Watch, and Spy. It was the hardest thing he had ever done. Those huskies were almost members of his family. He skinned them at once and wrapped himself in their deep-furred coats. What grateful warmth! No wonder a Labrador dog could stand any degree of cold without freezing so much as a toe.

Now, what could he do about his feet? They were losing all feeling. Cutting pieces of rope from the dogs' harnesses, he unraveled the fiber and stuffed it into his wet moccasins. At least it was dry. He wouldn't freeze for a while anyway. Gradually the dusk crept out from the land, mercifully blurring the sight of that black open sea and the ever-narrowing distance between the pan and destruction out there in the choppy water.



A light gleamed from a fisherman's cottage on the shore of the bay. It was a tantalizing reminder of warmth and shelter. If only there were some way of letting those people over there know the plight he was in. A fire might do it, but he had no wood. Perhaps he could make some of that raveled rope burn by soaking it in fat from the dogs' carcasses. He pulled out the box of matches he always wore chained to himself so that they could never be lost. Every single match in the box was soaking wet.

There was nothing more he could do—except wait. Where would another morning's light find him? He wasn't afraid to die. It was leaving his work he minded. That was what kept him fighting, fighting to stay alive. For sixteen years he had been working among these fishermen. Could it be as long as that since the morning in 1892 when he had first looked on these rocky shores?

It was not a record to be ashamed of, the record of those years. He was proud of his four hospitals. And there was his floating hospital, the *Strathcona*. How many had found relief from pain in her cabin? He couldn't begin to count them. The Children's Home—he liked to think of the boys and girls there. Yet these things and everything else he had done seemed so little when put alongside his plans and dreams. He needed twenty—no, forty years. Oh, at least forty years to work for Labrador!

Next year he would double the size of two buildings at St. Anthony—the hospital and the Children's Home. Then there were those boarding schools he wanted to start. A Seamen's Institute in St. John's—that dream must come true. The rugmaking and other home industries, there were wonderful future possibilities for

them. A chain of lighthouses along that perilous Labrador shore, a telegraph, model farm and greenhouses, more coöperatives—there was no end to the doctor's plans. More time, he *must* have more time.

Cuddling close to the largest dog for warmth, and with Jack in a contented ball for a footwarmer, the doctor fell asleep.

"Git your spyglasses and come quick."

George Read jumped up from the supper table, threw on a coat, grabbed his binoculars and a cap, and was on the way to the headland with George Davis in practically no time at all. He was used to being summoned quickly at this time of year, when everybody was watching out for seals. Yet there was something in his neighbor's manner that made him anxious to be off.

They ran without speaking in their haste to beat the darkness. "Yonder! What is it?" Davis pointed to a pan some three miles away. Read adjusted the binoculars and looked in the direction the finger pointed. "Looks—like—a—man. 'Tis a man! 'E's moving! There's dogs, too."

Each looked into the other's face, as if unwilling to speak his thoughts. Not the doctor! Oh, not *the doctor!* Yet it could be no one else. Who else on the coast took such chances as he did to get to his patients? These were the things they were thinking. They went and told George Andrews what they had seen.

If only it were possible to put right out in a boat! Why couldn't they have discovered him earlier? To try to make their way in that floating ice with a heavy sea wind would be dangerous even in daylight. With darkness coming on, it would be certain suicide.

Dr. Grenfell had risked his life again and again for others. Now he was in danger, and they were powerless to save him. "I'll go after him as soon as it's light, no matter what chances I take," vowed George Andrews. The other two had the same resolve. There was little or no sleep for the fishermen in the cottages along Hare Bay that night.

The doctor woke himself shivering. Where was he? Still on the pan, and the pan was considerably nearer the sea—a restless, white-toothed sea. With startling suddenness the wind died down. Would this last? Or was the lull just a preparation for a harder blow? The calm continued. The doctor fell asleep again.

When he woke the next time, he had a plan of action. His mind had apparently been working on the problem while he slept. "You're not a dead man yet," he told himself. "Rig up a flag and begin waving it as soon as daylight comes. If folks on shore see something moving out here, they'll know at least that some kind of animal is on this pan."

Of all the flags ever contrived, the one Dr. Grenfell hoisted just before dawn that day was the weirdest. The staff was made of the leg bones from the carcasses, tied together with bits of harness, and the flag was the flannel shirt. At the first crack of dawn he raised the shaky banner high—as high as he could—and waved the crooked staff till his arms ached. For hour after hour he kept on waving. The sun came up. Still the strangely clad figure stood upholding a crooked standard that flew a flannel shirt.

Were those men on the cliffs? No. Only trees. Was that a boat bobbing up and down in the sun? No. Just another icepan.



"'E's alive! 'E is! See, 'e's wavin' to we." The sight was worth the struggle the fishermen had been making ever since daylight. All the while they were risking their lives, pushing their boat between grinding icepans and hauling it over stretches of sish ice, they had fully expected to find the doctor dead. It seemed a miracle that he had lived through the long night in the bitter cold. When they reached the frail piece of ice that held him up, they were sure that a miracle had saved him.

They grasped his hands, but he could not return the warm clasp. His hands were like chunks of wood; they were frozen. He had to be helped into the boat, so badly frozen were his feet. Not till they had given

him a few swallows of hot tea from the bottle they had brought with them, could he speak. His first words were that he was sorry, terribly sorry to have caused them all this trouble.

Trouble! After all the chances he took and the hardships he endured to help them in their hours of need. At his words, tears came into their eyes.

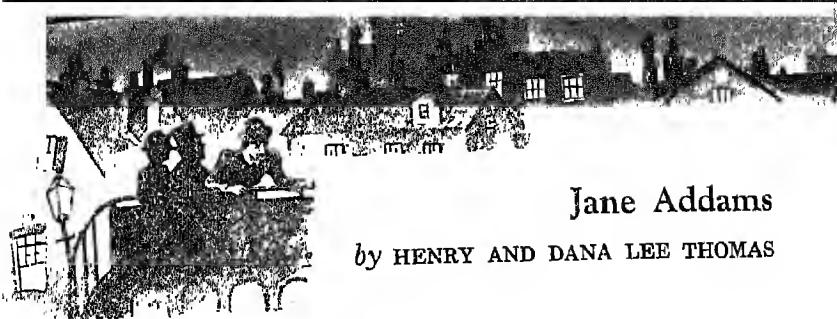
The doctor's next thought was of the sick boy. Yet he could not be of any help to him now. There was only one thing to do—go home. Back to St. Anthony he went, "hauled like a log," as he put it. For the next few days he lay a patient in his own hospital, cared for by a thankful staff that had never expected to see him alive again.

The men who came through heavy seas and ice to Dr. Grenfell's rescue received presents of spyglasses and watches inscribed, "In memory of April 21st." How they treasured those gifts! Yet, as they told the doctor, they didn't need anything to make them remember that day when they had so nearly lost him.

As for the sick boy, he was brought to the hospital a day or two later, when the ice had broken up enough to let a boat cross the bay in safety.

One more debt of gratitude remained to be paid by Dr. Grenfell. That was his debt to the three huskies. In the hall of the house in St. Anthony, where he lived, is a bronze tablet inscribed:

To the memory of
Three noble dogs
Moody
Watch
Spy
Whose lives were given
For mine on the ice
April 21, 1908.



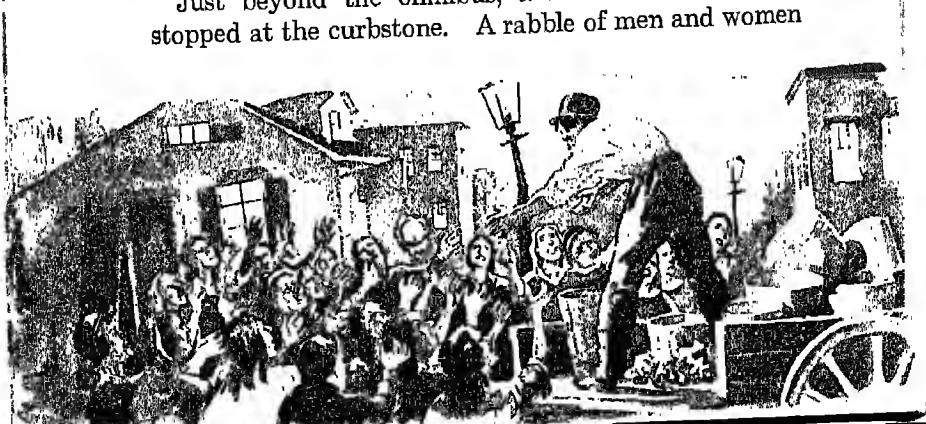
Jane Addams

by HENRY AND DANA LEE THOMAS

ONE midnight in the spring of 1882, Jane Addams was sitting on top of a sightseeing omnibus that made its way slowly through London's poverty-stricken East End. Like most of the other passengers, this twenty-two-year-old girl had taken the ride out of curiosity, as just one more bit of sightseeing that was part of her trip abroad. The trip was supposed to be a rest cure. The year before she had enrolled in the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, but a painful curvature of the spine had forced her to withdraw. The doctors had ordered an extended trip to Europe as a necessary relaxation.

Thus it happened that Jane Addams was now leisurely sightseeing, little dreaming that this night tour of the London slum district would arouse emotions that would change her from a carefree, well-to-do American girl into a woman whose life would be dedicated to helping others.

Just beyond the omnibus, a huckster's truck had stopped at the curbstone. A rabble of men and women



were crowding around it—tattered rags, haggard faces, shrill voices—haggling for the handful of decayed vegetables that the huckster was auctioning off. A cabbage unfit for human food was tossed into the hands of a bidder who held up the astonishing sum of tuppence. The lucky possessor of the prize took the cabbage to the curbstone and began to devour it, filthy and worm-eaten and raw, while his less fortunate companions held up their hands to bid for the cheaper remnants. "The final impression," writes Miss Addams, "was not of ragged, tawdry clothing nor of pinched and sallow faces, but of myriads of hands, empty, pathetic, nerveless and work-worn, clutching forward for food which was already unfit to eat."

Throughout her stay in London, Jane Addams went about the city, as she later described it, "afraid to look down narrow streets and alleys lest they disclose again this hideous human need and misery." A new course in her education had begun. A daughter of the rich, she had beheld suffering from the top of an omnibus. A sister of the poor, she would climb down from her height in order that she might lessen some of this suffering. On that midnight tour of London, Jane Addams had joined the universal fellowship of mankind.

Although she did not realize it clearly until that night in London, Jane's whole life had been leading her toward this dedication to the service of others.

Her Quaker father was all in all to her—her mother had died when Jane was two years old. He was a remarkable man, this state senator and prosperous miller of Cedarville, Illinois. Thoroughly honest himself, he had the utmost faith in the honesty of his neighbors.

He never locked the front door of his house. Jane was sorry she had been born a girl. She wanted to grow up to be a great man, just like her father. She tried in every way to imitate him.

Jane read the *Lives* of Plutarch—for every one of these lives that she could report on, her father gave her five cents; and she studied the lives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—for every one of *these* lives that she could report on, he gave her ten cents. But of all the lives, she believed that her father's was the greatest.

At seventeen, Jane Addams entered Rockford College. And here she fell under the influence of two other great men. She studied the *Essays* of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which introduced her to the service of beauty. Every Sunday morning she read a chapter of the New Testament in the original Greek. The parables of Jesus converted her to the beauty of service. *Here* was a life to emulate! She would dedicate herself, like her Master, to the soothing of the afflicted and the healing of the sick.

But her lesson was not yet fully learned. She wanted to take up a superior profession, to become a doctor, to lend a helping hand from above. It was not until her sightseeing tour of the London slum that she glimpsed the first true vision of her career. Now she saw that the words of Emerson, the Golden Rule of Jesus, pointed to the equal dignity of all the children of men: Descend from the heights of your vanity and take your place among your fellows. Enlist as a soldier in the common ranks of sorrow.

She had set herself a difficult task—a *terrifying* task. But she went bravely ahead. "Always do," she said, "what you are afraid to do." And so, inspired

by her vision, she returned to Chicago, where her father now lived, eager to undertake her new work in spite of her fear.

The great city of the Midwest had grown from eight thousand in 1844 to one million in 1889. And seven hundred and fifty thousand of them were foreign-born. Chicago was a world in miniature—Englishmen, Germans, Jews, Russians, Poles, Irishmen, Italians, Frenchmen, Scandinavians, Bohemians, Swiss—these were only a few of the many peoples that had been swept together by the winds of chance into a single community. The immigrants had brought with them the misunderstandings and the prejudices of a hundred countries. But they had also brought the hopes and the dreams of those countries. If someone could teach them to cast off their prejudices and to unite their dreams, a new day would dawn in America—a day of justice and beauty and vigor and joy such as the world had never seen.

In order to put her ideas into practice, she rented a small house on Halsted Street—the crowded center of Chicago's immigrant peoples. She called this place *Hull House* after the name of its architect and former occupant. It was a pleasant, homelike house with wide halls, open fireplaces, and a porch on three sides. She furnished the rooms with luxurious simplicity: handsome tables, inviting sofas, bookcases and pictures and ornaments she had picked up in Europe—everything, in short, that a wealthy person would want for a private home. Then she threw open the doors and extended a gracious welcome to the public.

At first the foreign population in the surrounding district—a whirlpool of filthy tenements, foul stables, saloons, flies, dirty animals, and children—looked



with suspicion upon this "strange American woman" who had moved into this "strange swell house" in their midst. What did she want of them? They weren't used to this sort of thing from the "better" classes. There must be some trick behind that smile of hers. Best to stay away from that house.

A few daring souls, however, ventured into the house and found, to their astonishment, a human being like themselves. This Lady of Halsted Street was no slummer but a friendly neighbor. They spread word about the miracle, and little by little the visits to Hull House became more frequent. One day a Greek woman rushed in with a sick baby in her arms. Her husband was away at work. She had no money for medicine or for doctors. Miss Addams secured a doctor and bought the medicine—and the child was saved.

On another occasion an Italian bride of fifteen ran away from her husband to Hull House because he had abused her for having lost her wedding ring. Miss Addams summoned the husband and gave the couple a friendly talk and the price of a new wedding ring. Husband and wife went off happily hand in hand.

Before long, the people of Halsted Street district had accepted Miss Addams as a true friend. They called her a Good Neighbor. "This rich lady is almost as nice as a poor woman," they said. No service in behalf of her neighbors was too humble for Miss Addams to perform. She not only *superintended* the work in the house, but lent a ready hand—and what was even more important, a willing heart—in the *doing* of the work. She opened a day nursery for the babies of mothers who worked in the factories. In this nursery she fed and amused and cared for the children at the daily rate of five cents per child. For the older children she started a kindergarten—also at five cents a day—where they were not only fed and amused, but educated as well. "This, you understand, is no charity," she told the parents. "You are paying good money for the service."

For the fathers and mothers themselves, Miss Addams provided Hull House with a soup kitchen and an art gallery. And—in spite of the sneers of her wealthy friends at her queer ideas—she was not surprised to find that her art gallery was more popular than her soup kitchen. It was not for bread alone that the European refugees had come to America.

Slowly the little homestead on Halsted Street grew into a big community center. The idea of the Good Neighbor policy spread to other cities. Similar settlements sprang up throughout the country,

Houses of Friendship with playrooms and workrooms and study rooms.

If only the various races could understand each other, Jane Addams believed, there would be no need for hatred or war. She undertook the daring project of interpreting the races to one another. And this led to an amusing but highly satisfactory incident. One evening the Irish women invited the Italian women to a reception at Hull House. "But the Italian women," writes Miss Addams, "stayed at home and sent their husbands. . . . The social committee of the Irish women entered the drawing room to find it occupied by rows of Italian workingmen. They were plainly puzzled as to what it was all about." Fortunately the Italian men had a lively sense of humor. They proceeded to take the place of their wives in the entertainment of their Irish hostesses. "Untiring pairs of them danced the tarantella, their fascinating national dance; they sang Italian songs; one of them performed some of those wonderful sleight-of-hand tricks . . . and all of them politely ate the 'quaint' Irish refreshments." The entertainment was a huge success. The Irish and Italians were mutually delighted to find that "these strangers are just like other people."

Jane Addams was the American pioneer in melting the differences of many nations into a single democratic ideal. And now that the foundations of her dream house of interracial understanding had been laid, she went on to the next stage of her building. She wanted to see a happier race of children and a more peaceful race of men. And so she began to work for the abolition of child labor and for the establishment of universal peace.

In the eighteen-nineties, child labor was one of the

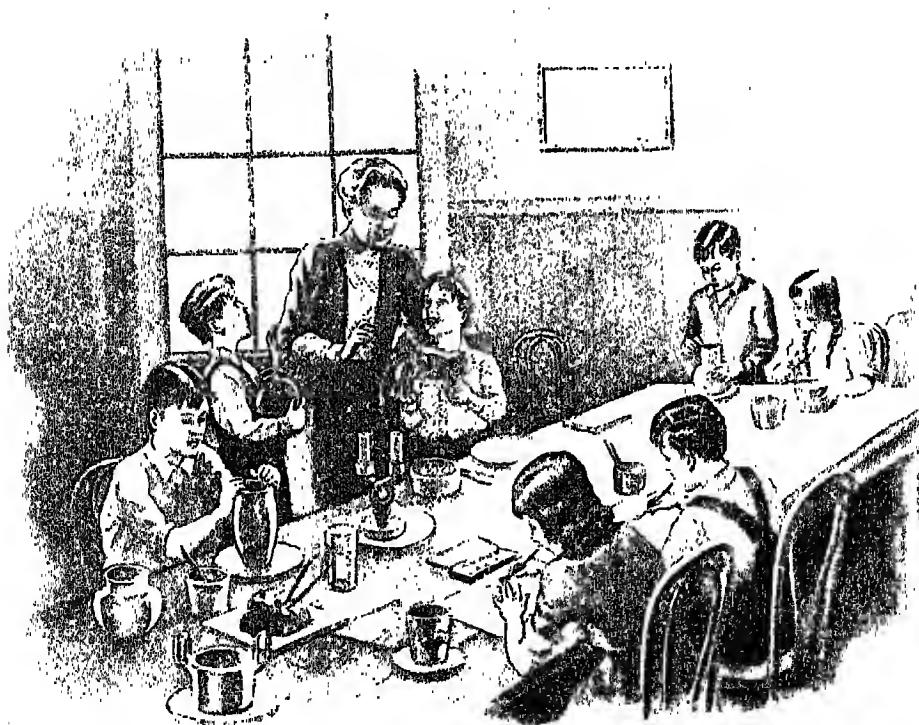
blots upon our civilization. In the industrial centers the children were cruelly overworked and underpaid. Seven-year-olds were in some instances driven fourteen hours a day at four cents an hour. In the needle trades, the children were often set to work at the age of four or five, pulling out the basting threads from the garments which their parents were sewing. Many children were maimed, and not a few were killed by the machines at which they were compelled to work before they were old enough or strong enough to handle them.

Jane Addams had a motherly instinct for children. She made their cause her own cause. In spite of her numerous other duties, she undertook a searching investigation into the problems of child labor. Indeed, she became America's foremost authority on the subject. Calling to her standard the various women's and workers' organizations in Illinois, she succeeded in 1903 in getting the state legislature to pass a law forbidding the employment of children between fourteen and sixteen years before seven in the morning or after seven at night; children under fourteen could not work after six at night. This "Jane Addams Measure" was a good beginning in the right direction. It became a model for similar measures in other states. "If you want to prevent the evils of child labor," wrote the *Boston Journal of Education*, "get a copy of the law in your state and send it to Jane Addams. She will tell you, better than anybody else in the country, if it is wise."

Jane Addams, in her wisdom, planned not only to take the children out of the factories but to keep them out of the streets. "In one short block," one investigator had reported to her, "I found seventy-five

children playing in the gutter." Miss Addams undertook to remove them out of the gutters and into the playgrounds. Thanks to her, the children of Chicago to this day enjoy one of the most extensive and best managed playground systems in the United States.

Miss Addams not only provided playgrounds for the children; she also gave them opportunities to get an education. Children of many nationalities came into Hull House. Some of them passed under her guiding hand through the universities into the professions. A greater number of them went into the ranks of business or labor. But nearly all of them became transformed through the magic of her personality into better and happier and more understanding Americans.



Understanding Americans—this was the real object of her life. Peace through understanding. The natives of many countries were migrating to America. And at Hull House they learned to know and to admire one another—and to coöperate with one another. Though they couldn't follow the language of one another's tongues, they could interpret the language of one another's hearts. They realized that their Old World intolerances and hatreds were nothing but the silly fears of foolish children. Russians, Frenchmen, Italians, Jews, Britons, Poles, Norwegians, Lithuanians, Czechs—all of them had the same desire, the same common yearning to feel the warm glow of brotherhood between man and man.

Jane Addams had demonstrated the fact that in America people from many quarrelsome nations could be united into one friendly family. Why couldn't she teach this vital lesson to the nations of Europe, of the entire world? She proceeded to preach this new idea. She became one of America's most earnest pleaders for international good will. It seemed at times a hopeless task, but she never lost heart. Not even in 1914, when she saw the world engulfed in the First World War. Nor in the following years, when she saw the rise of European dictatorships. For she had the patience of the true philosopher. She knew that the way to human understanding is painful and slow. But she also felt that under the proper guidance the world would learn the lesson in the end.

In order to share her undying faith with her countrymen, she delivered a series of lectures against the cruelty of the military aggressors. One of her friends described her as she looked on the platform: "A smallish, dark-faced woman, gentle of manner and

soft of voice. . . . She is dressed in a tailor-made suit of grayish blue. . . . She is slightly stooped as she stands with her hands clasped behind her in a way touchingly childlike, looking out at her audience. . . . Her face is sad, though the eyes are luminous, and the lips adapt themselves readily to smiles." A wisp of a woman, insignificant in size, tremendous in magnetic power.

For a time during the First World War she stood almost alone. For she had foreseen that our entry into the war would lead to no permanent peace. Some people called her pro-German. She was, of course, nothing of the kind. She was merely pro-human. Yet even her friends began to spy upon her as if she were a criminal.

But she took her blows, and went on proclaiming the need for understanding between nations. When the war was over, in 1918, she felt that her crusade was only begun. She had organized, before the war, an American Women's Peace Party. In the whirlwind of the war, this movement had been torn apart. But with the return of calm weather the threads had been gathered up again. The American Women's Peace Party joined the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and Jane Addams became the president and guiding spirit of this league. "The dictators of the world will make you fight," she said, "but the women of the world will make you free." Half of her prophecy later came tragically true. But the other half, she was convinced, would at a not-too-distant date also come true. In 1931 she shared, with Nicholas Murray Butler, the Nobel Prize for Peace. She donated her entire share

—about sixteen thousand dollars—to the Women's International League. "The real cause of war," she said in making the donation, "is misunderstanding. Let this money be spent in the cause of international understanding."

The nations can live at peace if only they will unite to get rid of their aggressors, she maintained. The children of the human family have been kept too long apart. The selfishness of their leaders has too long imposed upon their ignorance. They must be brought together, they must be educated, they must learn to know one another. "It is time," she said, "that we got better acquainted."

One day in the spring of 1935, she felt a sudden pain in her side. The doctors, suspecting a serious infection, advised immediate surgery. When the ambulance arrived to take her to the hospital, she begged her doctors to wait a few minutes. "I'd like to finish the novel I'm reading before I go. There are only a few pages left." And then, smiling through her pain, she added, "I'd hate to die without knowing how the plot came out."

"Nonsense! You're going to live!"

But when they operated on her, they found a malignant tumor. Four days later she died.

As she lay in state, her "family"—fifty thousand native and immigrant Americans—came to bid her God-speed. And many of them wept, and not a few prayed, as they passed her coffin. For they were about to put away from their presence the all-embracing Mother of Men. As one of her "boys," a Greek workingman, expressed it, "Her no just one people; her no just one religion. Her all peoples, all religions."

Famous Book

Friends





The Pine-Trec Shillings

by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

GRANDFATHER had been sitting in his old armchair all that pleasant afternoon, while the children—Laurence, Clara, Charley, and Alice—were pursuing their sports near at hand. Grandfather was proud of his fine old oak chair. It had been brought to America in 1630, and had belonged to many people famous in the history of Massachusetts.

"According to the most authentic records," said Grandfather, as the children gathered about him for another story, "about 1646 the chair had the misfortune to break its leg. Being therefore sold at auction, our venerable friend was knocked down to a certain Captain John Hull. This old gentleman, on carefully examining the maimed chair, discovered that its broken leg might be clamped with iron and made as serviceable as ever."

"Here is the very leg that was broken!" exclaimed Charley, throwing himself down on the floor to look. "See the iron clamps. How well the leg was mended!"

When they had all sufficiently examined the broken leg, Grandfather told them a story about Captain John Hull and the pine-tree shillings.

The Captain John Hull aforesaid was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clamshells, and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to accept quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money and was to have one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver

cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652. on the one side and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mintmaster would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was constantly dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his moneybags, and his strongbox were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair.

When the mintmaster had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed

heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mintmaster very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in his Sunday-best coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a personable young man, and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mintmaster also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out and soon returned

lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed on them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mintmaster, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mintmaster pointed was a huge, square, ironbound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mintmaster's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped doubled handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mintmaster,



resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver."

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but that Grandfather had made it up out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and had merely tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style. As for Samuel Sewell, he afterward became chief justice of Massachusetts.

"Well, Grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding portions nowadays were paid as Miss Betsey's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."



A Tragic Story

by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found—
I'll turn me round"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out
He turned, but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.





Tom and the Pain-Killer

by MARK TWAIN

TOM SAWYER'S mind had found a new and weighty matter to interest itself about—Becky Thatcher had stopped coming to school. Tom had struggled with his pride a few days, and tried to "whistle her down the wind," but failed. He began to find himself hanging around her father's house at night and feeling very miserable. She was ill. What if she should die! There was distraction in the thought. He no longer took an interest in war, nor even in piracy. The charm of life was gone; there was nothing but dreariness left. He put his hoop away, and his bat; there was no joy in them any more.

Tom's Aunt Polly was concerned. She began to try all manner of remedies on him. She was one of those

people who are infatuated with patent medicines and all newfangled methods of producing health or mending it. She was an enthusiastic experimenter in these things. When something fresh in this line came out, she was in a fever, right away, to try it; not on herself, for she was never ailing, but on anybody else that came handy. She was a subscriber for all the "Health" magazines and phrenological frauds. All the "rot" they contained about ventilation and how to go to bed, and how to get up, and what to eat, and what to drink, and how much exercise to take, and what frame of mind to keep oneself in, and what sort of clothing to wear, was all gospel to her; and she never observed that her health journals of the current month customarily upset everything they had recommended the month before. She was as simple-hearted and honest as the day was long, and so she was an easy victim. She gathered together her quack magazines and her quack medicines, and, thus armed, she went about to the suffering neighbors, never suspecting that she was not an angel of healing.

The water treatment was new, now, and Tom's low condition was a windfall to her. She had him out at daylight every morning, stood him up in the wood-shed, and drowned him with a deluge of cold water; then she scrubbed him down with a towel like a file, and so brought him to; then she rolled him up in a wet sheet and put him away under blankets till she sweated his soul clean and "the yellow stains of it came through his pores"—as Tom said.

Yet notwithstanding all this, the boy grew more and more melancholy and pale and dejected. She added hot baths, salt baths, shower baths, and plunges. The boy remained as dismal as a hearse. She began

to assist the water with a slim oatmeal diet and blister plasters. She calculated his capacity as she would a jug's, and filled him up every day with quack cure-alls.

Tom had become indifferent to persecution by this time. This phase filled the old lady's heart with consternation. This indifference must be broken up at any cost. Now she heard of Pain-Killer for the first time. She ordered a lot at once. She tasted it and was filled with gratitude. It was simply fire in a liquid form. She dropped the water treatment and everything else, and pinned her faith to Pain-Killer. She gave Tom a teaspoonful and watched with the deepest anxiety for the result. Her troubles were instantly at rest, her soul at peace again; for the "indifference" was broken up. The boy could not have shown a wilder, heartier interest if she had built a fire under him.



Tom felt that it was time to wake up; this sort of life might be romantic enough, in his blighted condition, but it was getting to have too little sentiment and too much distracting variety about it. So he thought over various plans for relief, and finally hit upon that of professing to be fond of Pain-Killer. He asked for it so often that he became a nuisance, and his aunt ended by telling him to help himself and quit bothering her. But she watched the bottle clandestinely. She found that the medicine did really diminish, but it did not occur to her that the boy was mending the health of a crack in the sitting-room floor with it.

One day Tom was in the act of dosing the crack when his aunt's yellow cat came along, purring, eyeing the teaspoon avariciously, and begging for a taste.

Tom said, "Don't ask for it unless you want it, Peter."

But Peter signified that he did want it.

"You better make sure."

Peter was sure.

"Now you've asked for it, and I'll give it to you, because there ain't anything mean about *me*; but if you find you don't like it, you mustn't blame anybody but your own self."

Peter was agreeable. So Tom pried his mouth open and poured down the Pain-Killer. Peter sprang a couple of yards in the air, and then delivered a war whoop and set off round and round the room, banging against furniture, upsetting flowerpots, and making general havoc. Next he rose on his hind feet and pranced around, in a frenzy of enjoyment, with his head over his shoulder and his voice proclaiming his unappeasable happiness. Then he went tearing around



the house again, spreading chaos and destruction in his path. Aunt Polly entered in time to see him throw a few double somersaults, deliver a final mighty hurrah, and sail through the open window, carrying the rest of the flowerpots with him.

The old lady stood petrified with astonishment, peering over her glasses; Tom lay on the floor expiring with laughter.

"Tom, what on earth ails that cat?"

"I don't know, Aunt," gasped the boy.

"Why, I never see anything like it. What *did* make him act so?"

"'Deed I don't know, Aunt Polly; cats always act so when they're having a good time."

"They do, do they?" There was something in the tone that made Tom apprehensive.

"Yes'm. That is, I believe they do."

"You *do*?"

"Yes'm."

The old lady was bending down, Tom watching with interest emphasized by anxiety. Too late he divined her "drift." The handle of the telltale tea-spoon was visible under the bed valance. Aunt Polly took it, held it up. Tom winced, and dropped his eyes. Aunt Polly raised him by the usual handle—his ear—and cracked his head soundly with her thimble.

"Now, sir, what did you want to treat that poor dumb beast so for?"

"I done it out of pity for him—because he hadn't any aunt."

"Hadn't any aunt!—you numskull. What has that got to do with it?"

"Heaps. Because if he'd 'a' had one, she'd 'a' burnt him out herself 'thout any more feeling than if he was a human!"

Aunt Polly felt a sudden pang of remorse. This was putting the thing in a new light; what was cruelty to a cat *might* be cruelty to a boy, too. She began to soften; she felt sorry. Her eyes watered a little, and she put her hand on Tom's head and said gently, "I was meaning for the best, Tom. And, Tom, it *did* do you good."

Tom looked up in her face with just a perceptible twinkle peeping through his gravity. "I know you was meaning for the best, Auntie, and so was I with Peter. It done *him* good, too. I never see him get around so since——"

"Oh, go 'long with you, Tom, before you aggravate me again. And you try and see if you can't be a good boy, for once, and you needn't take any more medicine."



John Gilpin

by WILLIAM COWPER

JOHN Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen."

"Tomorrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair."

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done."

"I am a linen draper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.





So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

"Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good luck!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried;
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.





Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
 Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed;
 Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
 His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
 "Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen;
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leatherne girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin—"So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? His owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.



So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till, at his friend the calender's,
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbor in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?"



Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

When straight he came, with hat and wig—
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours;
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
 "I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here;
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech and bootless boast,
 For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;

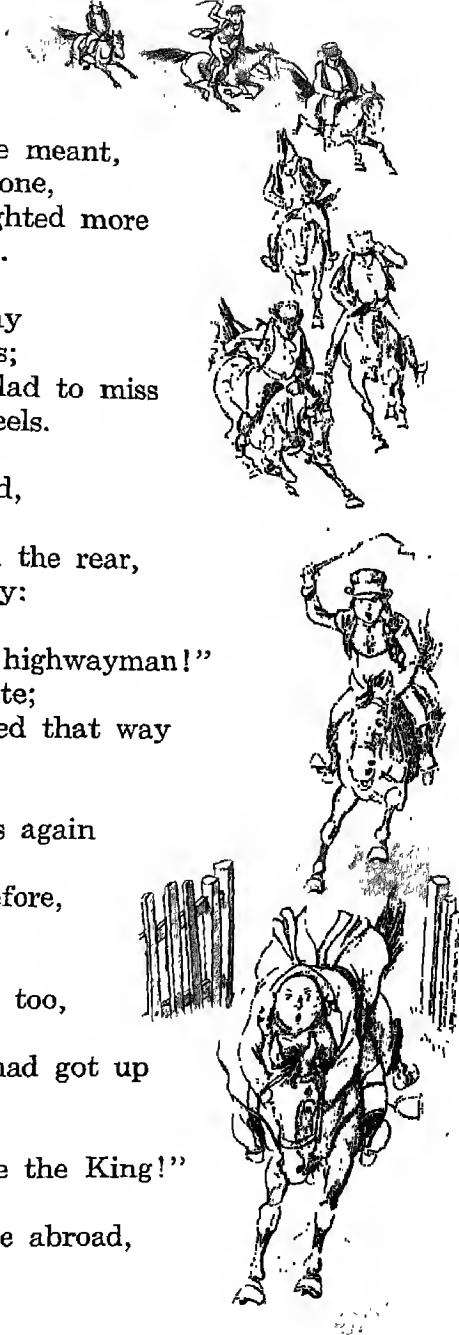
Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why? They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein;



But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

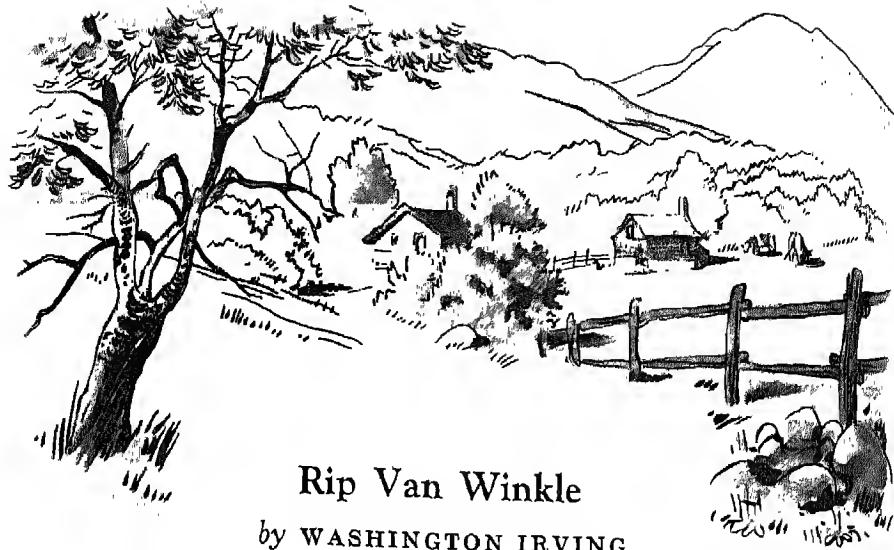
Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space,
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it, too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the King!"
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!



Rip Van Winkle

by WASHINGTON IRVING

WHOMEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and the shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but, sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees,

just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great age, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!). Some of the houses of the original settlers were still standing a few years ago. The houses were built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows, and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the good old days of Peter Stuyvesant and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina.. He inherited, however, but little of the fighting spirit of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to this last circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity. For those men are most apt to be agreeable to others who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are softened in the fiery furnace of domestic troubles; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A scolding wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles. They never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the lack of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's spear, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands and to do such little jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do. Thus, though the estate inherited from his father had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with the least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of eloquence. Rip had but one way of

replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house.

Rip's dog Wolf was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scouted the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping haste.



Times grew worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of club composed of the idlers of the village. This group held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, marked by a red-faced portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, hazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a learned little man who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how wisely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by old Nicholas Vedder, the landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His followers, however, perfectly understood him and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently and to send forth short,

frequent, and angry puffs; and when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly and emit it in light and peaceful clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approval.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his scolding wife, who would suddenly break in upon the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was Nicholas Vedder himself sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible shrew, who charged him with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never lack a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumn day Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reechoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered

with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys. He saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still, evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place,

but supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the strangeness of the person's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual willingness to help; and, mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path led. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those passing thundershowers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded: Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which overhanging trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion. Some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their faces, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red-cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-



crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with rosettes in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed and reechoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly ceased their play and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze and such strange, uncouth, lackluster countenances that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found of excellent flavor. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draft. One taste provoked another; and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep: the strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at ninepins—the flagon—

"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him and, having dosed him with liquor, robbed him of his gun.

Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. Rip whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; his echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion

had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides; working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater, but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks

of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant repetition of this gesture led Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to wonder



whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag on which was a strange assemblage of stars and stripes.

All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked many a peaceful pipe; but even this was changed. The red coat was replaced by one of blue and buff; a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter; the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollects. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling tone about it, instead of the accustomed drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or for Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of the ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean, biliary-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which made no sense at all to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to

comprehend this question. Now a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed. Planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, he demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A Tory! a spy! a refugee! Away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order and demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the

foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does anybody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three.
"Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder,
leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain—apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now



completely confounded. He doubted his own identity and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am."

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some haste. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at the stranger's looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections to his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and nothing has been heard of him since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this news. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it. Some were seen to wink at each other and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village and was well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollects Rip at once and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the

company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. It was affirmed, he said, that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise and keep a guardian eye upon the river called by his name. He added that his father had once seen the crew in their old Dutch dresses playing ninepins in a hollow of the mountain, and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollects for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but showed an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for wear and tear of time, but preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of



the village and a chronicler of the old times "before the war."

It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his long sleep: that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of nations made but little impression on him. But there was one species of tyranny under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Catskills but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draft out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

The Height of the Ridiculous

by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I WROTE some lines once on a time
I In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear.
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.



The fourth—he broke into a roar;
The fifth—his waistband split;
The sixth—he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

A Voyage to Lilliput

by JONATHAN SWIFT

ON MAY 3, 1669, having accepted an offer as ship's surgeon from Captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope*, I—Dr. Lemuel Gulliver—bade farewell to my wife, my son Johnny, and my daughter Betty. The next day the *Antelope* sailed from Bristol, England, bound to the South Seas.

We had a quiet voyage until we neared the East Indies in October. Then we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Tasmania, an island south of Australia. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, one of the seamen spied a great rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it. The *Antelope* immediately split.



Six members of the crew and I, having let a row-boat down into the sea, made an attempt to get clear of the rock, to which some of the others had escaped. We rowed until, in about a half-hour, the boat was overturned by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as those who had escaped on the rock, I cannot tell, but conclude that they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me and was pushed forward by wind and tide. When I was almost gone, I found myself able to touch bottom. I scrambled ashore, then advanced nearly a half mile inland, but could not discover any signs of houses or inhabitants.

I conjectured that it was about eight o'clock in the evening. I was extremely tired, and found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life. When I awakened, it was just daylight.

I was lying on my back. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir, for I found that my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground. My hair, too, which was long and thick, was tied down in the same manner. I also felt several slender cords across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upward. I heard a confused noise about me, but could see nothing except the sky

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg. It advanced gently forward over my chest, coming almost up to my chin. Bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not more than six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his

back. Soon I felt at least forty more of these little beings following the first one.

I was in the utmost astonishment and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterward told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifted up his hands and eyes by way of admiration and cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "*Hekinah degul.*"

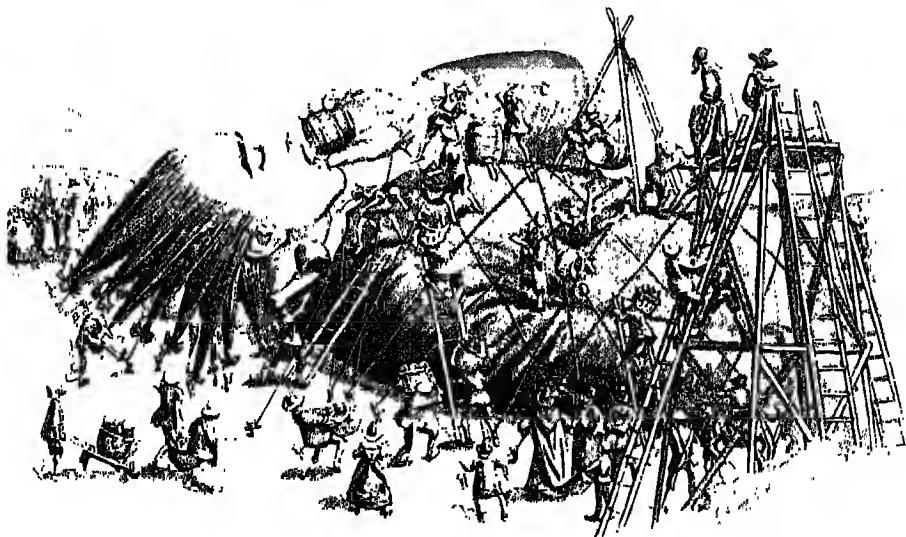
At length, struggling to get free, I had the fortune to loosen a little the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. At the same time, with a violent, painful pull I was able to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. But the little creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them.

Shortly thereafter I felt more than a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles. Though this shower was painful, I thought it prudent to lie still. When the people observed that I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows. But, by the noise I heard, I knew that their numbers had increased.

About four yards to my right I heard a knocking like that of people at work. This continued more than an hour. At length, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw that a platform had been erected. It was about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it. From the top of the platform one of

the little men, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, of which I understood not one syllable. But at the end he uttered what must have been a command, for immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head.

Being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel since I left the ship, I turned my head and put my finger frequently to my mouth to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterward learned) understood me very well. He descended from the platform and commanded that several ladders should be set up against my sides. On them about a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat and bread. In the meat baskets there were shoulders, legs, and loins shaped like those of mutton, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate two or three of them at a mouthful, and took three loaves of bread at a time. The little



men supplied me as best they could, showing a thousand marks of astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They rolled one of their largest hogsheads toward my hand and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draft, which I might well do, for it did not hold a half pint. It tasted like a light wine. They brought me more hogsheads, which I drank in the same manner. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy and danced upon my breast, repeating several times the words, "*Hekinah degul.*"

Soon afterward I heard a general shout, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side. They relaxed the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right side. But before this they had daubed my face and hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received from their victuals and drink, made me sleepy. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterward assured.

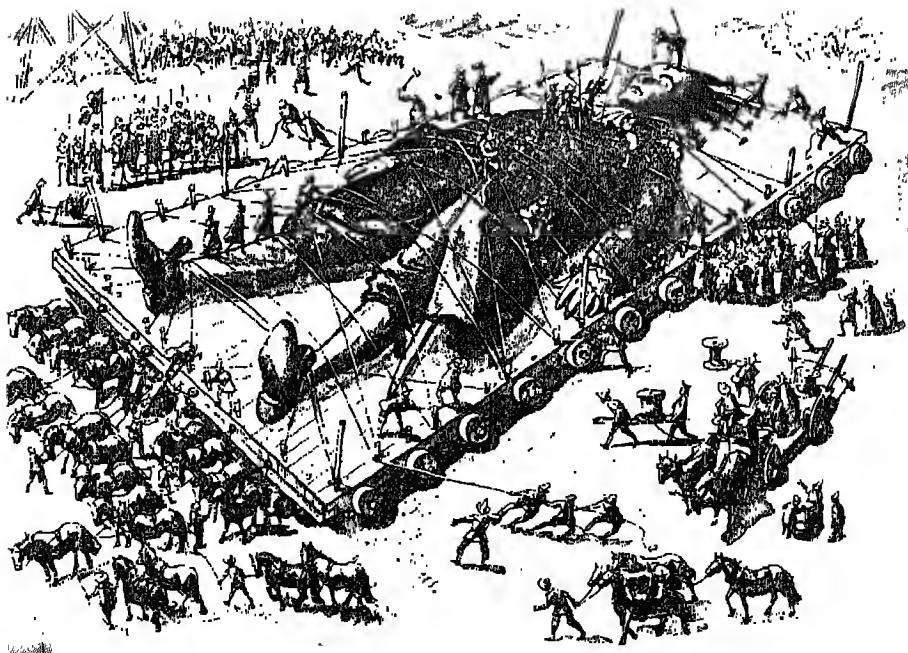
It seems that immediately after I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my arrival in Lilliput, the Emperor had been notified of my presence. At once he determined that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be brought to me, and that a machine should be prepared to carry me to the capital city.

Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare a machine sturdy enough to bear my weight. This machine was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground. It was

about seven feet long and four feet wide, moving upon twenty-four wheels. The shout I had heard was caused by the approach of this engine.

The engine was brought parallel to my body. The principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each one foot high, were erected for this purpose. Very strong cords were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girded about my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised, flung on the machine, and there tied fast. All this I was told later, for, while the whole operation was being performed, I lay in a profound sleep.

Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses,



each about four and a half inches high, were used to draw me toward the city, about a half mile away. The procession toiled along the whole day, resting at night. The next morning at sunrise the journey was continued, and we arrived outside the city gates about noon.

A short distance within the city gates there stood an ancient temple, the largest building in the whole kingdom. In this edifice it was determined that I should be lodged. The great gate was about four feet high and two feet wide; I could easily creep through it. I was ordered to lie down in the yard, and the Emperor's locksmith bound me with ninety-one chains; these were fastened to my leg with six and thirty padlocks. These chains were about two yards long and not only gave me the liberty of walking backward and forward in a semicircle, but allowed me to creep in and lie at full length on the stone floor of the temple.

Opposite the temple there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the Emperor ascended, with many great lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me. It was reckoned that more than a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand. When the workmen found that it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose and walked about.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more pleasant view. The country appeared like a continual garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These

fields were intermingled with woods, and the tallest trees appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theater.

The Emperor had already descended from the tower and was advancing on horseback toward me. His horse, unused to such a mountainous human being, reared up on his hind feet. But the Emperor, who was an excellent horseman, kept his seat until his attendants could run in and hold the bridle while His Majesty dismounted. When he had alighted, he surveyed me with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain.

For the better convenience of beholding the Emperor, I lay down on my side; thus my face was parallel to his, for he was only slightly more than six inches tall. His dress was very plain and simple, but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, with a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself if I should happen to break loose. It was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill but very clear, and I could distinctly hear it even when I stood up.

The Empress and the young princes and princesses had come to view me, too. They were magnificently clad. They, as well as the Emperor, spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither they nor I could understand the other.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to prevent the crowds from molesting me. Nevertheless some of the men had the impudence to shoot arrows at me, one of which very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel

ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and he thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands. I took them all in my right hand, putting five of them into my coat pocket. As to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor fellow squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much anxiety, especially when they saw me take out my penknife. But I soon put an end to their fear; for, immediately cutting the strings that the little man was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, and observed that both the soldiers and the people were much moved by this evidence of my forgiveness.



Toward night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the floor, and continued to do so about a fortnight. During this time the Emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred small mattresses were brought into my house and sewed together. I was also provided with sheets, blankets, and coverlets sewed together in the same manner.

As the days went by, the Emperor held frequent councils to debate what course should be taken with me. It was feared that I might break loose, and also that my diet would be very expensive and might cause a famine. In the midst of these consultations several officers of the army gave an account of my behavior toward the six criminals mentioned above. This made so favorable an impression upon His Majesty that an imperial order was issued obliging all the nearby villages to deliver to me every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, together with a like quantity of bread and wine.

An order was also given that six hundred persons should be my servants. Tents were built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was also ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, and that six of His Majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in the country's language. These orders were duly carried out.

In about three weeks I made great progress in learning the Lilliputian language. During this time the Emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and we managed to converse together a little. The first complete sentence that I mastered was, "Your Majesty, please give me my liberty." This I re-

peated every day. His answer, so far as I could understand it, was that this must be a matter of time. However, he assured me that I should be treated with all kindness.

The Emperor said he hoped that I would not take it ill if he gave orders to two of his officers to search me, for I might carry about me several dangerous weapons. I replied that His Majesty should be satisfied on this score. Accordingly I took up the officers in my hands and put them into my pockets, one after another. These gentlemen made an exact inventory of everything they saw, and later delivered it to the Emperor. This inventory I afterward translated into English as follows:

"In the right coat pocket of the *Hekinah degul* (Great Man-Mountain) we found nothing but one very large piece of coarse cloth, big enough to be a carpet. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal. We requested him to open it, and one of us, stepping into it, found himself up to his midleg in a sort of brown dust, some of which flew into our faces and set us both to sneezing.

"In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures, which we took for writings. Every letter was almost half as large as the palms of our hands. In the left pocket there was a sort of engine, from the back of which extended twenty long poles resembling the palisades before Your Majesty's court.

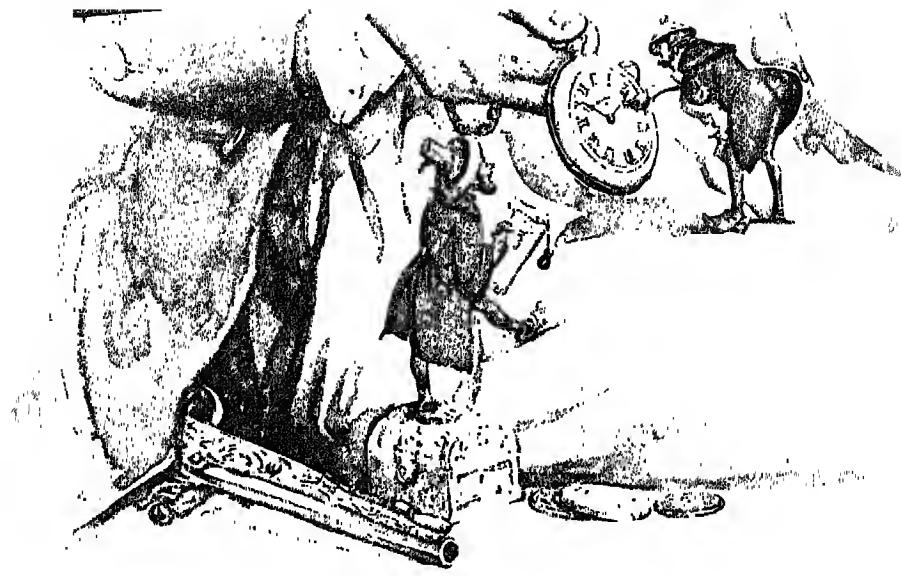
"In the large pocket on the right side of his breeches we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a

man, fastened to a strong piece of timber that was larger than the pillar. In the left pocket was another engine of the same kind.

"In the smaller pocket, on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, some of which were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars. Within each of these was enclosed a huge plate of steel, which we obliged the Great Man-Mountain to show us, because we feared they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these and to cut his meat with the other.

"There were two pockets into which we could not squeeze ourselves. These were slits cut into the top of his breeches. Out of the right one hung a great silver chain. We directed him to draw out whatever engine was fastened to that chain. This appeared to be a globe, the lower half of which was silver; the upper half was of some transparent substance. On the upper side we saw certain strange figures and thought we could touch them until we found our fingers stopped by that transparent metal.

"The Man-Mountain put this engine to our ears. It made an incessant noise like that of a watermill, and we conjectured it is either some unknown animal or the god that he worships. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left pocket he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman. It opened and shut like a purse, and in fact served him for that purpose. We found therein several massive pieces of yellow metal.



"Having thus diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal. From it, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men, and on the right, a pouch divided into two cells. Each cell was large enough to hold three of Your Majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several balls of a most heavy metal about the bigness of our heads. The other cell contained a heap of black grains, of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold about fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-Mountain, who treated us with great courtesy. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of Your Majesty's auspicious reign.

"CLEFRIN FRELOCK, MARSI FRELOCK."

When the inventory was read over to the Emperor, he directed me to deliver up the various items. He

first called for my sword, which I took out, scabbard and all. His Majesty ordered me to cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain.

The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his request explained, as well as I could, the use of it. Charging it only with powder, I first cautioned the Emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off into the air. Hundreds of the Lilliputians fell down as if they had been struck dead, and even the Emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up also my pistols and my pouch of powder and bullets.

I likewise surrendered my silver watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see. He was amazed at the continual noise it made and at the motion of the minute hand, which he could easily discern (for the eyesight of the Lilliputians is much more acute than ours).

I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuffbox, my handkerchief, and my journal book. My sword and pistols and pouch were conveyed in carriages to His Majesty's storehouses, but the rest of my goods were returned to me.

My gentleness and good behavior had impressed the Emperor so favorably that I began to have hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I tried by all possible means to increase this favorable opinion. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive

of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance in my hand, and the boys and girls would venture to come and play hide and seek in my hair. I told them stories of my adventures, for I had now made good progress in speaking their language.

After several months, I was informed that the Emperor had decided to release me from my chains. He had an agreement drawn up to which I was asked to pledge obedience. There were several requirements, all of which I gladly accepted: I must not leave the country without permission of the Emperor. I must not walk through the city, because of the danger of my stepping upon and crushing the little people and their buildings. I must walk upon the highways, and must not lie down in a field of grain. I must assist the workmen in their heavier tasks.

The most important provision of the agreement, as



was soon proved, was found in these words: "The Man-Mountain shall be the ally of the people of Lilliput against our enemies in the Island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us."

Blefuscu is an island situated to the northeast of Lilliput, from which it is separated only by a channel eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and I was sure that the people of Blefuscu had not yet heard of me, for all communications between the island and Lilliput had ceased some time before my arrival.

One day I informed His Majesty of a daring project that I had formed. This was to seize the enemy's whole fleet, which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor ready to sail with the first fair wind. The Emperor agreed, and in thanking me assured me that if I succeeded, he would permit me to leave Lilliput and attempt to reach my native land.

To advance my plans I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel. They told me that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep (which is about six feet) and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most.

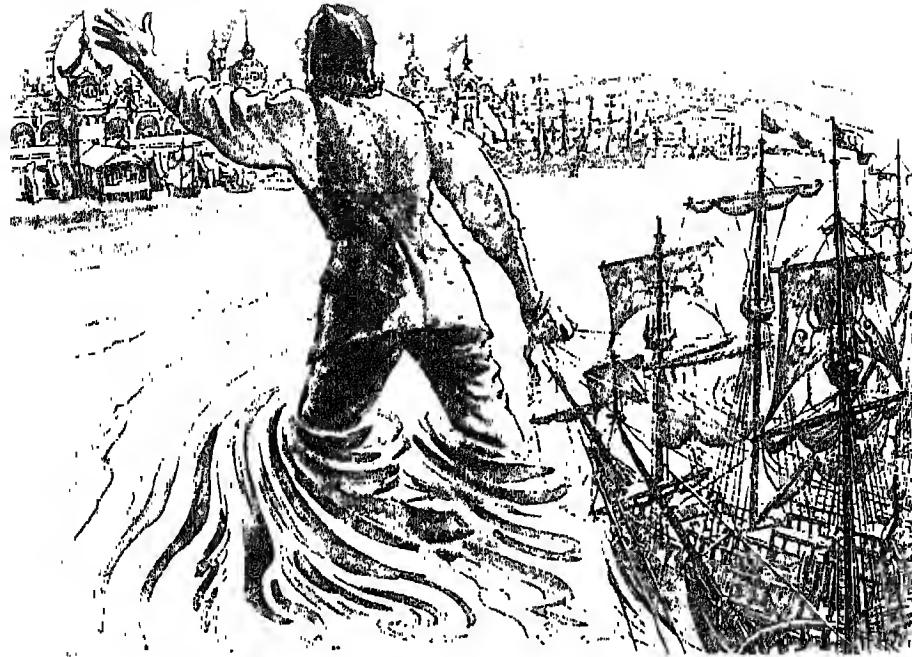
I walked toward the northeast coast, opposite Blefuscu. Here, lying down behind a hillock, I took out a small telescope and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor. It consisted of about fifty men-of-war and a great number of transports. I then came back to my house and gave orders for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as twine, and the bars were of the length and thickness of knitting needles. I trebled

the cable to make it stronger, and, for the same reason, I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the ends into a hook.

Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast and, taking off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea about an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, then swam in the deep middle section of the channel until I could once more touch bottom. I arrived at the fleet in less than a half-hour. The enemy were so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where no fewer than thirty thousand souls had gathered. I then took my tackle and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each ship, tied all the cords together at the end.

While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest fear was for my eyes, which I should have surely lost if I had not suddenly thought of a pair of spectacles that I had kept all this time in a private pocket which the Emperor's searchers had not observed. These spectacles I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose. Thus armed, I went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any damage.

I had now fastened all the hooks. Taking the knot in my hand, I began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all held fast by their anchors. I therefore let go the cord and, leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the



cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands. Then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

When the Blefuscudians saw me pulling their whole fleet toward Lilliput, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as is almost impossible to describe. When I had got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some ointment like that given me just after my arrival in Lilliput. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour till the tide had somewhat fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo.

Quickly I advanced toward the main port of Lilli-

put. The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore awaiting the outcome of the great adventure. As I came within hailing distance, I cried out in a loud voice, "Long live the most powerful Emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible praises, and created me a *nardac* on the spot, which is the highest title of honor among the Lilliputians.

About three weeks after this exploit there arrived a commission from Blefuscus with humble offers of a peace, which was soon concluded upon conditions very favorable to the Emperor of Lilliput. But His Majesty had listened to my plea for a just and fair peace, and granted the Blefuscudians certain favors that I had suggested.

There were six ambassadors from Blefuscus. When their treaty was finished, these ambassadors, who had been privately told how I had befriended them, made me a personal visit. They began with many compliments upon my valor and generosity, then invited me, in the name of their Emperor, to visit Blefuscus.

I requested them to present my most humble respects to their Emperor and to assure him of my hope of visiting his island empire before I returned to my country.

Soon afterward I learned from a friend at court that my conduct toward the Blefuscudians had greatly offended the Emperor of Lilliput. His Majesty, who was usually just, had been stirred to resentment against me by Skyresh Bolgolam, the admiral of the Lilliputian fleet, whose glory had been dimmed by my own great success against Blefuscus. Bolgolam had slyly whispered to the Emperor that I had recom-

mended far too easy terms against the enemy, adding that he had learned of my proposed visit to the court of Blefuscu.

The friend who gave me this information warned me that I was soon to be tried for treason. If found guilty, I would be condemned to the loss of my eyes. I resolved to leave Lilliput at once.

I went to that side of Lilliput where the fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and lifted up the anchors. I stripped myself of my outer garments, putting them (together with a long cloak) into the vessel. Drawing the ship after me as I waded and swam, I soon arrived at the chief port of Blefuscu, where the people had long been expecting me.

They lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. Having arrived before the palace, I was informed that His Majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, would soon come out to receive me. I shall not bother the reader with a detailed account of my welcome at this court, which was very cordial. Days and evenings of entertainment followed.

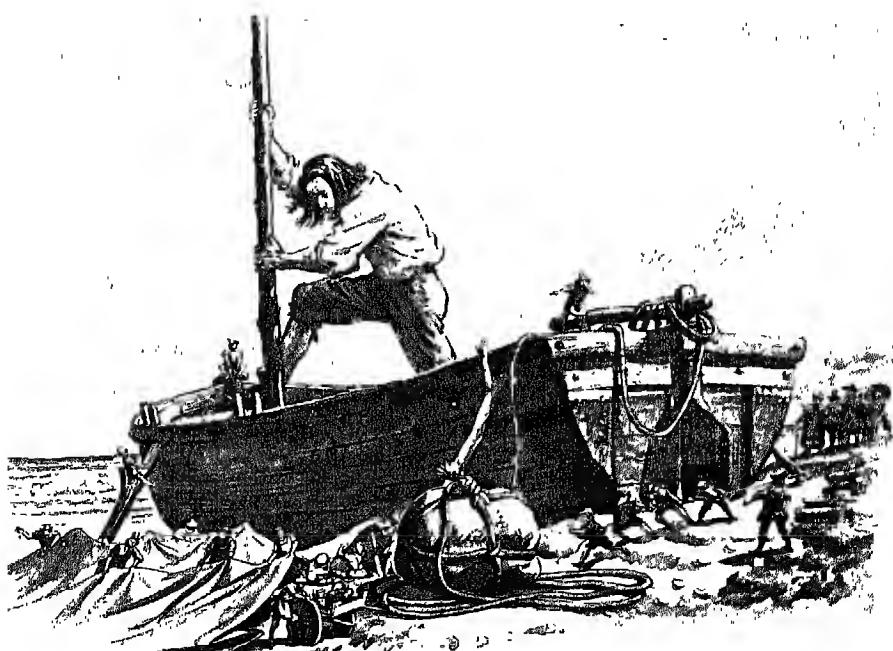
Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the northeast coast of the island, I observed, about a half league off the coast, something that looked like an overturned boat. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I saw that the object was indeed a real boat, which I supposed might have been driven from a ship by some tempest.

After much difficulty I succeeded in righting this boat and bringing it into the port of Blefuscu. A mighty crowd of people appeared upon my arrival,

full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the Emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to some place from whence I might return to my native country. I begged His Majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his permission to depart, which he kindly granted.

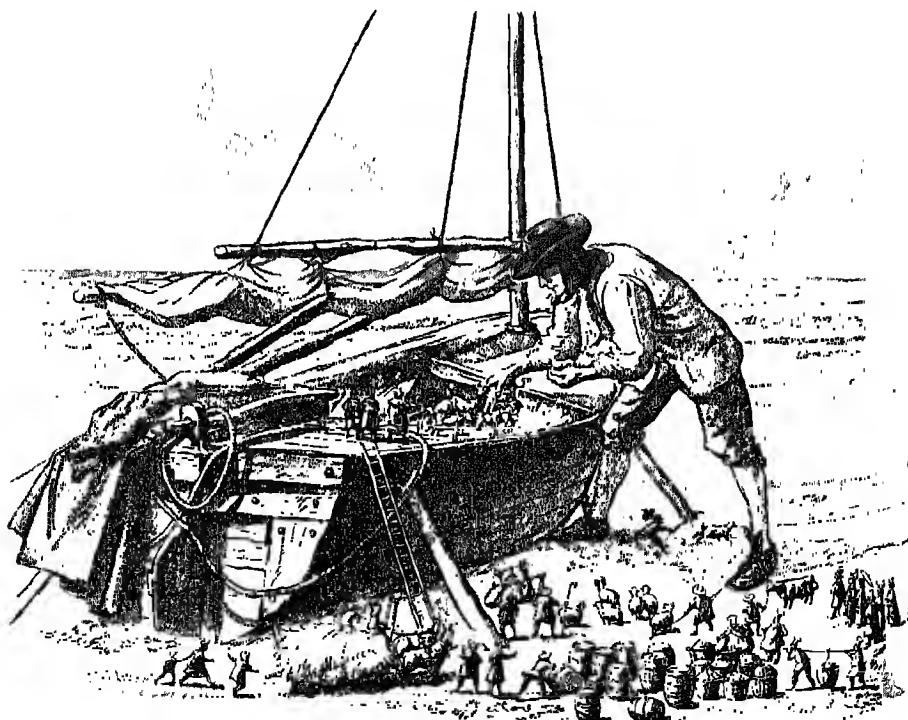
Five hundred workmen were employed to make a sail for my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at pains to make strong ropes and cables by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone served me as an anchor. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest trees for making oars and a mast.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent



to receive His Majesty's commands and to take my leave. The Emperor and his family came out of the palace. I kissed their hands, which they graciously gave me. His Majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* apiece, together with his full-length picture, which I put immediately into one of my gloves to keep it from being damaged.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink in proportion, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six live cows and two live bulls, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country and propagate the breed. And, to feed them on board, I had bundles of hay and bags of corn. I



would gladly have taken along a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the Emperor would by no means permit.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701, at six in the morning. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay northeast of Tasmania.

I discovered nothing all that day. But the next day, about three in the afternoon, I caught sight of a sail steering to the southeast; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer. I made all the sail I could, and in a half-hour she spied me, then hung out her flag and discharged a gun. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 25. My heart leapt within me to see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my coat pockets, and got on board with my full cargo of provisions.

The vessel was an English merchantman, returning home from Japan. The captain, Mr. John Biddell, was an excellent sailor. I showed him the gold given me by the Emperor of Blefuscu, together with His Majesty's picture and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a Blefuscu cow and a sheep.

We arrived at an English port on the 13th of April, 1702. I stayed only two months with my family, for my longing to see foreign countries would allow me to continue no longer. Once more I took leave of my wife and Johnny and Betty, with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant ship bound for Surat.

HELP YOURSELF!

BEFORE reading a story you often wish to know when and where it took place, how it came to be written, or which characters are real persons who actually lived. Help yourself by finding the answers to these and other questions in the notes that follow. Help yourself by looking up troublesome phrases in the explanations listed under each story title on the following pages. And do "help yourself" to the definitions of hard words in the glossary on pages 508-524, to the pronunciation of proper names on pages 525-526, and to the list of fine books to read on pages 504-507.

Young Americans Today

TONY'S HOBBY by Mabel Hubbard Faison (pages 8-19)

Tony is an Italian boy whose family has lived in the United States for only a few years. He often has trouble understanding American words, especially if they have more than one meaning. In this story he discovers the meaning of a new word—and we discover quite a lot about Tony.

◀ **Page 12**—*ambling nag*, a slow, easy-going horse.

—*a lady named Ceres*. Ceres (sér'ēz) was the name given by the ancient Romans to their goddess of agriculture. They prayed to her to give them good crops. They believed that during the cold, rainy months Ceres was weeping for her lost daughter, Proserpina (prō sér'pi nē). Proserpina, they explained, had been stolen by Pluto, the god of the underworld, and had been taken to his cave below the earth. When he was persuaded to bring her back for half of each year, Ceres smiled. Then came sunshine and good crops. Thus the ancient Romans explained changing seasons.

◀ **Page 16**—*a lady who knew how to turn men into pigs*. An old Greek myth tells about the enchantress Circe (sér'si), who lured sailors to the island where she lived and changed them by magic into swine.

JOANNA PLAYS THE GAME by Mary Fanning Wickham
(pages 20-29)

Joanna already knows how to play good tennis, but she has yet to learn what it means to "play the game."

◀ Page 20—*six-three, six-one.* Tennis games are played in "sets." A set is finished when one side has won six games. So Joanna has played two sets, winning three games to her opponent's six in the first set and only one in the second.

◀ Page 21—*I haven't won a single match!* A "match" is playing until one person has won two sets out of three or three out of five. If one player wins the first two sets out of three, the third is not played.

◀ Page 23—*Six-love, six-two.* In tennis a score of zero is called "love." Therefore Mrs. Manning means that she won all six games in the first set.

◀ Page 27—*It climbed to a tie of seven games each.* When a set is tied with a score of five or more games each, one player must win two games in a row to win the set.

◀ Page 28—*the first point.* If one player fails to return the ball across the net, or hits it beyond the boundary lines, the opponent scores a point. The first scoring point counts fifteen. The second is thirty; the next is forty; and the next is "game," or the end.

◀ Page 29—*thirty-all.* The word "all" is used in tennis to show a tie score. That is, both (all) the players have thirty.

—*fell into the alley—a fault.* The "alleys" are narrow lanes at each side of the court. In a "singles" game (played by two persons) the alleys are out of bounds. A ball served out of bounds (or which breaks some other rule) is called a "fault."

—*her second serve.* The player who starts the game or who begins play after a point has been scored, hits the ball with the racket, sending it across the net. This is called *serving*. A second trial is allowed for a serve if the first one fails—that is, if the ball does not clear the net and land in the "receiving court" of the opponent. If neither serve is successful, the opponent scores a point.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE SUN by J. Walker McSpadden
(pages 30-37)

Jim Kinsley's Scout troop is about to experiment with signaling on a device called a heliograph. *Helio* comes from the Greek word meaning "sun" and *graph* from the word meaning "writing." Sun-writing is done by reflecting sunlight on a mirror or shiny metal. Probably it was first thought of by soldiers of ancient Greece and Rome who noticed how far they could see the sunlight shining on the enemy's shields. The idea of sending heliograph messages with the dots and dashes of the Morse code used in telegraphing was first put into use by an Englishman, Sir Henry Christopher Manse. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, used heliograph to great advantage when he was a soldier in India and South Africa, and later included it as part of a Boy Scout's training.

◀ *Page 31—a shutter and two mirrors.* The shutter is a piece of metal (or board or cardboard) used by the sender to break up the rays of sunlight into the dots and dashes. Only one of the two mirrors is used when the sender is in a direct line between the sun and the receiver. Two mirrors are used at other times. The changing position of the sun or of the sender would permit the boys to try both methods, as indicated in the next paragraph of the story.

THE VEGETABLE LIFE by B. J. Chute (pages 38-45)

◀ *Page 38—using the scientific approach,* looking up all the information in books before trying to do something yourself; using the same careful manner of studying a subject that scientists do.

◀ *Page 39—the trial-and-error method,* finding out the right way by trying first one thing and then another until you stumble upon something that works.

◀ *Page 40—lead arsenate . . . Bordeaux mixture,* chemical mixtures used as sprays to treat diseased plants.

THE VEGETABLE LIFE (continued)

◀ Page 45—*You must have planted from eyes.* The eyes of a potato look like little spots, but are really undeveloped buds. When planted they will develop and sprout. Although Tom planted only the little cut pieces of potato with an eye in each one, he didn't realize that the whole potato grew underground.

—*a soil rich in nitrogen, with . . . phosphoric acid.*
Nitrogen and phosphoric acid are chemical elements needed in growing most plants.

THE HAUNTED DESERT by Jack Bechdolt (pages 46-58)

◀ Page 46—*diamond hitch*, a knot used in tying a pack on an animal; it is diamond-shaped.

—*when the first Spaniards came.* The Spaniards, under Cabeza de Vaca (kä bā'sä dā vä'kä) in 1528, and later under Coronado (kō'rō nä'dō) in 1540, were the first Europeans to explore the Southwest.

◀ Page 47—*heat-distorted images.* Heat waves in the air made the mountains appear to change shape.

◀ Page 48—*scientific explanation of this magic.* Heat, plus a peculiar condition of the desert air, causes a distant scene to seem near. Often the scene is upside down or changed in some other peculiar way. Sometimes the flickering heat waves look like water to a thirsty desert traveler. An unreal scene of this sort is called a *mirage*.

◀ Page 49—*the Forty-Niners*, people who went to California to seek gold after its discovery there in 1848.

—*Amargosa Desert.* The Amargosa (a mär gō'sə) is not a real desert, but a name made up by the author for this story.

◀ Page 51—*into the old working*, into the section of the mine where the miners had worked long ago.

◀ Page 54—*The desert may lie to you*, a desert mirage may lead you the wrong way.

◀ Page 56—*cutting fancy didoes*, making turns and twists as a fancy skater does on the ice.

Pathfinders of America

COLUMBUS by Joaquin Miller (pages 60-61)

In August 1492, when Christopher Columbus set out from Palos, Spain, headed, as he thought, for the Orient, only a few men agreed with him that the earth was round. Not many people had even heard of the theory of a round earth, although it had first been taught by the Greek philosopher Aristotle in the fourth century before Christ. Columbus had accepted Aristotle's theory. Now the voyage would test its truth: if the earth was really round, he could sail straight west and in time reach the Far East. He himself was sure of the outcome. But what of the ignorant sailors on whom he must rely to sail his three tiny ships—men who stoutly believed the earth to be as flat as a pancake floating in a sea of syrup? What would be their fears as they sailed into unknown waters? Could he lead them to a successful conclusion of his great dream?

OUT OF DEFEAT by Constance Lindsay Skinner

(pages 62-76)

Columbus first sighted the New World in October 1492. Two hundred and sixty-one years later, in October 1753, a young American set out on a dangerous mission to a part of that New World which Columbus had never seen.

Between October 1492, and October 1753, the rulers of many European countries had sent out expeditions to explore America further. They believed that the New World would bring untold wealth to the country that came into possession of it. A race developed between the French and the British for possession of the lands between the Great Lakes and the Ohio River. Here were fur-bearing animals and fertile soil. "Out of Defeat" opens at a time when actual fighting for this rich territory is about to break out. To maintain British rights, Governor Dinwiddie, the British Governor of Virginia, bases great hopes on an untried but promising young officer, George Washington. In the opening

OUT OF DEFEAT (continued)

paragraph of the story the Governor expresses strongly his bitterness toward a French commander who has occupied an English trading post in the Ohio Valley and changed its name to Fort Le Boeuf (*la bœf*).

◀ Page 62—*Will Findlay*. Will was not a real person, but Miss Skinner no doubt got the idea for this character from a bold frontiersman—Christopher Gist, a Virginian.

◀ Page 66—*claimed it* (the Ohio territory) *under her "sea to sea" chartered rights*. The first charter was for only 100 miles inland, but Britain later claimed land from sea to sea, without realizing how far that was.

◀ Page 70—“*Toilin' and moilin'* to save such a piece of carrion!” Will is disgusted because he must toil and labor to save Beaujeu (*bō zhœ'*), who is as foul as carrion (the flesh of dead animals).

—*Fort Duquesne* (*dū kān'*), a French fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela (*mə nong'gə-hē'lə*) rivers; the site of present-day Pittsburgh.

◀ Page 71—*Even Caesar didn't*. Julius Caesar of Ancient Rome is considered one of the greatest generals of all time. However, some of his victories were won after near defeats.

—*encounter with the Indians at Great Meadows*.

This fight took place on July 3, 1754.

◀ Page 75—*their morale was shattered by the first victorious impact of savagery*. Their confidence and courage were destroyed by their first clash against the victorious savages (Indians).

◀ Page 76—*that blind alley of slaughter*. A “blind alley” is any place or situation from which there is no apparent escape. Being in such a situation, Washington's men had to fight valiantly to escape without being slaughtered (killed).

—*their petty sectional jealousies fled away like wraiths*. Their small, unimportant jealousies, caused by the fact that they came from different sections of the country, disappeared like ghosts.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
(pages 77-81)

On the night of April 18, 1775, a colonial patriot took a ride that made him famous. But that ride might never have gone down in history if the popular American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, had not written this dashing poem that tells how Paul Revere warned the colonists. For among his fellow citizens of Massachusetts Colony, Paul Revere was better known for his many other accomplishments. First of all, they admired him as a jack of all trades. When a Bostonian wanted a fine set of silver, he went to Revere's workshop, for Revere was known as the best designer and maker of silverware in the colony. Or if a citizen had an aching tooth, he knew where to go for relief; Paul Revere could yank the offending molar in a trice, or he could make the customer a whole set of "store" teeth, such as George Washington wore. The loyal colonists got many a good laugh, too, from Revere's clever cartoons of the British, which he drew and engraved on copper plates.

The Americans in Massachusetts consulted Revere on important affairs of the colony. They chose him as a leader in the Boston Tea Party, and they often sent him with confidential letters to American leaders in the other colonies. Just before his midnight ride he had learned that the British commander, General Gage, was about to strike. To be ready for an emergency, the defiant Americans, led by John Hancock and Samuel Adams, had hidden stores of ammunition at Concord and Lexington near Boston. They learned that Gage had sent 800 soldiers to destroy these stores and to arrest Adams and Hancock in Lexington. A warning must be spread at once. Paul Revere chose the fastest way available in 1775 to broadcast the alarm.

With the help of two friends, Samuel Prescott and William Dawes, Revere aroused the entire countryside. Revere himself, however, was captured that night by the British and taken to Lexington. Promptly he escaped; then he turned his attention to helping in many ways to win the war.

DANIEL BOONE by Arthur Guiterman (pages 82-84)

Daniel Boone, wilderness scout, was a pathfinder who was always pushing on to new, uncrowded lands. At the age of twenty-one he put his scouting experience to good use in fighting against the crafty Indians during the French and Indian Wars. He returned from that experience to his home in North Carolina. But he didn't settle down; he wanted to scout out new lands. He opened up the Wilderness Road that led into Kentucky. There he founded Boonesborough—a tough little fort that was long besieged by the Indians. Boone saved it just in the nick of time after making a thrilling escape from the Shawnee chieftain Blackfish.

But Boone was too restless to remain at Boonesborough. He kept moving farther west. He felt crowded, he said, as soon as neighbors were close enough for him to see the smoke from their chimneys. In his poem Arthur Guiterman follows Boone on many of his adventures, up to his death in 1820—and the poet suggests that even then Boone was still seeking "elbow room."

LEWIS AND CLARK by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét (pages 85-86)

In 1804 President Thomas Jefferson sent two young Virginians, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, as leaders of an expedition to explore the vast regions west of the Missouri River—then a wild, unsettled territory. Both Lewis and Clark were well suited to this business of exploring. From early youth both of them had lived an outdoor life, tramping through the woods, hunting raccoons and 'possums and bears. They had met and become fast friends when both were serving as young officers in the small United States Army of that day.

All in all, they were excellent companions. But they were different, too. Lewis was wiry and slender, something of a dandy in dress, with his black hair cut in the

LEWIS AND CLARK (continued)

latest fashion. He was full of ideas and had the iron will to carry them through to success. Clark was broad shouldered and wore his fiery red hair in the old-fashioned queue. He was thoroughly practical, but not at all a student like Lewis, who had served for two years as President Jefferson's private secretary. Before setting out on the expedition, Lewis went to Philadelphia and studied hard to learn as much science as possible, for he wanted to be able to recognize and describe accurately all the wonders that he might observe in the Far West.

Jefferson appointed Lewis as the leader of the expedition; Clark was to be co-leader. But Lewis told his friend that they would share the responsibilities alike; both would be called "Captain" and be obeyed without question by their thirty-odd followers—experienced canoeemen, interpreters, fur traders, soldiers. Lewis' plan worked out well, for all members of the party trusted both the leaders equally.

After reaching St. Louis the party set out on May 14, 1804. Following the Missouri, Snake, and Columbia rivers, they reached the Pacific on November 15, 1805—the first white men to cross the entire breadth of what is now the United States. On their adventurous journey from St. Louis and back, the explorers had traveled 9000 miles. They had seen great wonders. All along the way they had made detailed reports to Jefferson listing their discoveries: strange new animals and plants, many minerals, rich soil, vast timberlands, wide rivers, the great Pacific itself. These reports gave the President and the American people a thrilling vision of a mighty western expansion of the country.

In their poem the Benêts do not give many details of the adventurous exploration. They simply suggest various episodes—and always with a touch of humor. This humor is quite appropriate, for Lewis and Clark both had many adventures that were very funny indeed. If you would like to enjoy them in full, look them up in Julia Davis' book, *No Other White Men*.

INTO THE SHAKES by Constance Rourke (pages 87-95)

In 1822, sixteen years after Lewis and Clark had completed their great expedition, two states west of the Mississippi River—Missouri and Louisiana—had already entered the Union. But most of the great western region was still unsettled, and even in the eastern territory between the Allegheny Mountains and the Mississippi River much of the land was still a wilderness. In western Tennessee, for example, the hardy frontiersman still had his work cut out for him—opening up new roads, clearing the land, building a home. Davy Crockett, with his trusty rifle Betsey, had the qualities needed to endure the hardships of life in the cane-brakes of Western Tennessee.

◀ **Page 89—varmints** (vär'mints), dialect word for troublesome animals.

◀ **Page 91—another of Noah's floods**, a reference to the Bible story of how Noah saved his family and a pair of each kind of animal from the Great Flood.

SAVIORS OF OREGON by Donald Culross Peattie

(pages 96-103)

In spite of the good reports brought back by the Lewis and Clark expedition, not many settlers dared follow these great pathfinders to the far West. By 1835 only a few families had moved into the Oregon Territory, which included what is now British Columbia in Canada as well as the present-day states of Washington and Oregon and parts of Idaho. Both England and the United States claimed the vast territory, where fur traders reaped a rich harvest. The British were building trading posts more rapidly than the Americans were. Some Americans feared that Oregon would pass completely under English control if this uneven race continued. That might indeed have happened if a fiery young doctor and his wife had not left their home in New York State and journeyed as missionaries to the Indians in the Oregon Territory.

SAVIORS OF OREGON (continued)

◀ Page 97—*Asiatic cholera*, a highly infectious disease that is usually fatal.

—*a no man's land*, territory to which no nation has an established claim.

—*an impractical field for the Lord's work*, an area in which it did not appear possible to convert the Indians to Christianity.

◀ Page 98—*axles smoked with strain*, the axles became hot from the strain of constant use without greasing.

—*the Continental Divide*, a great ridge of the Rocky Mountains. It separates streams flowing toward the Pacific Ocean from those flowing toward the Atlantic.

◀ Page 100—*resented the democracy of Christianity*, were angered because the truths of Christianity are made known to *every* Christian. Indians believed that *only* the medicine men should know the religious secrets of the tribe.

—*crawled away into dark places long familiar*, refused to hear about Christianity and went back to their former evil ways.

—*the physician's code*. Physicians have a code of honor that requires them, among other things, to answer any call for medical aid. It was first set down by Hippocrates (hi pok'rə tēz), a Greek physician (460 B.C.-357 B.C.).

—“*house by the side of the road*,” the title of a poem by Sam Walter Foss in which he expresses the desire:

“Let me live in a house by the side of a road
And be a friend to man.”

◀ Page 101—*The chain of Hudson's Bay Company stations provided stepping stones for British subjects*. In 1670 the British fur-trading company called Hudson's Bay Company was chartered to carry on the fur trade with the American Indians. The Company established a chain of trading posts in the Northwest. British traders went from one post to another and built up a series of settlements around the posts.

ABE LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG by Enid Meadowcroft
(pages 104-109)

Marcus and Narcissa Whitman had given their lives to keep Oregon a part of the United States and prevent our country from being divided. Sixteen years later Americans were again giving their lives to keep our nation united; there were not just two lonely missionaries this time, but soldiers by the thousands, for the North was fighting the South to prevent it from withdrawing and forming a separate nation. On July 1-3, 1863, one of the most important battles of that war was fought at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. A few months later, November 19, President Abraham Lincoln was asked to make a speech at Gettysburg, as the site of the battle was to be dedicated, or set aside, as a national cemetery for the burial of soldiers.

◀ Page 105—*go back on the code*, break the promise he had made to let Tad in if the boy gave the secret signal.

◀ Page 107—*began to speak*. The speech as given here follows Lincoln's own words as he actually spoke them. Later for the printed record he made several changes in the text.

◀ Page 109—*they gave the last full measure of devotion*, they gave their lives—the greatest gift by which devotion to one's country can be measured.

—*that speech won't scour*, that speech won't make a deep impression. In Lincoln's day people used to say that a poor plow wouldn't "scour"; they meant that the earth would stick to the rusty moldboard instead of sliding off smoothly.

SPRINGFIELD OR BUST by Hiram Percy Maxim
(pages 110-118)

One of the greatest handicaps of American explorers like Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clark, and Marcus Whitman was lack of good transportation. From earliest colonial days Americans with a mechanical turn of mind had been searching for speedier means of travel over land and water.

SPRINGFIELD OR BUST (continued)

Inventors blazed the trail to modern streamlined transportation with plans for steamboats, railroads, horseless carriages, and gas balloons. "Springfield or Bust" tells the amusing trials of a pathfinder who, in 1897, rigged up a motor-driven tricycle that looked—and sounded—like a terrifying monster to the horse-and-buggy citizens of the community. They watched with amazement as Maxim, with a friend behind him, whizzed past.

◀ Page 111—*gasoline-propelled machine*, a machine that gets its moving power from gasoline.

◀ Page 115—*an infernal machine*, a machine for producing an explosion to destroy life or property.

WILBUR WRIGHT AND ORVILLE WRIGHT

by Stephen Vincent Benét (pages 119-120)

At the time Hiram Percy Maxim was happily burning up the Massachusetts highway at the rate of twelve miles an hour, other inventors were busy with more ambitious dreams of speedy travel. There were the Wright brothers, for example, who experimented month after month with machines in which they hoped to fly through the air. After years of study and experiment, the Wrights closed up their bicycle-repair shop in Dayton, Ohio, went to the seacoast of North Carolina, and at Kitty Hawk on December 17, 1903, established their fame as pathfinders of the air.

Benét manages to give the reader a feeling of the great thing that the two devoted brothers had accomplished, while at the same time he keeps the spirit of his poem light, buoyant, gay.

Wonder Workers

RUSH SERUM by Charles G. Muller (pages 122-132)

A hundred years ago—when Marcus Whitman was pioneering in Oregon—all that a doctor could do for many diseases was to make the patient as comfortable as possible and then trust to luck for a cure. Among the greatest wonders of our times are the discoveries that scientists have made for preventing and curing disease—vitamins for body building, vaccination against smallpox, sulfa drugs to clear up infections. Serum is another almost miraculous saver of lives. It is a liquid obtained from the blood of persons or animals that have become immunized to a certain disease—that is, they cannot contract that disease themselves. “Rush Serum” is the story of a real boy whose only chance for life depended on getting serum without delay. To obtain this wonder-working serum before it was too late, the doctor depended on two other great achievements of science.

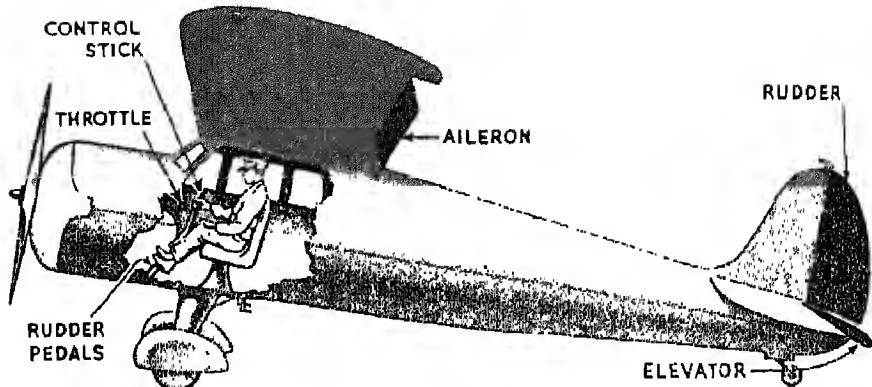
◀ *Page 123—Ceiling overcast at 2500 feet.* In aviation “ceiling” is the greatest height above sea level at which a plane is capable of flying at any given time. *Overcast* means the gathering of clouds, mist, etc., at this level.

—*gave her the gun*, worked the throttle so as to increase the flow of gasoline to the engine and thus increase its power or speed. A more modern term is “rev her up.”

◀ *Page 125—so that her actual track would lead straight to the goal.* The plane was on a course that, with little or no wind, would lead to the right of the goal; but since a strong wind was blowing from the right, the plane was forced on a direct path to the goal.

◀ *Page 126—fly blind*, keep on his course by means of information on the instrument panel instead of by watching landmarks on the ground. Newer planes have instruments that make flying blind fairly easy, but older planes did not.

—*balanced all the pros and cons*, thought through all the arguments for and against.



RUSH SERUM (continued)

◀ Page 127—reached for the gun and cut it, reached for the throttle and turned it off so as to stop the flow of gasoline and start a glide. (See the picture above.)

◀ Page 128—fingers were sensitive on the control stick. A plane is controlled by means of a wood or steel rod that sticks up between the pilot's knees. As a pilot keeps his hand on this stick, he can feel the movement of the plane just as an automobile driver feels the movement of his car as he keeps his hands on the steering wheel. The more experienced a pilot is, the more he can "sense" or feel how his plane is going to act.

—reversed the controls. Pushing the control stick forward sends the plane down; pulling it toward you sends the plane up; placing it in a straight-up-and-down position causes the plane to level off.

◀ Page 129—any moment it might cut out. An engine is said to "cut out" if it misfires or temporarily slows down.

◀ Page 131—sensitive to the feel of the ailerons. Ailerons (ā'lér onz) are small movable portions of the wings. Moving them causes the plane to tilt with a rolling motion. Ailerons are worked by moving the control stick to the right or left. The experienced pilot can tell just how much to move them by the way the stick feels in his hand.

SIXTY HOURS AWAY by Harrison Hires (page 133)

An inconspicuous news item in the paper suggested to Harrison Hires the theme of this poem. In it he gives us the startling contrast between travel today and travel in the days of our buggy-riding grandfathers. He makes us understand how the great invention of the Wright brothers has brought far-off places within easy reach of today's traveler. Not more than sixty hours away now lies a whole mapful of fascinating places we never dreamed of seeing. The poet names a number that he will visit. You will think of others that you have always wanted to see. By the way, place names are hard to read, but once you know them they are fun to say in a poem like this.

DYNAMITE WANTED by Frederic Nelson Litten

(pages 140-152)

◀ Page 140—*writing up the clearance sheet*, recording all necessary facts for the report of his flight.

—*Muy malo* (mü'i mä'lō), Spanish for "very bad." Tomás (tō mäs'), a Mexican, speaks Spanish and addresses Johnny as *señor* (sā nyōr'), the Spanish for *Mr.* or *sir*.

◀ Page 141—*El Rubio Canyon*. In Spanish "el rubio" (el rü'býō) means *the red*. This is not a real canyon.

—*if it takes every trick in the bag*, if we try every way we know. So used because magicians used to carry the equipment for their tricks in a bag.

—*it say—two-eight-point nine-two*. A normal reading on a barograph is around 29. Therefore 28.92 indicates a very low atmospheric pressure, which to the weatherman means that a wind storm is on the way.

—*Por favor* (pōr fä vōr'), Spanish for "if you please."

◀ Page 142—*the dance of the quail*. In the mating season some birds perform a sort of dance. The superstitious Indians believed that such a dance was a warning of approaching danger.

DYNAMITE WANTED (continued)

◀ Page 143—*sunk his bank roll*, spent all the money he had on equipment, salaries for the workers, etc.

—*hold him to the contract*, make him keep all the agreements in the contract he had signed. In this case McHake's contract with the power company probably named a date by which the dam had to be finished or he would lose money—and the rains had delayed the work.

◀ Page 144—*he could still pick up check-points*. Since the clouds stayed above him at 2000 feet, he could still see enough of the ground below in spite of the fog to recognize landmarks—rivers, highways, etc.

◀ Page 145—*He rolled down the wing*. A roll is a sideways turn that a pilot makes when he wants to fly lower or to avoid some object while continuing in the same direction.

—*secure in the pack lashings*. The packages were still tied, or lashed, safely to the donkeys' backs.

◀ Page 146—*Your sour jokes have curdled the weather*. Just as sour milk will curdle, or form into lumps, so your jokes about the weather have turned it "thick" and disagreeable.

◀ Page 149—*notched up the throttle to full gun*, set the throttle at top speed.

—*checked the throttle and set the plane in a power-off glide*, turned off the flow of gasoline and so stopped the engines that the plane might glide to a landing with the power off.

◀ Page 150—*raise the operator*, get the operator to answer the radio signals.

—*stand by*, a term used in telegraphy and radio, meaning to wait with the receiving switch open and listen for further messages.

—*el jefe* (el hā'fā), Spanish for "the boss."

◀ Page 152—*blacking out his vision*. The terrific speed at which the plane climbed upward caused the blood to flow away from Johnny's brain, so that for a few moments he could not see.

LIFE RAFT by Virginia Cunningham (pages 154-161)

Ever since the first sailor made the first crude boat, men have been lured to adventure by the call of the sea. And ever since that first, unrecorded sea journey, men have worked and planned to make sea travel less dangerous. They found stars to steer by and prepared charts of ocean depths and currents; they made safer ships and supplied them with life preservers—and finally with rubber life rafts. Urged on by the hazards of war, scientists developed this new life saving equipment in surprisingly short time and made the story of the life raft a part of the story of the Second World War.

◀ **Page 154**—*Captain Eddie Rickenbacker*. Although Rickenbacker (rik'en bak'er) was a civilian at this time, he was still known by his title of captain, earned as an ace fighter pilot in the First World War.

◀ **Page 156**—*they must be BIGGER*. The so-called three-man rafts were big enough for three men to sit upright, but were horribly small for three men lying down.

◀ **Page 157**—*Future life rafts would carry this miracle*. In water where enemy planes or ships are near, this radio cannot be used for fear of giving them information which would help them to attack rescue ships.

—*carbon dioxide, the familiar CO₂*. The gas used in soda water. An atom of carbon dioxide has one part of carbon to two of oxygen, and so the chemical formula is written CO₂.

◀ **Page 158**—*CO₂ in liquid form*. Carbon dioxide gas can be turned into a liquid by applying pressure at low temperatures.

—*protective coloring*, coloring which is not easily seen because it blends with the colors found in nature and so is a protection against enemies.

◀ **Page 160**—*four plastic bags*. Two bags can be used instead of four if each is provided with a filter.

◀ **Page 161**—*three Navy fliers*. The story of these fliers is told in the book, *The Raft*, by Robert Trumbull.

Tales of Fun and Fancy

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES by Nathaniel Hawthorne
(pages 164-174)

The ancient Greeks and Romans told many stories of gods and goddesses besides the story of Ceres, which you read in "Tony's Hobby." We call these stories *myths*. One of the most popular characters of the old myths was Hercules (hér'kū lēz), whose father was Jupiter (jū'pi tər) and whose mother was an ordinary human being. Hercules was noted for his strength, and to this day we say that an unusually strong person has herculean power.

The famous American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, retold many of the old myths in *Tanglewood Tales* and in *A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*. "The Three Golden Apples" is taken from *A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*.

◀ Page 164—*the garden of the Hesperides* (hes per'i dēz), a magical garden created in the imagination of the old myth tellers. They located it in a faraway region across the sea. It was guarded not only by a fierce dragon, but by the Hesperides, who were daughters of the giant Atlas. You will meet this powerful giant later in the story.

—*I suppose*. The author is speaking for himself here. Hawthorne frequently puts in a remark about his own opinion, just as if he were telling the story in person.

◀ Page 166—*measureless ocean*. The ocean, of course, could be measured, but Hawthorne's phrase is a colorful way of saying that the ocean is very, very big. Notice "immeasurable legs" on page 168 for a similar expression.

◀ Page 167—*reverberated through its golden or brazen substance*, resounded throughout the gold or brass material of which it was made.

◀ Page 168—*That is a wise adventure*. The giant is saying the opposite of what he means, as Hercules can tell by his voice.

◀ Page 169—*talking out of season*, speaking when it would be wiser to remain silent.

—*I am Atlas*. Atlas was one of the giants, called

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES (continued)

Titans, who had warred unsuccessfully against the gods. As a punishment he was given the task of supporting the heavens.

◀ Page 169—*There is nobody but myself*, etc. The Hesperides, daughters of Atlas, would help him obtain the apples.

◀ Page 172—*by the by*, incidentally; used to show that the next thought is added on to what has already been said as a kind of afterthought.

◀ Page 173—I have no fancy for, I have no liking for the idea of.

◀ Page 174—a fig for its talk, a scornful way of saying, “I don’t value its talk at all.”

—*Variety is the spice of life*, a change now and then adds interest to life.

THE QUEST OF THE HAMMER by Abbie Farwell Brown (pages 175-188)

Here is a myth from the Norsemen—people who once lived in the countries we call Norway, Sweden, Iceland, and Denmark. The Norse gods, called Aesir (ā'sir or ē'sir), are very much like the Greek and Roman gods, but they have different names and adventures.

◀ Page 175—*Thor the Thunderer*. Thor (thôr) is the god of thunder, which he creates by striking his magic hammer Mjölnir (myel'nér). Each of the gods has some special part in running the universe; even Loki (lō'ki), the Mischief Maker, is the god of fire.

—*Cloud Land*, another name for Asgard (as'gärd), the place where the gods live.

◀ Page 176—*It is Loki again*. Loki is always playing pranks on the gods, especially Thor.

—*if the giants hear of this*. The cruel Frost Giants, who live in Jotunnheim (yô'tün häm), are bitter enemies of the gods who live in Asgard.

—*with his iron fingers*. Thor wore an iron glove to keep from burning his hand when grasping his hammer, which was always hot.

THE QUEST OF THE HAMMER (continued)

◀ Page 177—*his bolt of power*, his hammer, with which he makes thunderbolts.

—*the Red One*, Loki, whose name means "light" or "fire."

—*falcon dress*. Freia (frā'ə), the Norse goddess of beauty, flowers, and music, owned a magic garment made of falcon feathers, and shaped like that hawk-like bird. This garment gave its wearer the power to fly like a bird.

◀ Page 179—*the crafty one*, one of Loki's nicknames; this one indicates his sly nature.

◀ Page 183—*shirt of mail*, a coat of armor, made of metal links and worn for protection against attack.

◀ Page 184—*his ear was eager*, he was eagerly listening for sounds of Freia's approach.

◀ Page 188—*I shall brook no laughter at my expense*, I shall stand for no laughter that makes fun of me.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

(Old English Ballad, pages 189-192)

Bold Robin Hood, the famous bandit of legend, is said to have lived in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham, England, about seven hundred years ago. Excellent tales of his amazing prowess were told in rollicking ballads—verses that were sung by minstrels or by groups of people as they gathered around the banquet table or danced on the village greens. This ballad is just one of many that tell his story, and it shows Robin's interest in the poor people of England. It also reveals his sharp, quick mind when it becomes necessary to outwit his old foe, the Sheriff of Nottingham.

THE GREAT HUNTER OF THE WOODS by James Stevens

(pages 193-207)

Just as ancient peoples had their myths, so modern Americans have their stories of wonderful persons with great power. These stories grew up in pioneer days, probably because hunters returning from the far West found that

THE GREAT HUNTER OF THE WOODS (continued)

the people back East were ready to believe almost anything about a country where fighting buffaloes and grizzlies was all in the day's work. If they could tell about seeing giant trees (the redwoods of California) as big around as a cabin, why not tell about a dog as big as a tree? Even if they hadn't seen one, it made a good story for the folk back home to gape over. And if a dog was as big as a tree, how big would a cow be? Somewhat in this manner, the stories of Paul Bunyan, giant logger of the far Northwest, Babe his blue ox, and Dublin his wire-haired terrier, came into being. Their adventures grew with each person who had a hand in the telling. And who enjoyed them more, the teller or the listener, would be hard to say.

◀ Page 193—*indade*, indeed. Larity, being Irish, pronounces his words in the manner peculiar to country people from Ireland. He has had little schooling; so sometimes he uses the wrong word entirely and mispronounces it besides. The author has spelled these dialect words in such a way that we can tell how Larity pronounced them.

◀ Page 194—*seven hun'erd bully men*, seven hundred fine loggers.

◀ Page 197—*the hodag and sauger*, imaginary wild animals.
—*timorous* (ti mō'ri əs) *beastie*, timid, or timid, animal.

◀ Page 198—*h'istin' and waggin'*, raising (hoisting) and wagging.

◀ Page 200—*arnicky*, arnica, a healing liquid for bruises.

A NAUTICAL EXTRAVAGANZA by Wallace Irwin (pages 208-210)

The breezy title of this poem may suggest to you a sea story that is not exactly true. You may discover, indeed, that it is wild nonsense. But even if you don't believe the old tar's opening efforts to convince you that he cannot tell a lie, you will have to admit as you read his tall tale that he does know how to spin a tuneful yarn.

HOW OLD STORMALONG WHITENED THE CLIFFS OF DOVER
by Carl Carmer (pages 211-215)

Stormalong is another "mighty man" who competes with Paul Bunyan as a modern rival of Hercules. Stormalong is a sailor instead of a logger, but when it comes to inventing tall stories, the sailor can equal the lumberman any day.

◀ Page 211—*all good salts*, all good sailors who have sailed on saltwater oceans instead of freshwater lakes and rivers.

—*super-able seaman*. "Able seaman" is the title given to sailors who have passed the required tests. Stormalong more than passed them. Everything he did was "super"—bigger and better than ordinary.

—*bosun extra-peculiar*. "Bosun" is "boatswain," but the author spells it the way all sailors pronounce it. "Extra-peculiar" is used as if it were a real rank, like "seaman first class."

—*school of whales*. In speaking of a group of whales, the word *school* is used, as the word *herd* is used with cattle and *flock* with sheep.

—*ordered all hands for'ard to hoist the mudhook*, ordered all the sailors to go to the fore part of the ship (forward) and lift the anchor.

—*had satcheled onto the hook*, had fastened onto the hook as tightly as if it were caught in a closed satchel or suitcase.

—*before you could say Jack Robinson*. This expression for "very quickly" has been used since the eighteenth century. It is said to have started because of an excitable old gentleman of that name who used to pop in and out of his friends' homes before the maid could announce who was calling.

—*stood on her beam ends*. The beam is the main horizontal support of a ship; therefore a ship standing on beam end would be lying over on her side.

◀ Page 213—*the south forty*, the forty acres of land on the south side of his farm.

HOW OLD STORMALONG WHITENED THE CLIFFS OF DOVER (continued)

◀ Page 213—*in the dark of the moon*, when the moon is in the last quarter. Planting at this time was superstitiously believed to produce the best crops.

—*I'll rest a voyage home*, I'll stay at home and rest while you captain the ship for one voyage.

—*four topsail yards on the bowsprit*, four beams for sails fastened across a long pole jutting out from the bow of the boat.

—*halyards leading down through a groove in the keel*, ropes, used for raising and lowering the sails, going through an opening in the main timber that runs the whole length of the bottom of a ship.

◀ Page 214—*Franklin County galley-sliding, telescopic stove-pipe*, a stovepipe like those seen in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. It was jointed like a telescope and slid about all over the galley (kitchen).

—*sky-fungarorum*. This is a term invented by the author, just to be funny.

—*double-running hitch*, a sliding knot.

STORM ALONG, JOHN (Old Sea Chantey, pages 215-216)

The crew on the old sailing vessels used to carry on their work to the rhythm of sea-songs, or chanteys (shan'tiz). In these old songs, the chanteyman, or as we might call him today, "the boss," stood near the men and sang the story lines of the chantey, marking the rhythm strongly. Then the sailors would come in lustily on the chorus, which was perfectly timed to the work they were doing. You can feel the pull on the ropes lifting the heavy anchor, or the hoisting of the sails, in these chantey choruses.

Singing together not only made it easier for the crew to work together, but it was good fun. It is also fun to read these old chanteys with a chanteyman, or solo voice, speaking the story lines and a chorus coming in on the other lines with the lusty vigor of the hardworking crew.

FARMER OF PAIMPOL by Carol Ryrie Brink (pages 241-249)

Neill James told us in "Lofoten Adventure" what happens in the cod-fishing season in the waters off Norway. "Farmer of Paimpol" (pan'pôl') is a fiction story of the fishermen themselves and the families they leave behind when they go to sea. Many of these fishermen come from the northern coast of France, and that is the setting for "Farmer of Paimpol."

◀ Page 241—*stiff with salt*. Salt, from the spray and waves that wash over the boat, dries and hardens.

—*laboring seas*, very rough water.

◀ Page 242—*La Paimpolaise* (lä pan'pô läz'). The French add the suffix "aise" to *Paimpol* to mean "one that comes from" Paimpol, just as we use the suffix "er" in *New Yorker* to mean "one who comes from" New York.

—*Ste. Anne* (san tän'). *Ste.* is the abbreviation for the French word "sainte," meaning a woman saint.

◀ Page 243—*Perdu en Islande—disparu en mer—qui'ils reposent en paix* (pär dy än ès länd—dès pa ry än mär—kél rə pōz än pā). The meaning is given a few lines below in the story.

◀ Page 244—*Monsieur* (mə sye'), Mr., sir.

◀ Page 247—*who had long returned from the Iceland fishing*, who had long ago stopped going to Iceland for the fishing.

◀ Page 249—*to put about for*, to turn back toward.

THE HORSE OF THE SWORD by Manuel Buaken

(pages 250-259)

Like Kate Seredy, Manuel Buaken (bū ä'kən) was born in a foreign land and then came to America. Like her, he has woven his childhood experiences into a fine story that helps us get a picture of life in a land across the sea. Mr. Buaken's homeland is the Philippine Islands.

◀ Page 250—*bermuda grass*, a kind of long grass found in warm countries and used for both lawns and pastures.

—*Luzon uplands*, the hilly regions of Luzon (lü zon'), chief island of the Philippines.

◀ Page 253—*Kiph!* Pronounced kēp.

THE HORSE OF THE SWORD (continued)

◀ Page 254—*Moro Glorioso*. Pronounced mō'rō glō'ri ū'sō
—*Feria* (fā'ryä), Fair.

—mosquito bites in his mind, as annoying to his mind as mosquito bites are to the body.

—*barrio* (bär'ri ū), district.

—*Presidente* (präs'i den'tā), mayor.

◀ Page 255—*Tesero*. Pronounced te sā'ro.

—*Caballo a Bintuangin*. Pronounced kä bä'lyō ä bin'tü än'hēn.

◀ Page 256—*Sinuman* (sē'nü män'), rice custard wrapped in banana leaves.

—*cascarones* (käs kä rō'nās or kas'kē rō nēz), coconut macaroons.

A BORNEO BOY EXPLORES AMERICA by Saudin (pages 260-269)

Saudin—whose full name is Saudin Bin Labutau (sä ü'dēn bēn lä'bü tä'ü)—is a real boy whose home is Kampong Ambual (käm pong' äm'bü äl'), a village of only thirty families in the interior of Borneo. The first step in Saudin's astonishing journey to America came when he went to the seaport town of Sandakan (san dä'kən), on the northwest coast of Borneo. Later he told the full story of his travels to Agnes N. Keith, an American writer traveling in the Orient, and it is reprinted here just as he told it to her.

◀ Page 260—*American explorers, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson*. Martin and Osa Johnson made excellent movies of their many trips of exploration to Africa and Asia and also wrote books and articles describing their adventures. One of Mrs. Johnson's articles, "Polka-Dot Pets," is on page 312.

◀ Page 261—*I said I was not Chinese; I was Malay*. At that time immigration laws prevented the Chinese from landing in the Union of South Africa. Saudin therefore stressed the fact that he was not a Chinese but a Malay. The Malays (mā'lāz or mē lāz') are the people who live in the

A BORNEO BOY EXPLORES AMERICA (continued)

Malay Archipelago (Sumatra, Java, the Celebes Islands, the Philippines, Borneo, and nearby islands).

◀ **Page 262**—*I was a Murut.* The muruts (mü'rúts) are one of the six main groups of Malays who live in Borneo.

—*Can you speak English and read and write?* In order to be sure that a foreigner will be able to get along in this country, the immigration or customs officer makes certain that he knows enough English to ask for food, write his name, etc.

◀ **Page 266**—*a place where you put money in a hole,* the Automat restaurant, where food is served through a small door which opens automatically when the proper coin is put in a slot.

◀ **Page 268**—*Selemat belayer* (slä'mät blä'yä), safe sailing.

◀ **Page 269**—*Mr. Johnson is already dead.* Martin Johnson was killed in a plane crash on January 13, 1937, near Los Angeles, California.

ROADWAYS by John Masefield (page 270)

As a very young boy John Masefield served on a merchant ship for three years. He never lost his love of the sea, even after he settled down on land. He worked hard to become a poet and was so successful that in 1930 he was appointed Poet Laureate of England. One of his most famous poems is the long, exciting sea story *Dauber*. His book *Salt-Water Ballads* is filled with short poems about the sea; one of them is "Roadways."

Nature Adventures

A DOG NAMED SPIKE by Jack O'Brien (pages 272-282)

Jack O'Brien's spirit of adventure took him to the South Pole with an expedition commanded by Admiral Richard Byrd in 1928 and again in 1933. His fondness for dogs led him to choose Spike, an Eskimo sledge dog, as the hero for this story of his second journey to Antarctica.

A DOG NAMED SPIKE (continued)

◀ Page 273—*Amundsen described it . . . Captain Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton wrote.* Roald Amundsen (rō'äl ä'mun-dĕn), a Norwegian, was the first man to reach the South Pole, December 14, 1911. Two Englishmen, Captain Robert F. Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton, made the first successful land exploration of the Antarctic in 1902. Shackleton got within ninety-seven miles of the South Pole in 1907. Scott reached it a few days after Amundsen.

◀ Page 278—*taking their price*, causing Spike to pay with suffering and sickness.

◀ Page 279—*hammering of the trail*, work of pulling the sleds on the trail as steadily as the repeated blows of a hammer.

SEA-FEVER by John Masefield (page 283)

You have already discovered John Masefield's choice of roadways. Again in this poem he expresses his love of that great portion of the outdoor world, the sea, whose rhythm is matched by the rhythm of Masefield's verse.

BLUE DUIKER by Samuel Scoville, Jr. (pages 284-293)

◀ Page 284—*in the Sabi Bush.* The word *bush* is used for any of the wild, uninhabited regions of Africa or Australia. The Sabi (sä'bi) bush country follows the course of the Sabi River, which flows through Mozambique (mō'zəm bēk') and Southern Rhodesia in South Africa.

—*death which lurked all about them.* Animals that might kill them were hiding all around.

◀ Page 285—*fend for himself*, provide food for himself; get along by his own efforts.

—*would live out their days*, wished to live as long as duikers are ordinarily expected to live.

◀ Page 287—*with the old pair*, with his parents.

—*testing the veld with eyes and ears and nose*, trying to see, hear, or smell an enemy on the grass land.

◀ Page 289—*messengers of doom*, the jackals, whose strange cry, the pheal, warns of coming danger.

BLUE DUIKER (continued)

◀ Page 289—*the first Ice Age*, period of time during which the polar ice cap covered parts of the earth that now have a moderate climate; roughly one million years ago.

—quartered across the veld, spread out in four sections so that they could close in on their prey from all sides.

—drawing cover after cover, searching out one animal after another from the hiding place in which it had taken cover.

◀ Page 293—*and the dogs were gone*. They had been eaten by crocodiles. The two antelopes had reached safety before the crocodiles had arrived.

WILD ANIMALS COME TO DINE by Agnes Akin Atkinson (pages 295-302)

Long, long ago—so long ago that no one knows when—the first dog stopped being a wild creature and became man's friend. No one knows just how this happened, but when you read this true story of how Mrs. Atkinson made friends with the wild creatures near her home, perhaps you will be able to make a good guess as to how wild dogs were tamed. You will be sure that it did not happen all at once, but took time and patience.

◀ Page 295—*Eaton Canyon*. Eaton Canyon is in California near Pasadena.

—famous Mount Wilson. Mt. Wilson in California is famous for its observatory from which scientists study the stars.

◀ Page 296—*the way to an animal's heart was through his stomach*, the way to win an animal's friendship was by feeding him. This proverb is usually used in speaking of a man.

◀ Page 300—*his plumed tail was high in warning*. A raised tail is a skunk's signal that he is ready to give off his scent. The scent is secreted in sacs under the tail.

◀ Page 302—*bed down*, make their beds, often by tramping down a patch of grass or weeds.

TREES by Joyce Kilmer (page 303)

You have heard the song "Trees" so often that you may be surprised to know that Joyce Kilmer originally wrote it as a poem. When you discover the musical lilt of the printed lines, you will see why the composer Oscar Rasbach felt inspired to set the poem to music.

UNGOR GUARDS THE FLOCK by Russell Gordon Carter
(pages 304-310)

◀ Page 307—*knew his advantage.* On the narrow ledge the wolf could not get past him to attack from the rear; so Ungor had to be on guard only against a front attack, a decided advantage.

◀ Page 308—*icy crags tossed the savage notes to and fro.* The howl echoed as the sound waves hit the rocks and bounced back to the opposite peak.

—*prickles beneath his heavy coat.* The northern lights caused an electrical condition in the cold air.

—*Two spots of burning gold,* the wolf's eyes.

THE FALLING STAR by Sara Teasdale and **THE NIGHT WILL NEVER STAY** by Eleanor Farjeon (page 311)

Everybody has made a wish on a star. In their poems Sara Teasdale and Eleanor Farjeon show us that the stars can have other values for us, too.

POLKA-DOT PETS by Osa Martin Johnson (pages 312-320)

When Osa Martin married the young explorer Martin Johnson, she knew that being an explorer's wife meant living in far places among strange people. How she felt about this way of living can be guessed from the title she chose for her autobiography—*I Married Adventure.* While exploring meant giving up many comforts, it also meant gaining exciting new animal friends. This is the story of four of them, Mrs. Johnson's "polka-dot" pets.

◀ Page 313—*a blind of thorn brush and leaves,* a shelter of thorn bush branches and leaves made to look like a natural bush or thicket from which the hunters could watch the

POLKA-DOT PETS (continued)

animals without being seen. The same idea of imitating natural scenery is often used by soldiers to camouflage their guns or to observe the enemy.

◀ Page 314—*vantage point*, a position that gives one an advantage or better opportunity.

MY STRANGE HOBBY by Raymond L. Ditmars

(pages 322-329)

Mr. Ditmars turned his boyhood hobby of snake collecting into a lifetime profession. As an official in zoos and museums, he became one of the nation's outstanding authorities on reptiles and wrote about them with a keen, friendly interest that makes us interested, too.

◀ Page 322—*where I worked as an assistant*. Ditmars was only eighteen years old when he got his first job at the museum.

◀ Page 325—*fallen down on some of my collecting days*, got fewer snakes than I should have found, or found none at all.

Heroes of Service

NATHAN HALE by Nancy Hale (pages 332-337)

Nancy Hale tells for us the true story of her great-great-great uncle, who, as a soldier in the American Revolution, spoke words that ever since have been for us a symbol of American courage.

◀ Page 332—*out of New Haven*. Hale had been graduated from Yale University (then Yale College) in New Haven, Connecticut.

—*when he joined up*, when he enlisted as a soldier in the Continental Army in the American Revolutionary War.

—*on that April day*, the 19th of April, 1775, when the Battle of Concord and Lexington was fought after Paul Revere had made his famous ride.

—*The General*, General George Washington.

◀ Page 333—*the Battle of Long Island*. This took place on August 27, 1776.

NATHAN HALE (continued)

◀ Page 333—*Knowlton's Rangers*. Colonel Thomas Knowlton had fought during the French and Indian War with the Rangers—a group led by Robert Rogers. The Rangers were famous for their swift, destructive raids against the enemy. In 1776 Colonel Knowlton commanded a regiment of Rangers in the Revolutionary War.

◀ Page 334—*You know what a spy gets*. It is a generally understood practice in warfare to hang a spy or to have him shot to death by a firing squad.

◀ Page 335—*small-scale replica*, a small copy made in exactly the same proportions as the large statue.

—*Nathan Hale statue at Yale*. The statue at Yale was designed by Bela Lyon Pratt in 1898, but not erected till 1914. It is not a real likeness, but shows how the sculptor thought Hale looked.

—never went on about it, never talked boastfully about it.

◀ Page 336—*taking the thought of Nathan Hale down cellar with me for a shield and buckler*, thinking about how brave Hale was in order to stir up her own courage and keep out her fears, as a shield and a buckler (a small shield) keep off the spears of the enemy.

◀ Page 337—*rings a bell*, appeals greatly; is especially pleasing.

BRAILLE'S GOLDEN KEY by Archer Wallace (pages 338-341)

Anyone who has had his eyes blindfolded for even a half-hour will know what the author means when he says that blindness is a prison. The young Frenchman, Louis Braille, found a way that he and thousands of others could escape from this prison of blindness—a way so wonderful that one blind person called it a golden key.

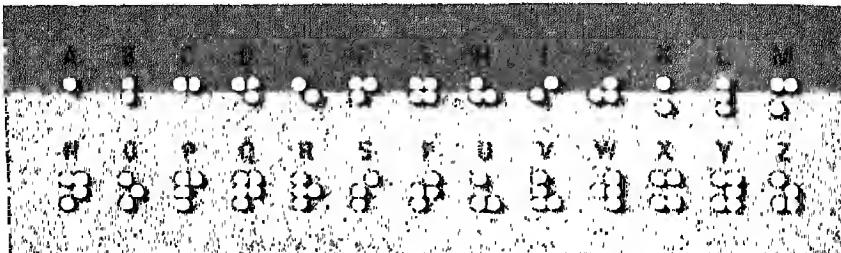
◀ Page 338—*Eh, tiens!* (eh tē en'), an exclamation of disgust that is similar to our expression "Oh, pshaw!"

◀ Page 339—*embossed*, or "raised." Embossed letters stand out from the surrounding paper, and we speak of them as

BRAILLE'S GOLDEN KEY (continued)

raised letters, although what really happens is that the surrounding paper is pressed down rather than the letters being pushed up. The quotation marks show that the author knows *raised* is not the exact expression.

◀ Page 340—*One dot would be A.* The Braille alphabet is as follows:



WORKING WITH EDISON by William A. Simonds (pages 342-357)

Thomas Edison was granted more patents than any other inventor in the United States. Even before the invention of the electric light and the phonograph made him world famous, Edison's laboratory in Menlo Park, New Jersey, was known as a place where almost anything could happen and usually did. It is small wonder, then, that a fifteen-year-old boy would think it an exciting place to work and consider a job with Edison the greatest good luck in the world. Francis Jehl (yāl) worked with Edison for many years and later became curator of the Edison Museum in Michigan.

◀ Page 342—*took in the entire length of the room,* saw the whole room in one look.

◀ Page 343—*generated sparks by friction,* produced sparks by rubbing one thing against another, as sparks appear when you touch a metal object after scuffing your feet across a carpet.

—*Test tubes,* thin glass tubes closed at one end, used in making chemical tests.

WORKING WITH EDISON (continued)

◀ **Page 343**—*Bunsen burner*, a gas burner in which air is let in at the base and mixed with the gas before it is burned. It can have a very hot blue flame. It is named for its inventor, Robert Bunsen, a German chemist (1811-1899).

◀ **Page 344**—*Cooper Institute*, the Cooper Union Institute, a free school with evening classes founded in New York City by Peter Cooper in 1859 for the purpose of teaching the arts and sciences to working people.

—*with one hand cupped to his ear*. Edison was troubled with deafness caused by mistreatment he had received as a boy, when, as a joke, someone tried to lift him by his ears.

—*wet cells of a battery*. Wet cells are containers of liquid acid which produce electrical current by chemical action. There are also dry cells; these contain a paste instead of the liquid. A set of cells forms a battery.

—*The zinc plate had to be rubbed off with mercury*. Mercury forms a coating on the zinc plate and covers up its impurities.

◀ **Page 345**—*bichromate of potash*, a chemical used in the liquid in the battery cells.

—*binding posts*, nuts and bolts which fasten the wire carrying the electric current onto the battery.

—*gas mantle*, a thimble-shaped device that is put over the blue flame of the gas lamp, making it give off a bright white light.

◀ **Page 347**—*thermo-regulator*, the name then used for the part of the electric light now called the filament. Edison tried dozens of different materials of different shapes and sizes seeking one that would burn a long time and use only a small amount of current.

◀ **Page 350**—*artificial diaphragm*, a disk made in imitation of a natural diaphragm, in this instance, the eardrum. This diaphragm vibrates as the eardrum does when receiving sounds.

—*The vibrations arouse the disk*, the quivering action of the voice makes the disk, or diaphragm, move in

WORKING WITH EDISON (continued)

and out. As it moves, the needle attached to the disk cuts a groove in the tin foil.

◀ **Page 351**—*an air from the Grande Duchesse*, a song from *The Grande Duchesse of Gerolstein* by Offenbach.

◀ **Page 352**—*Adelina Patti*, famous opera singer of that time (born, 1843; died, 1919).

◀ **Page 353**—*bearing the impression*, containing the grooves cut by the sharp point of the needle that moved when the person sang or talked.

—multiplied to any extent by electrotyping. As many copies as were wanted could be made by a process using electric current to cover a wax mold with a thin sheet of metal.

◀ **Page 357**—*ninety-nine per cent perspiration*—in a newspaper interview Edison was once quoted as saying that genius was “one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration,” and the saying gained rapid popularity.

WALTER REED by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét (pages 358-359)

For a few years following the Spanish-American War (1898) the United States Army kept some troops stationed in Cuba. During the war American soldiers had died in great numbers from the dreaded Yellow Jack, or yellow fever. Something must be done. Dr. Carlos Finlay, a Cuban physician, had long thought that Yellow Jack might be carried from one person to another by mosquitoes. But he had never proved it. Now from the United States came a number of doctors, including Jesse W. Lazear and Walter Reed, to study the problem. It was necessary to experiment on humans as no animal was then known to be susceptible to yellow fever. Dr. Lazear allowed himself to be bitten by a mosquito which had previously bitten a yellow-fever patient. He contracted the disease and died. But one case was not proof. Dr. Reed worked harder than ever. Army men volunteered for additional tests. After months of experiments, Dr. Reed was able

WALTER REED (continued)

to prove beyond doubt that the disease was carried by the female of one variety of mosquito. At once he set out to rid Cuba of its mosquitoes. When he had them under control, the fight against Yellow Jack was won.

The picture on page 359 shows Dr. Lazear shooting yellow fever germs into a volunteer while Dr. Reed sits watching.

Dr. Reed did not gain immediate fame for his great work. But as the years passed, the importance of his fight against Yellow Jack became recognized, and many fine tributes have been paid him. The Benétts in their poem feel so strongly about his brave work that they omit the humorous touches that are found in many of their poems about great Americans.

THE DOCTOR OF LABRADOR by Genevieve Fox

(pages 360-372)

In 1932 when Doctor Wilfred Grenfell wrote the story of his life, he called it *Forty Years for Labrador*. He might equally well have called it *Forty Years in the Service of Others*, for few men have lived as unselfishly as did this English doctor. There were no airplanes or automobiles to help him when he began his career along Labrador's frozen coast. He visited his patients on snowshoes, by boat, or by dogsled, facing unbelievable hardships. In acknowledgment of this life of service he was knighted by King George V of England in 1927, and Grenfell received his title of "Sir" with the simple pleasure of one who had long counted King Arthur's knights as heroes. He had accepted the challenge of Labrador's needs as knights of old had faced the challenge to right the wrongs of the world, and it was fitting that he should be rewarded, as they had been, with the rank of knighthood.

◀ Page 360—*Where did that boat come from?* This is their first glimpse of Dr. Grenfell's ship in which he had made the first trip to Labrador from England.

—*the Union Jack*, the British national flag.

—*He's come yere on purpose to take care o' we.* The ancestors of these Labrador fisherfolk came from England 200

THE DOCTOR OF LABRADOR (continued)

or 300 years ago and handed down to their descendants certain peculiar expressions, such as "we" instead of "us," as in this sentence, which other English-speaking people no longer use.

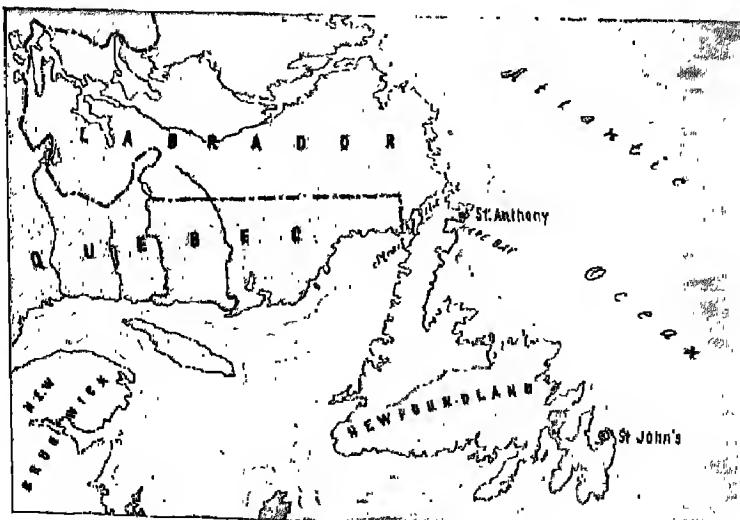
◀ **Page 360**—*Can ye haul teeth?* Dr. Grenfell once said that he thought his ability to pull teeth brought him more fame than the most difficult operation, for almost everyone, sooner or later, needed a dentist, and there was not one to be had on the whole coast at that time.

◀ **Page 361**—*Easter was late.* Easter comes on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the 21st of March. In 1908 it was on April 21.

—village of St. Anthony, a village on the northern peninsula of Newfoundland opposite the Labrador coast. One of Dr. Grenfell's hospitals had been set up here in 1899, and it was one of his winter headquarters. See the map below.

◀ **Page 365**—*took stock of his situation,* thought over the facts of his plight before deciding what to do, as a store-keeper looks over his stock before ordering new supplies.

◀ **Page 366**—*blew offshore,* blew from the shore out toward sea.



THE DOCTOR OF LABRADOR (continued)

◀ Page 368—*forty years to work for Labrador*. The author imagines Grenfell's thoughts according to the work he later accomplished. In his own book Grenfell states that he had no fear of death while on the icepan, but trusted in God while doing his best to help himself.

◀ Page 370—*white-toothed sea*. The whitecaps on the huge waves look like teeth on huge open jaws. Such waves mean danger, as bared white teeth of a wolf mean danger.

JANE ADDAMS by Henry and Dana Lee Thomas

(pages 373-384)

Dr. Grenfell had to journey across the Atlantic Ocean to find his life work. Jane Addams found hers right in her own back yard—the slum districts of Chicago. But before Jane realized what this great work was to be, she, too, had to travel across the Atlantic.

◀ Page 374—*writes Miss Addams*. Miss Addams wrote her own story in two books, *Twenty Years at Hull House* and *Second Twenty Years at Hull House*, published in 1930.

—joined the universal fellowship of mankind, felt as if she belonged to a world-wide family that counted every race, every nation a member.

◀ Page 375—*the Lives of Plutarch*, a book about the lives of famous Greeks and Romans by the Greek historian, Plutarch, who wrote about seventy-five years after the birth of Christ.

—entered Rockford College, at Rockford, Illinois.

—service of beauty . . . beauty of service. Emerson in his essays as well as in his poetry frequently expressed the idea that "beauty is its own excuse for being"; that we need beautiful things in our everyday lives. Jesus taught that whatever we do, even the most humble task, should be done to the glory of God and is therefore beautiful. The authors have used this play upon words—*service of beauty . . . beauty of service*—to make these two ideals stand out more clearly: Beauty is useful in making life more complete; being useful to others is a beautiful way to live.

JANE ADDAMS (continued)

- ◀ Page 375—*the Golden Rule of Jesus*—“All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” (Matthew 7:12)
- ◀ Page 376—a new day would dawn, a new way of living would come about.
- ◀ Page 377—“strange American woman” . . . “strange swell house.” Quotation marks are used to set off these words because they are not the authors’ ideas, but express how the people thought of Jane Addams and Hull House.

—“better” classes. These quotation marks show that the authors do not agree with the idea many people have that wealthy families like the Addamses were better because they had more money.

—was no “slummer.” A slummer is one who visits the slums out of curiosity—perhaps to give out a little charity, but not to do any real or lasting good.

- ◀ Page 378—not for bread alone. Bread, the most common article of food, is here used to stand for all food, and indeed, for all human comforts. The expression is taken from the words of Christ, “Man shall not live by bread alone.” (Matthew 4:4)

◀ Page 379—melting the differences of many nations into a single democratic ideal, combining the conflicting hopes and beliefs of people from many different nations into a single, unified ideal of freedom and equality for all.

- ◀ Page 380—the needle trades, dressmaking, shirtmaking, and other sewing trades.

—Calling to her standard, asking others to follow her lead, as soldiers follow their flag in battle.

- ◀ Page 383—Nobel Prize for Peace. A fund to provide five money prizes, originally about \$40,000 each, but varying with the income from the funds, was established by Alfred B. Nobel (nō bel’), Swedish inventor of dynamite; these prizes are awarded annually to those persons who have done outstanding work in physics, chemistry, medicine, literature, and the promotion of peace.

Famous Book Friends

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS by Nathaniel Hawthorne
(pages 386-391)

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote the story of Hercules and the golden apples on page 164, also wrote a book called *Grandfather's Chair*. In it Hawthorne relates the adventures of the chair's successive owners, and "The Pine-Tree Shillings" is one of these tales.

◀ Page 386—*our venerable friend was knocked down*, our old chair was sold at auction. An auctioneer indicates that an article is sold by knocking his gavel on the auction block.

◀ Page 387—*barter their commodities*, trade their goods for other kinds of goods which they needed, as butter or eggs for shoes, dresses, etc.

—*the want of current money was still more sensibly felt*, the lack of currency, or cash in the form of coins, was more keenly felt by the people.

—*shillings, sixpences, and threepences*, English coins, since Massachusetts was an English colony.

◀ Page 388—*that had figured at court*, that had been worn at the King's palace before the owners left England for America.

—*the figure of a pine tree*. The colonists often used the pine tree as a symbol. It was on three of their early flags, and is in the center of the seal of the present State of Maine.

◀ Page 389—*as the Puritan laws and customs would allow*. Puritan laws about dress were very strict, and too much finery was forbidden.

—*her portion*, her dowry—the money, property, or gifts that a woman brings to her husband when she marries. In olden times, and in some foreign countries to this day, it was the custom for the bride's parents to agree to provide a certain amount of dowry before the wedding ceremony was arranged.

◀ Page 390—*a dear bargain*, expensive, since Miss Betsey was quite plump.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS (continued)

◀ *Page 390—weighed the young lady from the floor*, were heavy enough to balance the scales on which she was sitting and make it rise from the floor.

TOM AND THE PAIN-KILLER by Mark Twain (pages 394-399)

Although Mark Twain pictured Tom Sawyer as living in the middle of the nineteenth century, Tom was much like the all-American boy of today. He was fun-loving, always up to mischief, and still able to play pranks even when he thought that he was weighed down with sorrow over the illness of Becky Thatcher (whom Tom admired *very* much).
◀ *Page 394—“whistle her down the wind,”* pretend he didn't care; let her vanish from his thoughts as the sound of a whistle disappears when the wind blows.

—*He no longer took an interest in war, nor even in piracy.* Two of Tom's favorite games were “war” and “pirates.”

◀ *Page 395—infatuated with patent medicines*, carried away with enthusiasm for medicine put up in packages and sold by a company instead of being prescribed by a doctor.

—*phrenological frauds*, writings that deceitfully attempt to prove that a person's character can be told from the shape of his skull.

—*was all gospel to her*, was believed by her as she believed the Bible.

—*quack magazines*, magazines with articles pretending to reveal cures for diseases.

◀ *Page 397—in his blighted condition*, in his state of being ill with sadness over Becky. Tom has been trying to think of himself as like a lover in some romantic novel, who is dying of grief, but he is getting bored with the idea and more than bored with pain-killer.

—*plans for relief*, plans for getting out of taking his medicine. He knows that just asking Aunt Polly to stop dosing him will never get results.

TOM AND THE PAIN-KILLER (continued)

◀ **Page 397**—proclaiming his unappeasable happiness, announcing to the whole world his happiness, which could not be quieted.

◀ **Page 398**—expiring with laughter. This is just an exaggerated way of saying that Tom was laughing very hard; he was no nearer to expiring (dying) than anyone who says, "I laughed till I thought I'd die."

◀ **Page 399**—divined her "drift," guessed what she was hinting about.

—pang of remorse, feeling of guilt or sorrow.

RIP VAN WINKLE by Washington Irving (pages 410-432)

Washington Irving began his life in the same year that the Revolutionary War ended. As a boy he wandered along the Hudson River near New York City and up into the Catskill Mountains, talking with old men at the village inns and listening to their tales of the old days and of the mysterious ghosts and goblins that they claimed to have seen thereabouts. Irving collected these tales in his *Sketch Book*, and "Rip Van Winkle" is one of them.

◀ **Page 411**—the good Peter Stuyvesant (sti've sənt) one of the early Dutch governors of the colony (from 1646 to 1664), when it was New Netherland instead of New York, as the English later renamed it.

—many years since, many years since Stuyvesant's time.

—the siege of Fort Christina (kris tē'nə), a long-continued attack on a Swedish fort on the Delaware River; it was taken by the Dutch in 1654.

—a curtain lecture, a scolding or lengthy piece of advice given by a wife to her husband.

—*Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed*, he was unusually "fortunate" because his wife was three times more quarrelsome than any other woman.

◀ **Page 412**—the amiable sex, women, who are said to be more friendly and pleasant than men.

RIP VAN WINKLE (continued)

◀ Page 412—*hanging on his skirts*, clutching the part of his coat that fell below the waist. In colonial days the men's coats came well down toward the knees.

—*error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to*, mistake in Rip's personality was an unconquerable dislike for.

—*heavy as a Tartar's spear*. The Tartars, a group of Mongols and Turks who overran Asia and eastern Europe in the Middle Ages, fought with very heavy spears.

—*a fowling piece*, a light gun for shooting fowl and small animals.

◀ Page 413—*dwindled away under his management*. Rip had sold his land, piece by piece, to pay off his debts.

—*well-oiled dispositions*, easy-going natures.

—*work for a pound*. A pound is an English piece of money worth about five dollars.

◀ Page 414—*in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog*, in all circumstances in which a dog is supposed to show courage, such as fighting other dogs, chasing rabbits, etc.

—*with a gallows air*, with an air of seeming guilty enough to be hanged on the gallows.

◀ Page 415—*His Majesty George the Third*, the King of England at that time.

◀ Page 416—*call the members all to naught*, scold them for being worthless.

◀ Page 420—*Flemish painting*, a painting by an artist from Flanders, an old country of Europe which was later divided between Belgium, the Netherlands, and France.

—*uncouth, lackluster countenances*, rough, dull-looking faces.

◀ Page 421—*a blessed time*. Rip, of course, is saying the exact opposite of what he means.

◀ Page 424—*a red nightcap*, the liberty cap, first worn by freed slaves in ancient Rome, was later adopted by French Revolutionists. Its display here showed sympathy with that Revolution.

RIP VAN WINKLE (continued)

◀ Page 425—*Federal or Democrat*, the names of two political parties formed shortly after the Revolutionary War.

◀ Page 426—a *Tory*, an American who sided with England in the Revolutionary War.

—*bethought himself*, thought things over.

—*Stony Point*, a fort in New York taken by the American General “Mad Anthony” Wayne in 1779.

◀ Page 427—*Antony’s Nose*, a mountain peak on the Hudson River.

◀ Page 431—*before the war*, before the Revolutionary War, which had taken place during Rip’s long sleep.

◀ Page 432—*petticoat government*, being governed and bossed by his wife.

—*yoke of matrimony*, the state of being married, which held him down as a yoke holds an ox and forces it to do the will of the farmer.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT by Jonathan Swift (pages 435-457)

This story is taken from the book *Gulliver’s Travels*, which was originally written to make fun of politicians who took themselves too seriously and did things Swift thought were silly and wrong. It was meant for grown-ups to read, of course; but children soon got hold of it and, not knowing about its political nature, thought it was a grand story of exciting adventure, which it is. And so a book for boys and girls it has remained to this day. Swift had Gulliver tell his own story in order to make the book seem to be a true account. Although no one is fooled by this trick, it is fun to imagine that Gulliver really lived and journeyed to Lilliput.

◀ Page 437—*Hekinah degul*. A little later in the story you will discover what these Lilliputian words mean.

◀ Page 448—*silver snuffbox*. Snuff is powdered tobacco. It was the custom in Swift’s time for gentlemen to carry snuff-boxes and from time to time put a pinch of the snuff in each nostril and “snuff” it up, sneezing after each snuff.

—*my journal book*, my diary.

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G L O S S A R Y

Pronunciation Key

The pronunciation of each word is shown just after the word, in this way: **a bashed** (ə basht'). The letters and signs used are pronounced as in the words below. The mark **'** is placed after a syllable with primary or strong accent, as in the example above. The mark **'** after a syllable shows a secondary or lighter accent, as in **ab o li tion** (ab/o lish'on).

a	hat, cap	j	jam, enjoy	u	cup, butter
ā	age, face	k	kind, seek	ū	full, put
ā	care, air	l	land, coal	ü	rule, move
ä	father, far	m	me, am	ū	use, music
		n	no, in		
b	bad, rob	ng	long, bring		
ch	child, much	o	hot, rock	v	very, save
d	did, red	ō	open, go	w	will, woman
e	let, best	ō	order, all	y	you, yet
ē	equal, see	oi	oil, voice	z	zero, breeze
ér	term, learn	ou	house, out	zh	measure, seizure
		p	paper, cup		
f	fat, if	r	run, try	ɔ	represents:
g	go, bag	s	say, yes	a	a in about
h	he, how	sh	she, rush	e	e in taken
		t	tell, it	i	i in pencil
i	it, pin	th	thin, both	o	o in lemon
ī	ice, five	th	then, smooth	u	u in circus

This pronunciation key is from *Thorndike-Century Junior Dictionary, Revised Edition.*

abashed

a bashed (ə'basht'), disturbed by shyness and somewhat ashamed. The boy was abashed when he saw the room filled with strangers.

abolition (ab'ə lish'ən), putting an end to; stopping. The abolition of slavery in the United States occurred in 1865.

ab stract ed (ab strak'tid), lost in thought; absent-minded.

ac compa nist (ə kum'pə nist), person who makes music along with a singer or another musician. At Mary's voice recital Jane played the piano as accompanist.

ad dle (ad'əl), 1. become mixed. 2. make or become confused or stupid.

a do be (ə dō'bi), 1. sun-dried brick. 2. made of sun-dried brick.

af firm (ə fērm'), 1. say firmly; declare to be true; assert. 2. prove to be true; confirm.

ag gres sive (ə gres'iv), 1. taking the first step in an attack or a quarrel; attacking. 2. active; energetic.

Theodore Roosevelt was aggressive.

ag gres sor (ə gres'er), one that begins an attack or a quarrel.

al ka li (al'ka lī), a chemical substance that is the opposite of acid. Dry desert soils often contain a high amount of alkali. Lye and ammonia are two common alkalis.

al ka line (al'ka lin), 1. of or like an alkali. 2. containing an alkali. **al lot** (ə lot'), 1. divide and distribute in parts or shares. The profits have all been allotted. 2. give to (a person) as his share; assign.

al ter na tive (əl tēr'na tiv), 1. giving or requiring a choice between things. Father offered the alternative plans of having a picnic or taking a trip on a steamboat. 2. a choice between things. 3. one of the things to be chosen.

al tim e ter (al tēm'i tər), instrument for measuring altitude.

assemblage

am a teur (am'ə tür), 1. person who does something for pleasure, not for money. 2. person who does something rather poorly. 3. of or by amateurs; as, an amateur play.

am phithe a ter (am'fithē'a tar), 1. a circular or oval building with rows of seats around an open space in the center. 2. something resembling an amphitheater in shape.

an ec dot e (an'ik dōt), a short account of some interesting incident or event.

ani ma tion (an/i mā'shən), 1. life. 2. liveliness; spirit.

an te room (an'ti rūm'), room leading to a main room.

an ti que (an tēk'), 1. of times long ago; from times long ago. 2. something made long ago. 3. old-fashioned.

a phid (ə'fid), very small insect that lives by sucking juice from plants.

ap pre hen sion (ap/ri hen'shən), 1. fear; dread. 2. a seizing; arrest. 3. understanding.

ap pre hen sive (ap/ri hen'siv), 1. afraid; anxious; worried. 2. quick to understand; able to learn.

ar royo (ə roi'ō), 1. dry bed of a stream; gully. 2. small river.

ar tic u late (är tik'ü lit for 1, 3, and 4, är tik'ü lät for 2), 1. made up of distinct parts; distinct. 2. speak distinctly. A baby cries and gurgles, but does not articulate distinctly. 3. able to speak one's thoughts in a distinct, connected manner. 4. jointed.

as pe ct (as'pekt), 1. look; appearance. The judge has a sober aspect. 2. one side or part or view (of a subject). We must consider this plan in its various aspects.

as sem blage (ə sem'blij), 1. a group of persons gathered together. 2. collection; group. 3. bringing together; meeting. 4. putting together; fitting together.

auspicious

auspicious (ôs pish'ôs), with signs of success; favorable; fortunate.

austere (ôs têr'), 1. harsh; stern. Frank's father was a silent, austere man, very strict with his children. 2. strict in morals. 3. severely simple.

authentic (ô then/tik), 1. reliable. We heard an authentic report of the wreck, given by the engineer. 2. genuine; real.

auxiliary (ôg zil/yâ ri), helping; assisting; extra.

avalanche (av'a lanch), 1. a large mass of snow and ice, or of dirt and rocks, sliding or falling down a mountainside. 2. anything like an avalanche; as, an avalanche of questions.

avaricious (av/a rish'ôs), greedy.

bankrupt (bangk/rupt), 1. person who is declared by a court to be unable to pay his debts and whose property is distributed as far as it will go among his creditors. 2. unable to pay one's debts. 3. make bankrupt.

barograph (bar'a graf or bar'ô gräf), instrument that automatically records changes in air pressure.

barometer (bâ rom'i tar), instrument for measuring the pressure of the air and determining the height above sea level. A barometer shows probable changes in the weather.

barricade (bar'i kâd'), 1. a rough, hastily made barrier for defense. 2. barrier; obstruction. 3. block or obstruct with a barricade.

beeves (bêvz), beef cattle.

besetting (bi set/ing), repeatedly attacking. Laziness is an idle man's besetting sin.

bilious (bil/yôs), 1. suffering from some trouble with bile or the liver; as, a bilious person. 2. caused by such trouble; as, a bilious attack, a bilious headache. 3. peevish; cross.

camouflage

binacle (bin'a kal), the box that holds a ship's compass.

binoculars (bi nok'yû lôrz), field glasses or opera glasses.

blob (blob), a small spot or lump.

blotch (bloch), 1. a large, irregular blot. 2. a spot on the skin. 3. to cover or mark with spots.

bluster (blus'ter), 1. storm noisily. 2. boisterous blowing. 3. talk with noise and violence. 4. noisy, boastful talk.

brindled (brin'dald), gray, tan, or tawny with darker streaks and spots.

browse (brouz), 1. feed; graze. 2. read here and there in a book, library, etc.

brushwork (brush'wérk), a barrier made by piling up brushwood.

bucanneer (buk'a nîr'), pirate; sea robber.

bull cook (bûl/kûk), one in a logging camp who cleans up, cuts wood, and performs other duties.

bullion (bûl/yôn), lumps or bars of gold or silver.

bunting (bun/ting), 1. a thin cloth used for flags. 2. long pieces of cloth in flag colors and designs, used to decorate buildings, platforms, or other places on holidays, etc.

buoy (boi), 1. something kept afloat in a certain place on the water to show what is safe and what is dangerous. 2. A life buoy is something to keep a person from sinking. 3. part of fishing equipment.

burdensome (bér'den sôm), wearying; hard to bear; too heavy.

burnish (bér'nish), polish.

camouflage (kam'a flâzh), 1. disguise; deception. The white fur of a polar bear is a natural camouflage, for it prevents its being easily seen against the snow. 2. in warfare, giving things a false appearance to deceive the enemy. 3. to disguise in order to conceal.

canebrake

canebrake (kān'brāk'), thicket of cane plants.

cascade (kās kād'), small waterfall.
chafe (chāf), 1. rub. 2. make sore or become sore by rubbing. 3. make angry. 4. get angry.

chantey (shan'ti), song sung by sailors at work.

chock (chok), 1. block; wedge. A chock can be put under a barrel or wheel to keep it from rolling. A boat on a ship's deck is put on chocks. 2. put (a boat) on chocks. 3. as close or as tight as can be; quite.

chronicler (kron'i klär), person who writes or tells the story of past events; historian.

cinema (sin'i mā), a moving picture; a moving-picture theater.

clan (klān), 1. group of related families that claim to be descended from a common ancestor. 2. group of animals having similar habits, body structure, etc.

clandestine (klān des'tin), secret; concealed; underhand.

clockwork (klok'wérk'), 1. machinery used to run a clock. It consists of gears, wheels, and springs. 2. machinery like this.

colossal (kā lōs'ēl), huge; gigantic.

commandant (kom'an dānt'), 1. commander. 2. the commanding officer of a fort, navy yard, etc.

comply (kām plī'), act in agreement with a request or a command.

conceive (kan sēv'), 1. form in the mind; think up; imagine. 2. have an idea or feeling; think. 3. to create.

confront (kan frunt'), 1. meet face to face; stand facing. 2. face boldly; oppose. 3. bring face to face; place before.

conjecture (kān jek'char), guess.

cowl

conjure (kān jür' for 1, kūn'jür for 2 and 3), 1. make a solemn appeal to; request earnestly; entreat. 2. compel (a spirit, devil, etc.) to appear or disappear by magic words. 3. cause to be or happen by magic or as if by magic.

conquistador (kon kwis'ta dôr), 1. Spanish conqueror in North or South America during the sixteenth century. 2. a conqueror.

consecrate (kon'si krāt), 1. set apart as sacred; make holy. A church is consecrated to worship. 2. devote to a purpose. A doctor's life is consecrated to curing sick people. 3. make sacred; honor as holy or sacred.

cooperative (kō op'er ā tiv'), 1. wanting or willing to work together with others. 2. an organization in which the profits and losses are shared by all members.

cordage (kōr'dij), cords; ropes. The cordage of a ship is its rigging.

corroborate (kō rob'ə rāt), make more certain; confirm. Witnesses corroborated Bill's statement.

countenance (koun'ti nans), 1. expression of the face. His angry countenance showed how he felt. 2. face. 3. approve or encourage (a person, an action, or a person in doing something).

counterpart (koun'ter pārt'), 1. a copy or duplicate. 2. person or thing closely resembling another.

covet (kuv'it), desire eagerly.

cower (kou'ər), crouch in fear or shame.

cowl (koul), 1. monk's cloak with a hood. 2. the hood itself. 3. narrow part of an automobile body that includes the windshield and the dashboard. 4. metal covering over an airplane engine.

hat, äge, căre, fär;
cup, püt, rüle, üse; let, bē, térm;
 circas it, îce; hot, öpen, örder; oil, out;

florid

florid (flôr'îd), 1. ruddy; highly colored; as, a florid complexion. 2. flowery; much ornamented; as, florid language, florid architecture.

fo'c'sle, abbreviation for **forecastle** (fôk'sel or fôr'kas'el), 1. the upper deck in front of the foremast. 2. the sailors' rooms in the forward part of a merchant ship.

foist (foist), pass off something false as being real or genuine.

frugal (frü'gal), 1. without waste; not wasteful; saving; using things well. A frugal housekeeper buys and uses food carefully. 2. costing little. He ate a frugal supper of bread and milk.

gallery (gal'ëri), 1. a hall or long narrow passage. 2. elevated rows of seats from which people watch a play or any performance. 3. people who sit there as spectators.

galligaskins (gal'i gas'kinz), 1. loose breeches. 2. leggings.

gamut (gam'ut), 1. the whole series of recognized musical notes. 2. the major scale. 3. the whole range of anything. In one minute I ran the gamut of feeling from hope to despair.

gauntlet (gônt'lit), 1. an iron glove. 2. a stout, heavy glove with a deep, flaring cuff.

generate (jen'er åt), produce; cause to be. Burning coal can generate steam.

gibbon (gib'an), a small, long-armed ape of southeastern Asia and the East Indies.

gibblet (jib'lit), the heart, liver, or gizzard of a fowl.

glum (glüm), gloomy; dismal; sullen.

gnarled (närld), knotted; twisted; rugged. The farmer's gnarled hands; a gnarled tree.

grandeur (gran'jar), greatness; majesty; dignity; splendor.

hitherward

grimace (gri mäç'), 1. a twisting of the face; an ugly or funny smile. 2. make faces.

grist mill, a mill for grinding grain into meal or flour.

grizzled (griz'ld), 1. grayish; gray. 2. gray-haired.

guise (gîz), 1. style of dress; garb. 2. appearance; assumed appearance. Fred deceived the enemy by his guise of ignorance. 3. custom; fashion.

haggle (hag'el), dispute, especially about a price.

hand bill (hand'bîl'), printed announcement to be handed out.

hand maiden (hand'mâd'ën), female servant.

hang er (hang'är), 1. person who hangs things. 2. thing on which something else is hung. 3. kind of short sword.

harangue (hâ rang'), 1. a noisy speech. 2. a long, high-sounding speech. 3. to address in a harangue. 4. deliver a harangue.

hawser (hô'zér), large rope or small cable. Hawsers are used for mooring or towing ships.

headland (hed'länd), cape; point of land running out into water.

headstrong (hed'strông'), rashly or foolishly determined to have one's own way; hard to control or manage; obstinate.

hen peck (hen'pek'), rule over at one's will; be like a tyrant in asserting one's authority. He was hen-pecked by his wife.

herbage (ér'bij or hér'bij), herbs; grass.

hereditary (hi red'i târ'i), 1. coming by inheritance. *Prince* is a hereditary title. 2. caused by inheritance from parents; as, a hereditary weakness of the heart.

hie (hî), go quickly.

hither ward (hith'är wôrd), toward this place; hither.

hoax

hoax (hōks), a mischievous trick; especially, a made-up story.

hogs head (hogz' hed), 1. a large barrel containing from 100 to 140 gallons. 2. any large barrel.

holly stone (hō'li stōn'), 1. piece of soft sandstone used for scrubbing the decks of ships. 2. scrub with a holystone.

hub bub (hub' bub), loud, confused noise; uproar. The roomful of boys was in a hubbub.

huckster (huk'stər), 1. peddler. 2. person who sells small articles. 3. a mean and unfair trader.

ice pan (īs' pan), a section of the thin ice that forms along shore and then breaks off, floating about in the sea.

identity (ī den'ti tē), 1. individuality; who a person is; what a thing is. 2. sameness; exact likeness.

illumination (i lü'mi nā'shən), 1. lighting; light. 2. the light supplied. 3. making clear.

immerse (im' mers'), 1. plunge into (a liquid). 2. baptize by dipping (a person) under water. 3. absorb; involve deeply; as, immersed in thought, immersed in debts.

impend (im' pend'), 1. be ready to happen; be near. Black clouds are signs that a storm impends. 2. hang over. Above him were impending cliffs.

impenetrable (im pen'i trə bəl), 1. that cannot be entered, pierced, or passed. The thorny branches made a thick, impenetrable hedge. 2. that cannot be seen into or understood.

impostor (im pos'tər), 1. a person who falsely claims position, title, or rights. 2. one who passes himself off as someone else. 3. deceiver; cheater.

inflate

imprint (im' print for 1 and 2, im' print' for 3 and 4), 1. mark made by pressure; print; as, the imprint of a foot in the sand. 2. impression; mark; as, the imprint of suffering on her face. 3. to stamp; as, to imprint a letter with a postmark. 4. press or impress; as, to imprint a kiss on someone's cheek, a scene imprinted on my memory.

impudence (im' pü dəns), lack of shame or modesty; rude boldness.

impunity (im pü'nitē), freedom from punishment or bad consequences. You cannot pull a tiger's tail with impunity.

incomprehensible (in' kom pri hen'si bəl), impossible to understand.

incredulous (in kred'ū ləs), 1. not ready to believe. People nowadays are incredulous about ghosts and witches. 2. showing a lack of belief; as, an incredulous smile.

incrusted (in krust'), 1. cover with a crust or hard coating. The inside of the kettle is incrusted with lime. 2. form a crust; form into a crust. 3. decorate (a surface) with a layer of costly material.

indistinguishable (in' dis ting'gwish'ə bəl), 1. that cannot be told apart. 2. that cannot be seen, heard, or made out plainly.

inflammation (in' flā mā'shən), 1. a diseased condition of some part of the body, marked by heat, redness, swelling, and pain. 2. being inflamed (unnaturally hot, red, sore, or swollen).

inflate (in flāt'), 1. blow out or swell with air or gas; as, to inflate a balloon. 2. swell or puff out; as, to inflate with pride. 3. increase (prices or currency) beyond the normal amount.

hat, äge, cäre, fär; let, bē, térm; it, īce; hot, öpen, örder; oil, out;
cup, püt, rüle, üse; círcas

ingenious

in gen ious (in'jēn/yəs), 1. clever; skillful in making; good at inventing. 2. cleverly planned and made.

in laid (in/lād/ or in lād'), 1. set in the surface as a decoration or design. The desk had an inlaid design of light wood in dark. 2. decorated with a design or material set in the surface.

in so lence (in'sələns), bold rudeness; insulting behavior or speech.

in tel li gi bly (in tel'i jiblē), so as to be understood.

in ter mi na ble (in tēr'mi nə bəl), endless; so long as to seem endless.

in ter min gle (in'tərming'gəl), mix together; mingle.

in ter mit tent (in'tərmit'ənt), stopping and beginning again. The intermittent noise of the railroad trains kept me awake.

in ter racial (in'tər rā'shəl), between or involving different races.

in tol erance (intol'erəns), 1. unwillingness to let others do and think as they choose, especially in matters of religion. 2. prejudice against the beliefs, ideas, or ideals of others.

in var i a bly (in vär'i eblē), 1. without change. 2. without exception.

in ven to ry (in'ven tō/rē), 1. detailed list of articles. 2. collection of articles that are or may be so listed; stock. 3. make a detailed list of; enter in a list.

in vol un tar i ly (in vol'ən tär/i lē), without intention; unwillingly.

irk some (érk'sam), tiresome; tedious. Washing dishes all day would be an irksome task.

ir re sis tible (ir'izis'tibəl), that cannot be resisted; too great to be withheld.

ir res olute (irez'ə lüt), unable to make up one's mind; not sure of what one wants; hesitating. Irresolute persons make poor leaders.

lure

jargon (jär/gən), 1. confused, meaningless talk. 2. talk that is not understood; as, the jargon of foreigners. 3. talk containing a mixture of languages.

jer kin (jér'kin), short coat or jacket, sometimes without sleeves. **jowl** (joul), 1. the jaw, especially the under jaw. 2. the cheek.

junto (jun/tō), political group; group of plotters or people who try to advance some particular cause.

kima (kē/mə), a black-haired African monkey.

lack ey (lak/i), male servant; footman.

lattice (lat/ɪs), 1. wooden or metal strips crossed with open spaces between them. 2. furnish with a lattice.

lay man (lā/mən), person outside of any particular profession, especially one not belonging to the clergy. It is hard for a layman to understand a medical journal.

league¹ (lēg), 1. a union of persons, parties, or nations to help one another. 2. unite in a league; form a union.

league² (lēg), a measure of distance, usually about 3 miles.

literal (lit'ərəl), 1. following the exact words of the original; as, a literal translation. 2. taking words in their usual meaning, without exaggeration or imagination; as, the literal meaning of a word or phrase.

ludi crous (lü/dikrəs), ridiculous; amusingly absurd.

lumi nous (lü'mi nəs), 1. bright; shining by its own light; full of light. 2. clear; easily understood.

lure (lür), 1. lead (away or into something) by arousing desire. 2. attraction; as, to feel the lure of the sea. 3. attract with a bait. 4. a decoy; bait.

lustrous

motograph

lus trous (lus'trs), having luster; shining; glossy; as, lustrous pearls.

luxurious (lug zhür'i əs), 1. fond of the comforts and beauties of life beyond what are really necessary. 2. very comfortable and beautiful.

magnesia (mag nē'shə), a white, tasteless powder used as a medicine.

magnetic (mag net'ik), 1. having the properties or qualities of a magnet, which draws to it bits of iron or steel. 2. having something to do with magnetism. 3. very attractive; as, a magnetic personality.

magnetism (mag'nitizm), 1. the properties or qualities of a magnet, which draws to it bits of iron or steel; the showing of magnetic properties. 2. power to attract or charm.

malicious (mə lish'əs), spiteful; showing ill will; wishing to hurt or make suffer.

malignant (mə lig'nānt), 1. very evil; very hateful; very malicious. 2. very harmful; causing death. Cancer is a malignant disease.

mangy (mān'jī), 1. having the mange; with the hair falling out. 2. shabby and dirty.

manipulate (mə nip'ü lāt), 1. handle or treat, especially with skill. 2. manage by clever use of influence, especially unfair influence. 3. treat unfairly; change for one's own purpose or advantage. The bookkeeper manipulated the accounts to conceal his theft.

man-of-war (man'əv wōr'), warship.

martyr (mär'tər), 1. person who is put to death or is made to suffer greatly because of his religion or other beliefs. 2. put (a person) to death because of his beliefs. 3. cause to suffer greatly; torture.

matrimony (mat'ri mō'ni), marriage.

matrix (mā'triks), 1. that which gives origin or form to something enclosed within it. A mold for a casting or the rock in which gems are imbedded is called a matrix. 2. an impression of a phonograph record.

meager (mē'gər), 1. poor; scanty; as a meager meal. 2. thin; lean.

mechanism (mek'ə nizm), 1. machinery; means or way by which something is done. 2. system of parts working together as the parts of a machine do.

memorable (mem'ərə bəl), worth remembering; not to be forgotten.

mesa (mā'sā), a small high plateau with steep sides.

mesquite (mes kēt'), tree or shrub growing in the southwestern United States and in Mexico.

miniature (min'i ə chér), 1. anything copied on a small scale. In the museum there is a miniature of the ship *Mayflower*. 2. done on a very small scale; tiny. 3. a very small painting, usually a portrait.

mis gave (mis gāv'). See misgive.

mis give (mis giv'), cause to feel doubt, suspicion, or anxiety.

mite (mīt), 1. anything very small; little bit. 2. very small child. 3. a very tiny animal that lives in cheese or on plants or on other animals.

molten (mōl'tən), melted.

mortar (mōr'tər), 1. a mixture of lime, sand, and water for holding bricks or stones together. 2. a short cannon for shooting shells high into the air. 3. a bowl of very hard material, in which substances may be pounded to a powder.

motorgraph (mō'tə graf), a device used in building a loud-speaking telephone.

hat, āge, cāre, fār; let, bē, tērm; it, īce; hot, ūpen, ūrder; oil, ou̇t;
cup, pūt, rūle, ūse; cīrcas

mottled

mottled (mot'ld), spotted or streaked with different colors.

murky (mér'ki), dark; gloomy; as, a murky prison.

musty (mus'ti), 1. moldy; having a smell or taste suggesting mold or damp; as, a musty room, musty crackers. 2. stale; out-of-date; as, musty laws about witches.

myom bo (mi om'bō), a tree that grows in Africa.

network (net/wérk/), 1. netting; net. 2. any system of lines that cross; as, a network of vines, a network of railroads. 3. group of connected radio stations.

observatory (əb zér/va tō/ri), 1. a building fitted up for observing the stars and other heavenly bodies, or sometimes for observing other facts and happenings of nature. 2. high place or building giving a wide view.
occupant (ok'/ū pānt), person who holds, has in use, or lives in. The present occupant of the important office is Mr. Dale. The occupant of the house is making repairs in it.

octopus (ok/tō pas), 1. a sea animal having a soft body and eight arms with suckers on them. 2. anything like an octopus; powerful, grasping organization with far-reaching influence.

oilskin (oil/skin/), 1. cloth made waterproof by treating it with oil. 2. Oilskins are garments made of this cloth.

omen (ō'man), a sign of what is to happen; an object or event that is supposed to mean good or bad fortune.

oracle (or'ə kəl), 1. the answer of a god to a question. 2. a high authority. 3. a thing or person supposed to give decisions on important questions.

orang-utan (ō rang/u tan/), large ape of Borneo and Sumatra.

peso

outcrop (out/krop/), 1. a coming to the surface of the earth; as, the outcrop of a vein of coal. 2. part that comes to the surface. We scrambled up to the outcropping of mountainous rock.

outlandish (out/lan/dish), 1. not familiar; queer; strange or ridiculous. 2. looking or sounding as if it belonged to a foreign country.

palisade (pal/īsād/), 1. a long, strong, wooden stake pointed at the top end. 2. a fence of stakes set firmly in the ground to enclose or defend. 3. a line of high steep cliffs.

pangolin (pang gō/lin), a scaly toothless mammal.

parable (par/ə bal), a short story used to teach some moral lesson.

paralysis (paral/īsis), 1. a lessening or loss of the power of motion or sensation in any part of the body. 2. crippling; condition of helpless inactivity.

parley (pär/li), 1. a conference or informal talk to discuss terms or matters in dispute. 2. discuss terms with an enemy.

patriarch (pā/tri ārk), a venerable old man.

perceptible (pər sep/tibəl), 1. that can become known through seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, or feeling. A barely perceptible smile passed over her lips. 2. that can be taken in with the mind or observed.

perforate (pér/fərāt), 1. make a hole or holes through. The target was perforated by bullets. 2. make rows of holes through. Sheets of postage stamps are perforated.

personable (pér'sənə bəl), having a pleasing appearance.

peso (pā'sō), 1. any of various coins used in Spanish-speaking countries. 2. a silver coin of the Philippine Islands, ordinarily worth about fifty cents.

pestilent

pe·sti·lent (*pes'ti lənt*), 1. often causing death. Smallpox is a pestilent disease. 2. harmful to morals; destroying peace; as, the pestilent effects of war. 3. troublesome; annoying.

petrify (*pet'rī fī*), 1. turn into stone. There is a petrified forest in Arizona. 2. paralyze with fear, horror, or surprise. The bird seemed petrified as the snake approached.

pheal (*fē'əl*), the cry given by the jackal when hunting.

pista·chio (*pis tă'shi ə*), 1. a greenish nut having a flavor that suggests almond. 2. light green.

plankton (*plangk'tən*), small animal and plant organisms that float or drift in water, especially at or near the surface.

plastic (*plas'tik*), 1. molding or giving shape to material. Sculpture is a plastic art. 2. easily molded or shaped. Clay, wax, and plaster are plastic substances. 3. glass, celluloid, or other substance that can be shaped or molded when hot and becomes hard when cooled. 4. made of a plastic.

plywood (*plī/wūd'*), board made up of several thin sheets of wood glued together.

polka-dot (*pōl'kə dot'*), having a pattern made by a regularly repeated round spot or dot.

popu·lous (*pop'ū ləs*), full of people; having many people per square mile; as, a populous country.

portly (*pōrt'lī*), 1. stout; having a large body. 2. stately; dignified.

posteri·ty (*poster'i tē*), the generations of the future.

potbel·lied (*pot'bel' id*), 1. having a bulging stomach. 2. having a full rounded front like a bulging stomach.

provincial

pother (*pōth'ər*), 1. confusion; disturbance; fuss. The children are making a great pother about the picnic. 2. to bother, to fuss.

preser·ta·tive (*pri zér've tiv*), 1. any substance that will prevent decay or injury. Salt is a preservative for meat. 2. that preserves.

prickle (*prik'əl*), 1. a small sharp point. 2. a smarting or stinging sensation or feeling. 3. feel such a sensation.

princeling (*prins'ling*), young, little, or petty prince.

proboscis (*prō bos'is*), 1. elephant's trunk. 2. having a long, easily bent snout. 3. such a snout. 4. the mouth parts of some insects. 5. a person's nose.

prodi·gi·ous (*prō dij'əs*), 1. huge; vast. 2. wonderful; marvelous.

propa·gate (*prop'ə gāt*), 1. produce young. 2. increase in number. 3. cause to increase in number by the production of young. 4. spread (news or knowledge).

prosecu·tion (*pros'i kū/shən*), 1. the carrying on of a lawsuit. 2. side that starts action against another in a law court. 3. carrying out; following up. In prosecution of his plan, he stored away a supply of food.

providen·tial (*prov'i den'shəl*), 1. of or proceeding from God's care; as, providential help. 2. fortunate. Our delay seemed providential, for the train we had planned to take was wrecked.

provin·cial (*prə vin'shəl*), 1. of a province; as, provincial government. 2. person born or living in a province. 3. having the manners, speech, dress, point of view, etc., of people living in a province. 4. narrow; as, a provincial point of view.

hat, āge, cāre, fār;
cup, pūt, rūle, ūse; let, hē, tērm;
 circəs it, Icē; hot, ūpen, ūrder; oil, out;

prudent

prudent (prü/dənt), planning carefully ahead of time; sensible; using good judgment. A prudent man does not rush into danger.

quartz (kwôrts), a very hard mineral composed of silica.

quay (kē), solid landing place for ships.

quintal (kwîn/täl), a hundred-weight. In the United States, a quintal equals 100 pounds; in Great Britain, 112 pounds.

rabble (rab'əl), 1. a disorderly crowd; a mob. 2. the rude lower class of persons. The nobles scorned the rabble.

rarity (rär'i ti), 1. something rare. A man over a hundred years old is a rarity. 2. fewness; scarcity. 3. thinness (of air).

ravage (rav'ij), 1. destroy; lay waste; damage greatly. The forest fire ravaged many miles of country. 2. violence; destruction; great damage.

reciprocate (ri sîp'ra kät), 1. give or feel in return. She loves me and I reciprocate her affection. 2. interchange; as, to reciprocate favors.

rectangular (rek tang/gû lär), shaped like a four-sided figure that has four right angles.

red coat (red/kôt/), a British soldier.

reflective (ri flek/tiv), thoughtful.

refugee (ref/ü jë/), one who flees for shelter or protection from danger, trouble, etc.

relic (rel'ik), 1. thing or piece left from the past. This ruined bridge is a relic that reminds us of the war. 2. something belonging to a holy person, kept as a sacred memorial.

reminisce (rem/i nis/'), talk or think about past experiences or events.

saber-toothed

reminiscence (rem/i nis/əns), 1. remembering; recalling past happenings, etc. 2. recollection; an account of something remembered; as, an old man's reminiscences, reminiscences of the war.

reproachful (ri prôch/fôl), full of blame or scorn; expressing blame, criticism, or disapproval.

research (ri sérch'), a careful hunting for facts or truth; investigation.

The researches of men of science have done much to lessen disease.

resignation (rez/ig nă/shän), 1. act of giving up a job. 2. written statement giving notice that one gives up a job. 3. patient acceptance. She bore the pain with resignation.

revert (ri vîrt'), go back; return. After the settlers left, the natives reverted to their savage customs. My thoughts reverted to the last time that I had seen her.

rickety (rik'i ti), 1. weak; liable to fall or break down; shaky; as, a rickety chair. 2. feeble in the joints.

ringtail (ring'täl/'), an animal resembling the raccoon.

rodent (rô/dânt), an animal that gnaws. Rats, mice, squirrels, hares, and rabbits are rodents.

roisterer (rois'tar or), a noisy or disorderly merrymaker; one who struts about or shows off in a vain or insolent way.

rôle (rôl), 1. an actor's part in a play. Helen wished to play the leading rôle. 2. a part played in real life. A mother's rôle is to comfort and console.

rosette (rô zet/'), an ornament shaped like a rose. Rosettes are often made of ribbon.

rowdy (rou/di), 1. a rough, disorderly person. 2. rough; disorderly.

saber-toothed (sä/bär tüht/'), having upper teeth that are very long and shaped like a curved sword.

sallow

sallow (sal'ō), having a sickly, yellowish color or complexion.

salvo (sal'vō), 1. the discharge of several guns at the same time as a broadside or as a salute. 2. a round of cheers or applause.

sanctuary (sangk'chü är/i), 1. sacred place. A church is a sanctuary. 2. the part of a church about the altar. 3. place to which one can go for safety or protection. 4. safety or protection. The escaped prisoner found sanctuary in the temple.

satin wood (sat'ən wūd'), 1. the beautiful smooth wood of an East Indian tree, used to ornament furniture, etc. 2. the tree itself.

scab hard (skab'ərd), a case for the blade of a sword, dagger, etc.

scepter (sep'tar), the rod or staff carried by a ruler as a symbol of royal power or authority.

scrawny (skrō'ni), lean; thin; skinny.

seismograph (slz'me graf), instrument for recording the direction, intensity, and duration of earthquakes.

sequel (sē'kwäl), 1. something that follows as a result of some earlier happening; a result of something. Among the sequels of the picnic were many stomach aches. 2. complete story continuing an earlier one about the same people.

serval (ser'vel), an African wildcat that has a brownish-yellow coat with black spots.

setback (set'bak'), check to progress; reverse.

shrew (shrü), a bad-tempered, quarrelsome woman.

sic (sik), set upon or attack; urge on to set upon or attack.

sidelong (sīd'lōng'), to one side; toward the side.

smuggle

sidewise (sīd/wīz'), 1. to one side; toward one side. 2. from one side.

3. with one side toward the front.

simmer (sim'ər), 1. make a murmuring sound while boiling gently. 2. boil gently; keep at or just below the boiling point. 3. have a high degree of heat; as, the earth simmered under the tropical sun.

skiff (skif), 1. small light boat.

2. light rowboat.

skittish (skit'ish), 1. easily frightened; apt to start, jump, or run; as, a skittish horse. 2. not steady; changeable. 3. shy; bashful.

skulk (skulk), 1. sneak; lurk; hide from fear; hide for a bad purpose.

2. move in a stealthy, sneaking way.

sleight of hand (slit əv hand), skill and quickness in moving the hands; the tricks or skill of a modern magician; juggling.

slip stream (slip'strēm), a stream of air driven backward by the propeller.

slough¹ (slou or slü), piece of soft, muddy ground; marsh; bog.

slough² (sluf), 1. old skin cast off by a snake. 2. anything that has been shed or cast off. 3. shed; cast off; throw off.

slump (slump), 1. drop heavily; fall suddenly. The boy's feet slumped through the rotting ice. 2. a heavy or sudden fall; as, a slump in prices. 3. a falling off in progress. 4. act of sliding or slipping.

small clothes (smôl'klôz'), knee breeches.

smuggle (smug'əl), 1. bring in or take out of a country secretly and against the law; as, to smuggle opium into the United States.

2. bring, take, put, etc., secretly. Robert tried to smuggle his puppy into the house.

hat, āge, cāre, fār;
cup, püt, rüle, ūse; let, bē, tērm;
 circəs it, īce; hot, öpen, ôrder; oil, out;

sorrel

sorrel (sôr'el), 1. reddish brown.
2. horse having this color.

spawn (spôn), 1. the eggs of fish, frogs, shellfish, etc.; the young newly hatched. 2. produce eggs. 3. bring forth; give birth to. 4. offspring; a swarming brood.

specie (spê'shi), money in the form of coins. Silver dollars are specie. **species** (spê'shiz), group of animals or plants that have certain permanent characteristics in common; distinct sort or kind.

spiral (spi'râl), 1. a coil. A watch spring is a spiral. The thread of a screw is a spiral. 2. curving like a spiral. 3. to cause (an airplane) to follow a spiral course in rising or descending. 4. anything that has the coiled shape of a spiral.

spring haas (spring'häz'), an African hare.

stanch¹ (stâñch), 1. stop or check the flow of (blood, etc.). 2. stop the flow of blood from (a wound).

stanch² (stâñch), 1. strong; firm; as, stanch walls, a stanch defense, stanch friends. 2. watertight.

stereoscopic (ster'i a skop'ik), pertaining to a stereoscope, an instrument through which two pictures of the same object or scene are viewed, one by each eye.

strident (stri'dânt), harsh-sounding; creaking; shrill.

stronghold (strông'hôld'), strong place; safe place; fort. The robbers have a secret stronghold in the mountains.

stud (stud), 1. a nailhead, knob, etc., sticking out from a surface. The belt was ornamented with silver studs. 2. a kind of small button used in men's shirts. 3. set with studs or something like studs. He plans to stud the sword hilt with jewels. 4. be set or scattered over. Little islands studded the harbor.

tenpenny

sundry (sun'dri), 1. several; various. 2. All and sundry, all people of all kinds; everyone.

surgery (sér'jär i), the art and science of treating diseases, injuries, etc., by operations and instruments. Malaria can be cured by medicine, but cancer usually requires surgery.

survival (sôr'vîv'âl), 1. surviving, continuance of life; living or lasting longer than others. 2. a person, thing, custom, belief, etc., that has lasted from an earlier time. Belief in the evil eye is a survival of ancient magic.

swoosh (swûsh), 1. noise that sounds like "swoosh." The wounded duck hit the water with a swoosh. 2. make such a noise; move, causing such a noise.

symphony (sim'fô ni), 1. an elaborate musical composition for an orchestra. 2. harmony of sounds. 3. harmony of colors.

tableland (tâ'bôl land'), high plain; plateau.

tart (tärt), 1. sour; having a sharp taste. Some apples are tart. 2. sharp. Her reply was too tart to be polite.

tawdry (tô'dri), showy and cheap.

telltale (tel'tâl'), 1. person who tells tales on others; person who reveals private or secret matters from malice. 2. telling what is not supposed to be told; revealing.

tendril (ten'dril), 1. a threadlike part of a climbing plant, that attaches itself to something and supports the plant. 2. something similar; as, tendrils of hair curling about a child's face.

tenfold (ten'fôld'), ten times as much or as many.

tenpenny (ten'pen'i or ten'pèn i), 1. worth tenpence, or about 20 cents in United States money. 2. designating a kind of large-sized nail.

tension

usurp

ten sion (ten'shən), 1. a stretching. 2. stretched condition. The tension of the spring is caused by the weight. 3. strain. A mother feels tension when her baby is sick.

tir ade (tī'rād), 1. a long, vehement speech. 2. a long, scolding speech.

to paz (tō'paz), a precious stone.

Topazes are usually yellow.

tote (tōt), carry; haul; take.

tra dition (trā dish'ən), 1. the handing down of beliefs, opinions, customs, stories, etc., from parents to children. 2. what is handed down in this way. According to the old tradition, the founder of Rome was the son of the god of war.

trag i cal (traj'i kal), 1. having to do with a very sad or terrible happening. 2. very sad; dreadful; as, a tragical event, a tragical truth.

tran quill ity (trang kwil'iti), calmness; peacefulness; quiet.

trans form (trans fōrm'), 1. change in form or appearance. 2. change in condition, nature, or character.

Circe transformed men into pigs. A tadpole becomes transformed into a frog.

trek (trek), 1. travel by ox wagon. 2. travel slowly by any means; travel. 3. journey; stage of a journey between one stopping place and the next.

trot line (trot'līn'), long line with short lines and baited hooks attached at regular intervals.

trun dle (trun'dəl), 1. roll along; push along. 2. a rolling; a rolling along. 3. whirl; revolve.

tum or (tū'mer or tū'mər), 1. a swelling. 2. a growth in any part of the body caused by disease.

tup pence (tup'əns), two pence; two British pennies. Tuppence equals about four cents.

tur quoise (tēr'koiz), 1. a sky-blue or greenish-blue precious stone. 2. sky blue; greenish blue.

typhoon (tī fūn'), violent storm; hurricane.

typ ical (tip'i käl), 1. being of a certain kind, class, or group having common characteristics; representative of this class or group. 2. like others of the same class or kind; as, a typical June day, a typical Thanksgiving dinner.

tyr an ny (tir'a ni), 1. cruel or unjust use of power. The boy ran away to escape his father's tyranny. 2. act of a cruel or unjust ruler. The people rebelled against the king's tyrannies. 3. government by an absolute ruler.

uni fy (ü'ní fl), unite; make or form into one.

un ob tru sive (un ob trū'siv),

1. without calling attention to oneself. 2. not putting oneself or one's opinions forward.

unravel (un rav'əl), 1. separate the threads of; pull apart. 2. come apart. 3. bring out of a tangled or confused state; as, to unravel a mystery.

upper cut (up'ər kut'), 1. a swinging blow directed upwards from beneath. 2. strike with an uppercut.

uproar i ous (up rōr'i əs), 1. noisy and disorderly; as, an uproarious crowd. 2. loud and confused; as, uproarious laughter.

urchin (ér'chin), 1. small boy. 2. mischievous boy. 3. a poor, ragged child.

usurp (ü zèrp'), seize and hold (power, position, or authority) by force or without right. The king's brother tried to usurp the throne.

hat, āge, cāre, fār; let, bē, tērm; it, īcē; hot, ōpen, ōrder; oil, ou̇t;
cup, pūt, rūle, ūse; cīrcas

valance (val'əns), 1. short curtain; as, the valance over the top of a window. 2. short curtain hanging around a bed from the frame to the floor.

vapor (vā'pōr), steam from boiling water; moisture in the air that can be seen; fog, mist, or other matter floating in the air.

vehement (vē'mēnt), 1. showing strong feeling; caused by strong feeling; eager. 2. forceful; violent.

veld (vēlt), open country in South Africa, having grass or bushes but few trees

venerable (ven'ərə bəl), worthy of reverence; as, a venerable priest. **ventilate** (ven'ti lāt), 1. change the air in. We ventilate a room by opening windows. 2. purify by fresh air.

verge (vérj), 1. edge; rim; brink. His business is on the verge of ruin. 2. be on the verge; border. Bill's talk was so poorly prepared that it verged on the ridiculous. 3. tend; incline. She was plump, verging toward fat.

vibrant (vibr'ənt), 1. moving rapidly to and fro. 2. echoing; continuing to sound. 3. tending to increase or prolong sounds. 4. be filled with sound. 5. be filled with rapid movement back and forth.

victuals (vit'əlz), food.

vigilant (vij'īlənt), watchful; alert; wide awake.

virulent (vir'ū lənt), 1. very poisonous or harmful; deadly; as, a virulent form of a disease. 2. violently hostile; intensely bitter or spiteful.

visage (viz'ij), face.

volley (vol'i), 1. shower of stones, bullets, arrows, words, oaths, etc. 2. the discharge of a number of guns at once. 3. discharge or be discharged in a volley. Cannon volleyed on all sides.

warrant (wɔr'ənt), 1. give one's word for; guarantee; promise. "I'll warrant Dick will behave," said Mr. Black. 2. that which gives a right; authority. 3. guarantee; promise; good and sufficient reason.

watt (wot), a unit of electric power.

My lamp uses 60 watts.

wattle (wot'əl), the red flesh hanging down from the throat of a chicken, turkey, etc.

wheedle (hwē'dəl), 1. coax; persuade by flattery, smooth words, caresses, etc. The children wheedled their mother into letting them play. 2. get by wheedling. They finally wheedled the secret out of him.

whim (hwim), sudden fancy or notion. She has a whim for gardening, but it won't last.

whist¹ (hwist), 1. hush! silence! 2. hushed; silent.

whist² (hwist), a card game for two pairs of players.

wile (wil), 1. a trick to deceive; cunning way. The serpent by his wiles persuaded Eve to eat the apple. 2. coax; lure; entice. The sunshine wiled me from my work. 3. Wile away means pass (time, etc.) pleasantly.

wince (wins), 1. draw back suddenly; shrink. It is hard to keep from wincing when the doctor cleans a cut. 2. act of wincing.

winch (winch), machine for lifting or pulling, turned by a crank.

windfall (wind'fôl'), 1. fruit blown down by the wind. 2. unexpected piece of good luck.

windlass (wind'los), a machine for pulling or lifting things; a winch.

woe be gone (wō'bi gōn'), woeful; looking sad; sorrowful; wretched.

wont (wunt), 1. accustomed. 2. custom; habit.

wry (rl), twisted; turned to one side. She made a wry face to show her disgust.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

For the pronunciation of certain foreign proper names, the following symbols are used:

- Y as in French du (dy). Pronounce Y as ē with the lips rounded as for English ü in rule.
œ as in French peu (pœ). Pronounce œ as ā with the lips rounded as for ö.
N as in French bon (bōN). The N is not pronounced, but shows that the vowel before it is nasal.
H as in German ach (aH). Pronounce H as k without closing the breath passage.
-

Ae sir (ā/sir)	De la Mare (də lə mär')
Ag li pay (äg'li pl')	Du quesne (dū kān')
Allah san (ā/lā sān')	Ecuador (ek/wə dōr)
Am ar go sa (a mär gō sə)	El Rubio (el rü/byō)
An a sta cio (än/ä stä/syō)	Feria (fā/ryā')
Antae us (an tē/əs)	Folk yang (fölk/väng')
As gard (as/gärd)	Freia (frā/ə)
Bal stad (bäl/städ)	Goman tong (gō/män/tong')
Bar ne gat (bär'/ni gat')	Grande Du chesse (gränd/dū/shes')
Beau jeu (bō zhōe)	Guélou (gā lü')
Be né t (ba nā/')	Guiterman (git/ər mən)
Ble fus cu (bli fus/kü)	Hachita (ä chē/tä)
Ble fus cu dian (bli fus kū/di ən)	Hack en sack (hak/ən sak)
Bol gen (bōl/gən)	Hakon (hā/kōn)
Bor deaux (bōr dō')	Heim dal (hām/dāl)
Braille (bräl')	Hilmar (hil/mär)
Cab allo a Bint u an gin (kä bā/lyō ä bin/tü än/hēn)	Holyoke (hōl/yōk)
Can don (kän/dōn)	Islington (iz/ling tən)
Casta no (käs tā/nō).	Ivar (ē/vär)
Cay use (kī üs')	Janc si (yänk/si)
Ce res (sēr/ēz)	Jehl (yāl)
Clef rin Fre lock (klef/rin frē/lok)	Joa quin (wā kēn')
Co á ti (kō ä/ti)	Jo tunn heim (yō/tün hām)
Co lem bo (kē lum/bō)	Kacz mar czyk (käch/mär chēk)
Cor zal (kōr zäl/')	Kam pong Am bu al (käm pong/äm/ bü äl/')
Coup vray (kü vrā/')	
Cow per (kü/pər)	
Czech (chek)	
De Angelis (dā än/jā lēs)	

hat, äge, căre, fär; let, bē, térm; it, Ice; hot, öpen, örder; oil, out;
cup, püt, rüle, üse; círcas

Katarmen

Katarmen (kä tär'män)
 Kimora (kē'mō rā')
 Ko ta Djan di (kō'tā jän/di)
 Ku dat (kü/dät)
 Kur di stan (kür/di stän')

 La gu na (lä gü'nä)
 La Paim polaise (lä paN' pō läz')
 La re do (lä rā/dō)
 Le Boeuf (la boef)
 Leptino tar sa de cim lin e a ta (lep-ti nō tär'sa des'im lin/i ä'ta)
 Lili put (lil'i put)
 Lili pu tian (lil'i pü/shän)
 Lo fo ten (lö fō'ten)
 Loki (lō'ki)
 Lund (lynd)
 Luzon (lü zon')

 Ma li (mä/lí)
 Man da lay (man/dä lä')
 Mar si Frelock (mär'si frē/lok)
 Martinique (mär'ti nēk')
 Márton (mär'tōn)
 Miöl nir (myööl/nér)
 Mo lay sen (mō/līsən)
 Mo non ga he la (mä nong'gä hē/lä)
 Mo ro Glio ri o so (mō/rō glō/ri ö/sō)
 Mo zam bique (mō'zäm bék')
 Murut (mü/rüt)

 Na gy (nä/gj)
 Nez Percé (nä per sä' or nez/pérs')
 Nord kap (nör/käp)
 Nyasa (nyä'sä or nī as/ə)

 Oahu (ö ä/hü)
 Ob ion (ö bl/ən)

 Paim pol (paN/pö'l')
 Patti, Adelina (pat'i, ad/ə lī'nä)
 Perrik (pe rēk')
 Pin chot, Gifford (pin'shō, gif/ərd)
 Presidente (präs/i den/tä)
 Pro ser pina (prō sér/pi nə)
 Purao (pü rä/ō)

Youghuogheny

Rig a ga jig (rig/a gë jig')
 Rio Gran de (rē/ō grän/dä)
 Ro scoff (rō sköf')

 Sam ar cand (sam/är kand')
 Sanda kan (san dä/ken)
 Sán dor (sän/dōr)
 San Pe dro (san pē/drō or san pā/drō)
 Santa Fé (san/tä fä')
 Santa Lu cia (sän/tä lü së/ä)
 Sa rett (sa ret')
 Sa u din (sä ü/dēn')
 Schaick (skilk)
 Ser edy (sher'ə di)
 Sho sho ne (shō shō/ni)
 Sif (sif)
 Sioux (sü)
 Sky resh Bolgo lam (ski resh/ bol/gō-läm')
 Stam sund (stäm/synd)
 Ste. Anne (santän')
 St. Loup le Pet it (san lü lo pa tē')
 St. Pol-de-le on (san pö'l dä lä öN')
 Strath co na (strath kō/na)
 Stuy ve sant (stü/və sənt)
 Surat (sü rat' or sur'ət)
 Svolvaer (svölvär')

 Tangu (tän/gō)
 Tara hu ma re (tä rä/ü mä/rä)
 Thru de (thrü/də)
 Thrym (thrüm)
 Tiet jens (tē/jēnz)
 Ting gian (ting gyän')

 Uhl (yü'l)

 Vigan (vē/gän)

 Wah Wah (wä/wä')
 Waiilatpu (wí/o lat/pü)

 Yang tse (yäng/tse')
 Yann (yon)
 Yffiniac (é fē nyäk')
 Youghuogheny (yok/ə gä/ni)

hat, äge, cäre, fär; let, bë, térm; it, Ice; hot, öpen, örder; oil, out;
 cup, püt, rüle, üse; circos

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